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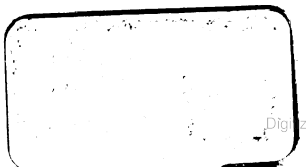
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THE FRANCISCAN ANNALS.

VOLUME I.

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The Franciscan Annals

and

Monthly Bulletin

of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Vol. I.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX, NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—NO. 1. JANUARY, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Institution of the Third Order.

LIFE in Religion implies a wholesale renouncement of the possessions, the lawful enjoyments, and the honours of the world. The three substantial vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, on which it is based, may well be regarded as three nails whereby the threefold lust branded by the Apostle of love* is fastened to the Cross of Christ. No wonder, then, that compared with the mass of mankind, only a select few devote themselves to this life of crucifixion. Yet though religious life presents, in many of its features, a striking contrast to that of the ordinary Christian, there are not wanting numerous points of contact between the two, resulting from the very nature and purpose of the gracious call by which we are engrafted on the Body of Christ, "which is His Church." Now the institution known to us by the name of the Third Order, taking as its stand-point this obvious truth, has sought to consolidate and multiply these points of contact, and to combine them for the more effectual attainment of one common end (none other than the greater glory of God, and the exaltation of Holy Church), by the sanctification of Christian souls in the divers callings in which it has pleased God to place them. Here was a problem worthy of the genius of St. Francis. We say genius purposely, for while we can never lose sight of the resplendent halo of sanctity which ever invests the

* 1 John ii. 16.

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Father of our souls, when filial love recalls his hallowed image to our memories, we cannot but bear in mind that as grace presupposes nature, and builds upon nature regenerate in Christ as its ground-work, St. Francis would never have filled the place allotted to him amongst the Saints of God had he not been more than ordinarily endowed with natural gifts. Needless to prolong this demonstration, his works bear witness to him. "*Monumentum ejus si quæris, circumspice*" ("If you are seeking his monument, look around you"). His humility proves as much for his greatness as for his holiness. It is too often forgotten that all truly great men are humble. But to close this digression, did the idea of the Third Order first germinate in the mind of St. Francis? It may be said that at an epoch like the Middle Ages, the marked and well-nigh universal leaning to the religious life would surely have suggested to earlier religious founders and reformers a plan similar to that on which St. Francis founded his Third Order. If we believe the illustrious historian of Innocent III., the convert Hurter,* St. Norbert the founder of the Premonstratensians,† had already affiliated to his Order a number of lay persons, who, though living in the world, took part in certain conventual exercises, and were distinguished from the common herd by a more serious and retired life. The ill-starred Templars are said to have had a sort of Third Order in connection with them. Be this as it may, it seems to us that the spontaneity characterising the works of the Seraphic Patriarch forbids the supposition of his having borrowed from his predecessors. In judging of the works by which the Saints still live and energise amongst us, we may too easily forget that in their labours for the establishment and extension of God's kingdom, they were the instruments of a higher Power, the ministers of the good, holy, and life-giving Spirit, that quickens, guides, and governs the Church, that the Saints are His manifestation in history; whilst the analogies, or similarities, that may be discovered between their respective works, without robbing them of the merit of originality, prove only that they drew at one common source. To instance a somewhat parallel case, the rules laid down by St. Ignatius of Loyola for the training of the younger members of his society, are in substance

* Tome iv. p. 208.

† He died in 1134.

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enacted by the Holy Council of Trent,* in its decree on seminaries, but who would say that the Holy Council copied St. Ignatius?

It is far more reasonable to behold in these points of contact between the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus and the Tridentine reformers, a token of the identity of the guidance under which they were respectively framed. But it is the Third Order of St. Francis which claims our attention, the name of which implies that its foundation is of a later date than that of the Friars-Minors (the First Order), and of the female congregation to which the name of St. Clare is usually attached (the Second Order). Its origin is well-fitted to give us a notion of the wondrous power of the preaching of St. Francis. Wasting his slender remnant of strength and vitality, he went about scattering the seed of the Word in the towns and villages of Umbria and Tuscany. His eloquence, the indescribable attraction that even the brute creation could not resist, and still more, the Spirit tabernacled within him, drew to him immense crowds of every sex and condition, eager to tread in his footsteps, and to walk in the rugged path of poverty and self-crucifixion. Prudence forbade the Saint to accede to this request, when preferred by those whom the hallowed ties of honourable marriage bound indissolubly to a secular condition. Strange too, as it may read, he was in part induced to withstand these pious importunities, by the fear of depopulating the country which was the theatre of his labours for the Gospel. He therefore advised them to serve God at home, and promised them a rule whereby they might be helped to advance in virtue, and to lead a truly religious life, without binding themselves to all the privations it entails on those who have taken the three substantial vows. While earnestly engaged in making this promise good he gathered his followers into two congregations, one of men, the other of women, under their respective leaders. Their piety and charity recalled, as an eye-witness testifies, the fervour of those primitive Christian communities described in the pages of Tertullian. To allege but one instance, their alms founded under the walls of Florence a *hospice* or hospital for the sick and decrepit, where the most tender charity was the rule.

* Session 23; chapter 18, on Reformation.

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From Florence St. Francis betook himself to Cagiano, nor far from Poggi-Bonzi, in Tuscany. We have all heard how he chanced to meet his old school-fellow Luchesio, who until his conversion had been a hard-fisted trader, and had played no small part in those party feuds which were hereafter to deluge Italy with the blood of her children. A notable transformation had been effected in him by the preaching and example of St. Francis. His wife Buona-Donna (good-woman), seconded him in his works of piety and charity. St. Francis became their guest, and yielding to their repeated and urgent request that he would give them directions suited to entertain and increase their fervour, he formally invested them with the habit of the Third Order, of which they may be said to be the first members, leaving them, meanwhile, certain oral prescriptions for their guidance, until the drawing up of the Rule, in the following year, 1621. Luchesio and his wife were soon joined by many of their neighbours, and of those of Florence and its environs. Thus was started the Order named by its sainted founder the "Third Order of Penance." The Rule, which some have attributed to Pope Nicholas IV., is clearly proved by Luke Wadding, the illustrious Irish annalist of the family of St. Francis, to be the work of the Seraphic Patriarch himself. It is instinct with his spirit of zeal for the purity of the faith, and of his loving loyalty to the Roman See. St. Bonaventure, in the fourth chapter of his Legend, expressly asserts as much, and in his Bull "*Unigenitus*" Nicholas IV. states that he made therein only the few slight changes he deemed required by the circumstances of the times.

We have left ourselves no space for even a running comment on the Rule, which we must reserve for future occasions. But we may remark in conclusion, that though the Rule of the Third Order has been adopted, with certain additions, and notably the three Religious vows, by many communities, the members living in the world are really members of a true religious Order, as expressly defined by Pope Benedict XIII. in his Bull *Paterna Sedis Apostolicæ*.

OLD PROVERB.—Keep good men company and you shall be of the number.

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Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will.

WHEN Jesus was born at Bethlehem, the angels sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." "Wisdom," we are told elsewhere, "shows herself to those who seek her in sincerity." And St. Paul adds, "To will is mine, though to accomplish I find no means."

The first condition of spiritual advancement, is a good will, but to will depends on ourselves. If so many Christians remain always in the same state of imperfection, of lukewarmness, or even of sin, why is it? but for want of good will. Putting aside men of the world who never think of God, and also those ordinary Christians who do nothing for God beyond what is absolutely indispensable, well content to avoid only mortal sin, and get to Heaven after long suffering in Purgatory, let us take the case of true Christians, pious souls, who have an idea and even a desire of perfection. How many of these, alas! desire perfection without willing it? They would be happy to become virtuous, but virtues are sometimes difficult of attainment and require an effort, so they stop short at their desire, they do not exercise their will, for he who wills the end wills also the means necessary to attain to it. They take pleasure in good desires, build castles in the air full of wonderful projects of piety, but remain exactly where they were before. These souls fall into a long *reverie*, taking phantoms for realities, whilst grace passes over them unheeded. "The desires of the slothful destroy him." Good desires are often inspirations of grace, but sometimes they turn into snares of Satan. We must never allow them to remain idle, some day at least we must make up our minds to begin.

But that is little, even if we have begun. We are often told, "Well begun is half done!" In the spiritual life it is not the beginning but the ending which is the greatest difficulty; it is easy to begin, difficult to persevere. To how many might we apply the words of St. Paul, "You were running well, who hath hindered you?" (Gal. v. 7). They make attempts at all virtues, but stick to none; they take resolutions, and soon forget them; they walk forwards, then stop, then turn backwards. Their efforts are vain, their time is lost.

The only thing which can carry us onwards is a constant will to

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advance. It is not needful to run, haste is even in many cases a danger to be avoided; walk slowly, if you please, but press steadily onwards; however great the distance, you will be able to cover it. Beware of discouragement, which is a kind of sloth; beware of levity, which tempts you to change your course; beware of inconstancy, which makes you lose the fruit of your labours. Proceed steadily; one day the grace of God will carry you on easily; another, He will hide His Face and you will be in trouble. But whatever happens, do not think of turning back. Even when your soul is filled with aversion for spiritual exercises, when you are assailed by temptations, or humbled by falls, brace up your will and proceed as before; the more time you have lost, the more care you should take for the future.

Above all, do not allow your will to embrace contradictory objects. Our Blessed Lord warned His disciples, "No man can serve two masters;" but some people would like to belong at once to God and to the world, to practise virtue and yet live in pleasure and dissipation. True, St. Francis de Sales has said, we ought to take our piety even into the midst of the world. But he meant thereby to condemn those who divide their life into two parts, giving one to God, more or less perfectly, and the other *entirely* to the world. And that is to will contradictory objects, which is incompatible with true piety. God does not desire a divided heart. He has a right to be never excluded from our souls. If there are places or occasions where the thought of God seems inappropriate, such places and occasions ought to be avoided. A truly pious soul carries ever with her the remembrance of God, her life is penetrated by it, her actions are all referred to it; she does all things at all times for God.

Oh, who will give us energetic souls capable of willing to be good? They would take the most perfect means, and how much good would they effect! St. Paul tells us "To will is ours;" how is it then we are not willing? We, at all events, children of St. Francis, ought to be men of good will. St. Paul adds that we cannot of ourselves accomplish any good, but is it possible that the grace of God will fail us? We shall be inexcusable then if we do not sincerely will to be good. How many times have we promised it to God, and how often have we broken our promises? My God! I *will* this day, I *will* with energy and resolution, I *will* to love Thee, serve Thee, and glorify Thee all the days of my life, that I may sing Thy praises for all eternity.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER I.

During the reign of King Herod in Judea, the Archangel Gabriel foretells to Zacharias, a priest already stricken in years, that his wife Elizabeth, who was barren, and also of an advanced age, should bear him a son, whom he should call John, and that Zacharias himself, because he had not given credit to the angel, should remain dumb until the event. Not long after this Elizabeth is found with child, as the angel had announced.

ST. LUKE i. 5—35. According to the ordinary reckoning, 4003 years had passed away since the time when the first man was created, and owing to the sin of this our first father, the world still lay wrapped in darkness and the shadow of death, under the weight of the wrath and curse of God. Nevertheless, a universal hope and an ardent desire still glowed in the hearts of all, that the *Sun* of Justice would soon appear in the East, and that from thence would come the *Salvation* of the Gentiles. That this would be so was certain, because God had revealed it from the very beginning to our forefathers, keeping the remembrance of it ever after constantly alive in the midst of His beloved Jewish people. And so it really came to pass.

But the great event of the Birth of our Lord Jesus Christ was preceded by another, an illustrious birth also, that of the Baptist, the wonderful circumstances of which I will at once relate.

Either in a city, such as Hebron, or in a village, but certainly in some place in the hill country of Judea, there lived a distinguished family of the priestly race, and therefore, in the eyes of the Jews, most honourable. It consisted of two persons only, the devout old man Zacharias, and his equally devout and aged wife Elizabeth. Hitherto they had had no children, and at the age which they both had reached could not, humanly speaking, hope to have any. But according to all the principles of right reason, and of our faith, to God all things are possible. Hence, as by His Almighty power God has created the world which we inhabit out of nothing, so by that same power, if it so please Him, He can create in the same way a thousand more such worlds. God, then being Almighty, Lord of all things, the Sovereign Maker of the general laws which govern Nature, and therefore able to dispense

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with them as it pleases Him, took away from Elizabeth her barrenness, and caused her to become the mother of a most glorious son. Now let us see how this came to pass.

The holy old man Zacharias, being, as has been said, a priest, of the order of Abias, and head of one of the twenty-four priestly families, according to the arrangement of them made by David, had to go in his turn to the Temple in Jerusalem, to offer incense to God, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish religion. For it was only there public worship, and a public sacrifice, could be offered to God. And behold, as, on a certain day, Zacharias was in the act of offering incense to God, and all the people stood without, praying in the court of the Temple, an angel came from heaven, sent by God, and placing himself on the right of the altar, where incense was offered, appeared to him in a vision. All on a sudden, the holy priest found himself wrapped, as it were, in a sea of light, and was greatly troubled in mind. But the angel, to convince him that he who comes from God is a harbinger of peace, reassured him by saying to him: "Fear not, Zacharias; thou art acceptable to the Lord; the prayer thou hast made for thy people, in faith and humility, has been heard by God. Take courage and be joyful, thy spouse Elizabeth shall make thee the father of a son, to whom thou shalt give the name of John, for he shall be truly a child of grace. The joy you will both have at his birth will not be limited to your own household; but, spreading itself abroad throughout the neighbouring country, will cause many to come and take a lively share in the rejoicings of your family. For this son, of whom I speak to you, God has a sublime destiny in store. Great indeed shall he be in His sight; he shall not taste wine, nor any other strong drink; the Holy Spirit shall sanctify him even before he is born; in his great zeal he shall convert many of his people Israel; in the power and spirit of the Prophet Elias he shall be the forerunner of the future Messias, pointing Him out to all as with his finger, and confessing Him to be the Saviour of the world. So that he shall turn the hearts of the ancient fathers, and favourably dispose them to the hearts of the children, and to those fathers so long forgotten the children shall themselves again be turned to rival them in their works of piety and religion. Moreover, by means of his preaching he shall bring them that do

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not now believe to the wisdom of the just; and thus there shall rise up before the Lord a perfect people, a people, that is, who shall not in future place their hopes in the rites and ceremonies of the law, but in the mercy and grace of the Saviour."

Language so noble, and so authoritative, so much in harmony with the ancient prophecies, and with the general desire, and, we may add, so grand and fruitful in its promises, gave rise in the mind of Zacharias to a harassing doubt, which was a cause of great anguish to him, and of salutary instruction to us. For, when God makes Himself so clearly understood, and speaks so plainly, as certainly was the case here, He ought to be promptly believed and obeyed; in such circumstances all hesitation, all resistance becomes an outrage. Zacharias, however, mistrusting the angel, addressed to him words full of doubt. "How, O angel of God, can I understand what you say to me? Am not I and my wife far too old to entertain the hope of still having children?"

Then the angel answered him in a tone of grave dignity and with great severity: "I am Gabriel, one of the Seven who stand before the Throne of God. I am not come to announce to thee these things either of my own will, or in my own name, but in the Name of God, who has sent me to thee. Since thou hast not believed my words, or what I have revealed to thee, which in spite of thy unbelief shall have its full effect, thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak until that day in which thou shalt see fulfilled all that I have announced to thee." The angel, having said this, disappeared, and Zacharias instantly became dumb.

The people who were without, waiting to be blessed and dismissed, marvelled greatly that Zacharias delayed so long in the Temple. But on seeing him, when he came out, so much disturbed in countenance, and perceiving by the way in which he expressed himself, that is by signs, that he had lost his speech, they understood that some grave event had taken place in the Temple, or that a vision had been shown to him from on high. They had conjectured rightly, and he departed thence in sadness and in silence.

Zacharias, when the time appointed for the fulfilment of his office in the Temple had come to an end, returned home, and there

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before long he found all the angel had promised was being fulfilled; Elizabeth was with child. With praiseworthy modesty and great humility, Elizabeth did not venture to go abroad amongst men for five whole months, but with heartfelt gratitude she thanked her Lord that He had consoled His servant, and had taken away from her the ignominy and reproach of her barrenness—this being looked upon by the Jews as a punishment for sin, and for a woman a cause of great dishonour. This was natural at the time of which we are writing, because, as the Jews had inherited the promise that the Messias should be born of the race descending from Abraham, every woman amongst them desired and longed to be His mother. But this way of thinking has ceased now that our Lord Jesus Christ has come into the world.

The Third Order in Lombardy.

AS an example of the rapid extension of the Third Order now going on in Italy, we have abstracted the following summary from interesting accounts given in the *Annali Francescani*, of November 30, of receptions in some of the parishes of Lombardy. In the parish of Niella-Bello, 120 of both sexes, in a place of 900 inhabitants; in Castelbuono, 91; in Castelnuovo, 207; in Faetano, "a good number"; and in Savarna, 40, all lately received. "Blessed be God," says the writer, "who even in our country, so much infected by indifferentism, puts into the hearts of true Catholics the desire of belonging to the sons of St. Francis." For ourselves, observing such a sudden development of the Third Order on the eve of great European commotions, which may probably reveal to us the person of Antichrist, we seem to see the literal fulfilment of St. John's prophecy in the Apocalypse (vii. 2): "I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, Hurt not the earth, nor the sea, nor the trees, till we sign the servants of our God in their foreheads."

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Christmas Song for Children.

COME to the crib, little children,
Come to the crib with me;
For Mary is waiting to see you,
With Jesus on her knee.

Come, see the little Infant
Open His eyes of blue,
The God of the Heaven of heavens,
A Baby for love of you.

Come, and promise to love Him,
Love Him by night and day,
Think of Him at your lessons,
Think of Him at your play.

Ask Him to pity the children
Who get no Christmas treats,
The poor little hungry children
Who wander about the streets.

Ask Him sinners to pardon,
Ask Him the sick to cure,
Ask Him the sad to comfort,
Ask Him to feed the poor.

Ask Him to bless the sisters
Who kept you in their care;
Pray for all those that love you,
Sweet Jesus will hear your prayer.

Come, for the star is shining,
And music is in the sky,
The song of the angels singing
Glory to God on High.

Come with the Bethlehem shepherds,
Come with the good kings three,
Come to the crib, dear children,
Come to the crib with me!

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Catechism of the Rule of the Third Order.

WHAT is the meaning of the Third Order of Penance?

A. It is a religious order for persons living in the world.

Q. Who was its founder?

A. St. Francis of Assisi.

Q. Why is it called the Third Order?

A. Because it is the third order founded by the Saint.

Q. Which are the other two?

A. Those of the Friars Minor (men) and of St. Clare (women).

Q. Do members of the Third Order live together in community?

A. Some do; but they should be considered as exceptions. Most live in the world, belonging, if possible, to a congregation of the Third Order, which holds monthly meetings in some particular church.

Q. Who gave the rule of the Third Order?

A. St. Francis of Assisi. It was confirmed by Pope Nicholas IV. in the year 1289, and by many other Popes, including our holy Father, Pope Pius IX., who earnestly recommends it to pious persons living in the world.

Q. What are the advantages to be gained by joining the Third Order?

A. First, the advantage of being united with others in the observance of a particular rule of life, which is a matter of the greatest importance to all who seek after perfection; secondly, the fruit derived from the monthly meetings; and, thirdly, the inexhaustible list of Indulgences, many of which are Plenary Indulgences, and may be gained without receiving Holy Communion, besides participation in the prayers and good works of all the children of St. Francis throughout the world. Constant experience has shown it to be a most powerful means of sanctification to those who are unable to devote themselves more strictly to God as Religious.

Q. What are the conditions of admission into the Third Order?

A. A pure faith free from any taint of heresy, a Christian life, and an unblemished reputation.

Q. Are persons who have given scandal or lived in heresy ineligible?

A. Not if they be sincerely converted, and reconciled with God

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and His Church; and if they have persevered for a sufficient time in these good dispositions.

Q. Are married people admissible?

A. Yes, but wives must previously obtain the consent of their husbands.

Q. Is nothing more required?

A. Nothing more is required for admission as a novice. At the end of the first year, novices will be professed if they have shown themselves faithful in the observance of their Rule.

Q. What should be the intention of those who present themselves as candidates for admission?

A. They should be animated by a sincere desire of acting up to the spirit of their baptismal vows. They should be prepared to renounce *the world* by avoiding all worldliness in dress or in their manner of life; to renounce *the flesh* by at least some desire of mortification, according to that of St. Paul, "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh, with its vices and concupiscences" (Galatians v. 24); and to renounce *the devil* by endeavouring to practise humility.

Q. What are the chief things required by the Rule?

A. 1. To recite every day either the Divine Office of the Breviary or the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or to say a certain number of Pater-nosters instead.

2. To wear at least the scapular and cord of St. Francis.

3. To attend the monthly meetings.

4. To fast every Friday, every day (except Sundays) from the first Sunday of Advent to Christmas, and from Quinquagesima to Easter, also on Wednesdays between All Saints' Day and the first Sunday of Advent, provided that no great feast occurs upon a fast day, and to abstain from flesh-meat on all Wednesdays and Saturdays.*

5. To hear Mass, if possible, every day.

6. To say a Pater-noster for grace before and after dinner and supper, and, in case of omission, to say three Pater-nosters at another time.

7. To make a daily examination of conscience.

* This rule is subject to dispensation, and where the Saturday abstinence is not generally observed, any Tertiary may be dispensed from it.

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8. To avoid disorderly feasts or entertainments, including balls, and stage-plays, with exception in favour of those wherein there is no suspicion of anything contrary to decency or to strict morality.

9. To accept with humility the penance imposed by the Superior for transgressions of the Rule.

Q. Does the Rule bind under pain of sin?

A. No, not even under venial sin.

Q. What, then, is the meaning of the vow which Tertiaries make at their profession?

A. It is in the nature of a penal law. Tertiaries do not bind themselves by vow to observe their Rule, but only *to perform the penance* imposed upon them for their transgressions of the Rule.*

Q. How often is this penance inflicted?

A. At least once a year, when the member accuses himself of his faults against the Rule.

Q. What kind of penance is usually prescribed?

A. Some vocal prayers or mortifications, according to the capacity of the penitent.

Q. What are the duties of Tertiaries to one another?

A. To look upon themselves as members of one great family, bearing one another's burdens, loving one another, and living in perfect peace and harmony.

Q. Is there any difficulty in obtaining a dispensation from the rule of fasting?

A. None at all, where there is good reason for the dispensation, more especially in England, where fasting is impossible to so many. The Rule itself provides a dispensation for many cases, such as those of sickness, hard labour, or domestic difficulty.

Q. Is it necessary for Tertiaries to be attached to a particular congregation and to attend the monthly meetings?

A. Yes, if they reside within convenient distance of a church where such meetings are held, otherwise they may become members unattached.

Q. If they remove to another place, can they join the congregation of that place?

A. Certainly; they are all members of one and the same family.

* The obligation of this vow depends upon the intention of the person making it, whether it shall bind under mortal or venial sin, or under none at all.

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

I.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, long before daybreak, on one of those cloudy November days which herald the approach of winter, a troop of children, with several women and old men, all of poor condition, quitted a small village situated on the sea-shore, and proceeded towards the eastern side of Genoa, talking together, and vociferating loudly.

The greater number were barefoot; some had their shoulders enveloped in sacks, others in large handkerchiefs of spun silk, which they had brought with them for another purpose, but which they employed for the moment as a defence against the sharp air of the early morning. The children bounded along now singly, now together, as the road permitted, or their inclination prompted. The women and the old men followed with more regular steps, not forgetting to chide such of their little companions as offended by actions somewhat too sprightly. Now why was this crowd of poor people going to Genoa? Our readers will be curious to know. We will explain it as briefly as possible, and this will serve as an introduction to our story.

The charity and tenderness of heart for which seafaring people have always been distinguished had given rise, in that part of the world, to the pious custom of distributing to the poor on the arrival in port of any vessel, the surplus remaining of the stores provided for the voyage; an act of Christian benevolence which seemed to induce Providence to grant a special protection to mariners, to make their voyages short and prosperous, in order that the widows and the poor might have more abundant alms.

On the arrival of a vessel, there was always some one from Genoa, who hastened to convey the joyful news to the families of the returning seamen, and received a reward for doing so. This was called "taking the cake," "giving the cake." The news soon reached every house, and there was joy through all the country. The messenger, generally a boatman, was asked a thousand questions, for even those who had no relations in the ship expected friends, letters, or at least some news of those dear to them who might hap-

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pen to reside in the place from whence it had come. To all these the messenger replied boldly, and with so much precision and frankness, that he might have been supposed to be one of the crew, although, generally speaking, he had only seen the vessel from the pier, just entering the port! According to his account every one was well, the captain, the mate, the pilot, the steward, the sailors, the boys; they had had a lucky voyage; he was charged with compliments to this one, to press the hand of that one, to embrace the other; he spoke of every one by name—very fine tricks to obtain greater reward! The least doubtful part of the intelligence conveyed by such messengers was the news of the arrival of the ship, although sometimes even this was entirely false; and so it frequently happened that, for the sake of the customary recompense, they set entire families rejoicing, and roused the whole country with an imaginary arrival. However, when these arrivals were made known, the children of the poor, the orphans, the widows, and the needy assembled together, and on the same day, if the sun was still high, or early on the morrow, hastened to Genoa to welcome the captain, and to receive the usual benefaction. The steward distributed to them, according to their age and their necessities, that portion of the provisions of the ship which, during the voyage, had remained for them. This they called "giving the *morreno*," "going to take the *morreno*," a word of which we do not know the derivation. Our travellers, then, were going to take the *morreno* from a brigantine called the *San Pietro*, which had arrived from Buenos Ayres the evening before.

II.

At the distance of about a mile from the village whence our party had started, a large cross, raised upon a mound in the midst of the new highway, warned the travellers that they were approaching a sacred spot. The solitude of the place, the darkness of the waning night, the roaring of the sea, as the waves broke at the foot of the massive rocks, and the hoarse murmur of the wind through the ancient oaks growing a few paces from the cross, made it a place of terror to those who happened to pass it after dark, more especially as dismal voices were said to be heard, and ghastly phantoms to be seen wandering about. Still worse, the

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many human skeletons disinterred during the construction of the new road, had given rise to a thousand suspicions of evil deeds and atrocious crimes committed in days gone by. The children, made brave by companionship, running gaily along, advanced towards the haunted place without their usual timidity. They had almost reached the cross, when one amongst them thought he saw something move by the side of it,—a shade which appeared to leave its foot and quietly descend the bank, dividing as it went. He uttered so loud a cry that all his companions were seized with terror and ran quickly back, screaming loudly, to rejoin the women.

"What in the world is all this about, you naughty children?" scolded Maria Antonia, the eldest of the company, angry at being interrupted in the heat of an impassioned argument.

"It is that silly little Anselmo, who has frightened us all with his sudden outcry," faintly replied the first who recovered himself.

"I did not do it on purpose," replied Anselmo, and trying to excuse himself he sobbed out, "it was because I saw——"

"What have you seen?" cried all at once, "what have you seen?"

"The dead! Oh, if you others had been looking, you would have seen them also, and you would have screamed louder than I did."

"You little stupid!" said Pietro Andrea, the oldest fisherman of the village; "the dead! Oh, what a brave sailor you will make! the dead!"

"Yes, yes; I saw them with my own eyes! I saw them close to the cross! they came down in a double row; if we had not looked up, they would have caught us in the middle of the road. Let us go back; let us wait till daylight!"

"It is nothing," said Maria Antonia, "it is nothing. It must have been the pedestal of the cross, which the good fathers have already been obliged to rebuild twice in less than a year, because you are always destroying it, especially when you come on festivals to hear Mass; it is nothing, believe me, your eyes have deceived you; cross yourselves and go on, like good children, and do not make us repent having brought you with us," and, as she spoke, she pushed them on, still clinging to her dress.

(*To be continued.*)

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Prayers for the Assemblies.

The Director, kneeling, commences the VENI CREATOR:

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple supernâ gratiâ,
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,
Tu ritè promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longiùs,
Pacemque dones protinùs;
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

V. Emitte spiritum tuum et creabuntur.

℟. Et renovabis faciem terræ.

Oremus.

DEUS, qui corda fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti; da nobis in eodem

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry,
O highest Gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts art known;
The Finger of God's Hand we own!
The Promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with pow'r endow.

Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm and virtue high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Oh! may Thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee thro' endless time confess'd,
Of both th' Eternal Spirit blest.

All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

V. Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created.

℟. And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who hast taught the hearts of the faithful by the light of the Holy Spirit; grant us, in

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Spiritu recta sapere, et de ejus semper consolatione gaudere. Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum . . . . . in unitate ejusdem Spiritus Sancti, Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

the same Spirit, to be truly wise, and ever to rejoice in His consolation. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the same Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

After the exhortation or spiritual reading, etc., the Sentences of the Month are distributed by lot. The proceedings are terminated as follows:

Sub tuum præsidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix, nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities; but deliver us always from all dangers, O glorious and blessed Virgin.

Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy.
Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy.
Christ have mercy.
Lord have mercy.
Lord have mercy.

Christe, audi nos,
Christe exaudi nos,
Pater de cœlis Deus,
Fili Redemptor mundi, Deus,
Spiritus Sancte, Deus,
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,

Christ hear us,
Christ graciously hear us,
God the Father of Heaven,
God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
God the Holy Ghost,
Holy Trinity, one God,

Miserere nobis. — *Have mercy on us.*

Sancta Maria,
Sancta Dei Genitrix,
Sancta Virgo Virginum,
Mater Christi,
Mater divinæ gratiæ,
Mater purissima,
Mater castissima,
Mater inviolata,
Mater intemerata,
Mater amabilis,
Mater admirabilis,
Mater Creatoris,
Mater Salvatoris,
Virgo prudentissima,
Virgo veneranda,
Virgo prædicanda,
Virgo potens,
Virgo clemens,
Virgo fidelis,
Speculum justitiæ,

Holy Mary,
Holy Mother of God,
Holy Virgin of Virgins,
Mother of Christ,
Mother of divine grace,
Mother most pure,
Mother most chaste,
Mother inviolate,
Mother undefiled,
Mother most amiable,
Mother most admirable,
Mother of our Creator,
Mother of our Saviour,
Virgin most prudent,
Virgin most venerable,
Virgin most renowned,
Virgin most powerful,
Virgin most merciful,
Virgin most faithful,
Mirror of justice,

Ora pro nobis. — *Pray for us.*

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Sedes sapientiæ,		Seat of Wisdom,
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,		Cause of our joy,
Vas spirituale,		Spiritual Vessel,
Vas honorabile,		Vessel of honour,
Vas insigne devotionis,		Vessel of singular devotion,
Rosa mystica,		Mystical Rose,
Turris Davidica,		Tower of David,
Turris eburnea,		Tower of ivory,
Domus aurea,		House of gold,
Fœderis arca,		Ark of the covenant,
Janua cœli,	*Ora pro nobis.*	Gate of Heaven, *Pray for us.*
Stella matutina,		Morning Star,
Salus infirmorum,		Health of the sick,
Refugium peccatorum,		Refuge of sinners,
Consolatrix afflictorum,		Comforter of the afflicted,
Auxilium Christianorum,		Help of Christians,
Regina Angelorum,		Queen of Angels,
Regina Patriarcharum,		Queen of Patriarchs,
Regina Prophetarum,		Queen of Prophets,
Regina Apostolorum,		Queen of Apostles,
Regina Martyrum,		Queen of Martyrs,
Regina Confessorum,		Queen of Confessors,
Regina Virginum,		Queen of Virgins,
Regina Sanctorum omnium,		Queen of all Saints,
Regina sine labe originali concepta,		Queen conceived without stain of original sin,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,		Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Parce nobis, Domine.		*Spare us, O Lord.*
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,		Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Exaudi nos, Domine.		*Graciously hear us, O Lord.*
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,		Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Miserere nobis.		*Have mercy on us.*

[Dei Genitrix,
V. Ora pro nobis, sancta
[of God,
V. Pray for us, O Holy Mother
℟. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.
℟. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Oremus.

Let us pray.

Gratiam tuam, quæsumus, Domine, mentibus nostris infunde; ut qui, Angelo nuntiante, Christi Filii tui Incarnationem cognovimus, per Passionem ✠ ejus et Crucem ad Resurrectionis gloriam perducamur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts, that we, to whom the Incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may by His Passion ✠ and Cross be brought to the glory of His Resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℟. Amen.

℟. Amen.

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Pater-noster, *etc.*

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, [Amen.

℟. Sed libera nos a malo.

V. Memento congregationis tuæ. [initio.

℟. Quam possedisti ab

V. Oremus pro benefactoribus nostris.

℟. Retribuere dignare, Domine, omnibus nobis bona facientibus propter nomen tuum vitam æternam.

V. Oremus pro fidelibus defunctis.

℟. Requiem æterna dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

V. Requiescant in pace.

℟. Amen.

V. Pro fratribus absentibus.

℟. Salvos fac servos tuos, Deus meus, sperantes in te.

V. Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto.

℟. Et de Sion tuere eos.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

℟. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

(V. Dominus vobiscum.

℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.)

Oremus.

Famulorum tuorum, quæsumus, Domine, delictis ignosce; ut qui tibi placere de actibus nostris non valemus Genitricis Filii tui Domini nostri intercessione salvemur.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui nos Seraphici Patris nostri Francisci, et omnium sanctorum nostri ordinis merita sub unâ tribuisti commemoratione venerari, quæsumus, ut desideratam nobis tuæ propitiationis abundantiam, multiplicatis intercessoribus largiaris.

Our Father, *etc.*

V. And lead us not into temptation, [Amen.

℟. But deliver us from evil.

V. Remember thy congregation. [from the first.

℟. Which thou hast possessed

V. Let us pray for our benefactors.

℟. Deign, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake to reward with eternal life all those who do us good.

V. Let us pray for the faithful departed.

℟. Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

V. May they rest in peace.

℟. Amen.

V. For our absent brethren.

℟. Save Thy servants who trust in Thee, O my God.

V. Send them help, O Lord, from Thy holy place. [them.

℟. And from Sion defend

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

℟. And let my cry come before Thee.

(V. The Lord be with you.

℟. And with thy spirit.)

Let us pray.

Pardon, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the sins of Thy servants; that we, who of ourselves cannot please Thee, may be saved by the intercession of the Mother of our Lord, Thy Son.

Almighty and Eternal God, who hast granted us to commemorate together the merits of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, and of all the Saints of our Order; bestow on us, we beseech Thee, through so many intercessors, the much-desired abundance of Thy mercy.

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Deus largitor pacis et amator charitatis, da famulis tuis veram cum tuâ veritate concordiam ut ab omnibus, quæ nos pulsant, tentationibus liberemur.

O God, the bestower of peace and the lover of charity, grant to Thy servants a hearty agreement with Thy truth, that we may be delivered from all the temptations which beset us.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui facis mirabilia magna solus, prætende super famulos tuos spiritum gratiæ salutaris, et ut in veritate tibi complaceant, perpetuam eis rorem tuæ benedictionis clementer infunde.

O Almighty and Eternal God, who alone workest great wonders, extend to Thy servants the spirit of saving grace, and that they may truly please Thee, pour down ever upon them the dew of Thy blessing.

Ecclesiæ tuæ, quæsumus Domine, preces placatus admitte, ut destructis adversitatibus et erroribus universis, securâ tibi serviat libertate.

Be appeased, O Lord, we beseech Thee, and listen to the prayers of Thy Church, that, having overcome all enemies and errors, she may serve Thee in peaceful liberty.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui vivorum dominaris simul et mortuorum omniumque misereris, quos tuos fide et opere futuros esse prænoscis; te supplices exoramus, ut pro quibus effundere preces decrevimus, quosque vel præsens sæculum adhuc in carne retinet, vel futurum jam exutos corpore suscepit, intercedentibus omnibus sanctis tuis, pietatis tuæ clementiâ, omnium delictorum suorum veniam consequantur.

O Almighty and Everlasting God, Who hast dominion alike over the living and the dead, and art merciful to all whom Thou knowest will, by faith and good works, be Thine, we humbly beseech Thee, that they for whom we offer our prayers, whether yet retained in the flesh, or received in the next world, stripped of their mortal bodies, may, through the intercession of all Thy Saints, obtain from Thy merciful lovingkindness the pardon of all their sins.

Deus, veniæ largitor, et humanæ salutis amator, quæsumus clementiam tuam, ut nostræ congregationis fratres, sorores et benefactores, qui ex hoc sæculo transierunt, beatâ Mariâ semper Virgine intercedente cum omnibus sanctis tuis, ad perpetuæ beatitudinis consortium pervenire concedas. Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

O God, the bestower of pardon, and the lover of man's salvation, we beseech Thy mercy, that the brothers, sisters, and benefactors of this congregation who have departed this life, may, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and all Thy saints, arrive at the fellowship of everlasting bliss. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Director then gives the blessing, with the Crucifix, saying:

Benedictio Dei Patris omnipotentis descendat super vos, et maneat semper vobiscum: In nomine Patris, ✠ *etc.*

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Franciscan Chronicle.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, CORK.—CLOSE OF THE RETREAT.—The course of spiritual exercises given lately at this church, for the members of the Third Order of St. Francis attached to the church, and for the general public as well, was attended with very great success. It was conducted by the Very Rev. D. A. Mitchell, O.S.F.C., Custos Provincial, and was taken advantage of by an extraordinary number of persons of different classes. All the exercises were well attended. It was extremely edifying to see the number of those, many of them poor and ill-protected against the extreme inclemency of the season, who assembled in the church at the dark morning hour. Again at ten o'clock the congregation was large; and in the evening the church was often inconveniently crowded. The Very Rev. Father Provincial's discourses, practical, eloquent, and full of a holy ardour, appeared to command the attention of his hearers in quite an exceptional degree, and manifestly bore abundant fruit. The confessionals were thronged with penitents all through the week, and nearly a thousand communicated before Saturday. On Sunday morning over a thousand persons shared in the general Communion. In the evening, after Vespers, the church being crowded, Father Albert preached the concluding sermon of the Retreat, from the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." At the conclusion of the sermon, the solemn renewal of the Baptismal vows was made by all who had gone through the exercises of the Retreat, and the sacred functions closed with the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The Retreat has given an impetus to the growth and fervour of the Third Order, whose members are now to be counted by hundreds of both sexes; and after the last Mass on Sunday a large number of postulants were received by the Director, Rev. Father Laurence, O.S.F.C., in the church, with the usual impressive forms. The Tertiaries are in many places, at home and abroad, steadily increasing in numbers. and, in the opinion of wise and holy men, the Order seems destined to serve a great end in the present momentous crisis of religion throughout the world. In Cork it continues to flourish more and more from year to year. The Retreat just concluded was of importance in stimulating its progress, but it also accomplished a large amount of good amongst Catholics generally in the city.

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Obituary.

PIDDING.—March 31st, 1876, at Lower Sydenham, Sister Anne (Pidding), a most devout member of the Sydenham congregation of Tertiaries, after a long life of wonderful innocence and piety.

ROBINSON.—October 13th, 1876, Eliza Georgiana Robinson, who died at Bruges.

TURNER.—November 13th, 1876. A solemn Requiem was celebrated on Monday, the 19th of November, in the Franciscan Church of Our Lady of Seven Dolours, New Peckham, at 8 a.m., for the repose of the soul of Miss Maryanne Turner, of Deptford, who, after long suffering borne with exemplary patience, died on the 13th. The ceremony was one of unusual interest, Miss Turner having been a Franciscan Tertiary. The church was crowded by numerous members of the Order and many passing strangers, attracted by the music heard at such an early hour, entered the building and remained until the close of the service, appearing much impressed by its solemnity. We have seldom witnessed a more touching ceremony; the black robes of the officiating priest, the mournful music so efficiently rendered, the devotion with which the members of the Order who were present received Holy Communion, all combined to produce an impression not easily effaced. The deceased young lady, who was but twenty-one years of age, was received into the Order a few months since, but as her rapidly failing health made it probable that she would not live to complete her novitiate, and as she had an earnest desire to die a professed member, the director, the Rev. F. William, consented to shorten the customary period (twelve months), and she was professed not long before her death. Although, without doubt she will find happiness, her friends will sorrow long for one so amiable and so good.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. AVE MARIA.

SENTENCES OF THE MONTH.—The Sentences of the Month, which we present on a fly-sheet to our readers, are intended to be distributed by lot at the monthly meetings of the Third Order, and will be found of great use to those who endeavour earnestly during the month to practise the virtue assigned to them with the help of the Patron Saint indicated on their ticket.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX, NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—NO. 2. FEBRUARY, 1877. PRICE 6D.

The Progress of the Third Order.

THE Third Order, from its outset, shared in the miraculous rapidity of growth which astonishes us in the beginning of the earlier institutions of St. Francis. The unexceptionable witness of a hostile contemporary leaves us no ground for deeming this an exaggeration. It was but twenty years after the institution of the Third Order that Peter à Vineis, the chancellor and favourite of the German Emperor, Frederick II.,* wrote to this monarch, "The Friars Minor have established societies for both sexes. . . . . There is scarce to be found one who has not joined the new Institution." The object of the writer was to inflame the hatred of the Emperor against the children of the Seraphic Patriarch, who, true to the spirit of their Father, espoused the cause of the Holy See, in opposition to his master. It is foreign to our purpose to dwell on the details of the persecution thus excited against the Tertiaries; it lasted till the sudden death of Frederick in 1250, which had been foretold by St. Rose of Viterbo, herself a Tertiary.

The mission of St. Francis and of the institutions in which his spirit lives and energises, is chiefly to the poor, the little ones of

* Born 1194, died 1250.

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Jesus Christ; these are the objects of its predilection. As might be expected, the attraction of the virtues of his sons, of their earnest fidelity to their chosen mission, and be it also added, of their learning, has reached far beyond the limits within which their humility and devotedness to the poverty of Christ would have confined it; like the First and the Second, the Third Order has gathered its recruits from every rank and grade of the ecclesiastical and social hierarchy, it has beheld and still beholds its members seated in the Chair of Unity, it has helped mighty rulers of races and nations to sanctify the perilous exercise of supreme power, for of Emperors, Kings, Queens, and other sovereign princes no less than one hundred and thirty-four have been inscribed on its bead-roll.

But a far more eloquent pen than ours has enlarged on this theme; in a letter to the illustrious annalist of the Franciscan family, Father Luke Wadding,* Cardinal Trejo writes as follows:

"You praise and admire me, because being clad in the Roman purple, I have taken the habit, and made solemn profession of the Rule of the Third Order of our own holy Father, St. Francis. Could I do less than wholly devote myself to his Order, acknowledging as I must, that to him I owe all that I have and am? Why then marvel that a Cardinal should cover his purple robes with a brown habit, and gird himself with a cord? If this garb seem mean, I need it the more, since in my lofty rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, I must humble myself, would I escape pride. But is not the brown habit of St. Francis tinged with a purple fit to adorn the dignity of cardinals and monarchs? Unquestionably, for it has been dyed in the Blood of Jesus Christ, and in that which streamed from the Sacred Stigmata of His Seraphic Servant. It confers a kingly grandeur on those who wear it. What then have I done in taking this holy habit? I have blended purple with purple, that of royalty with the purple of the Cardinalitial dignity. Far from having humbled myself, I

* Father Luke Wadding, an Irishman, joined the Order of St. Francis while in Portugal. His principal works are *Opuscula St. Francisci*, Antwerp, 1623; *Bibliotheca Ord. Minorum*, Rome, 1659; *Annales Fratrum Minorum*, Lyons, 1625, a complete history of the Order of St. Francis. He died in 1655.

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ought rather to fear lest I have aspired to an honour far above my deserts."

These noble sentiments of the pious and learned Cardinal may be pondered with advantage. Passing over the many royal and imperial names wherewith we might swell our list, we call attention to a fact of no less significance.

The famous historian of the Religious Orders, Father Hélyot,* lays special stress on the number of founders of religious families and congregations who have belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis. Besides St. Ignatius of Loyola, Cardinal de Bérulle, the founder of the French Oratory, and the Venerable M. Olier, were both professed Tertiaries. It is recorded of the latter that his fervent observance of the Rule of the Third Order attracted thereunto numbers with whom he came into contact. He never wearied of exhorting the young clergy in his Seminary and the parishioners of St. Sulpice to join the Third Order, and it was due in part to his success that the Congregation of the Tertiaries was re-established in the Church of the Observantines in Paris. The name of this venerable man recalls to our mind that model of priestly holiness given by God to adorn and console the Church in these her days of trial, we mean the Curé of Ars. It was a joyful day for the Capuchins of Lyons when they inscribed his name on the roll of the Third Order which has added about ninety Saints and Blessed (including forty Martyrs) to the Calendar of the Church. Statistics are proverbially dry reading, we will therefore confine ourselves for the present to the result they warrant; wherever the Franciscan Order has been allowed all it asks, *i.e.* "a fair field and no favour," the Third Order soon shows a goodly muster, not of merely nominal members (such are not wanted, and are soon weeded out), but of men and women of goodwill, regular in their devout practices, zealous for good works, loyally devoted to the Holy See, men who are conscious of the vast importance of the vows by which they were consecrated to God in their Baptism, and need no further bond of obligation to induce them to embrace a life of earnest striving after perfection in the state to which it has pleased God to call them.

* Father Hélyot, O.S.F., known also as Father Hippolytus, born in Paris, 1660, died in 1716.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER II.

The Archangel Gabriel announces to Mary, the Spouse of Joseph, that she shall conceive Jesus the Son of God by the power of the Holy Spirit. She then goes to visit Elizabeth, by whom she is greeted as the Mother of God. After having abode with her three months, and been present at the birth of the Baptist, she returns to Nazareth.

ST. LUKE i. 26—56. In the course of the sixth month from the events related above, when the Goodness and Mercy of God, in unspeakable wisdom, had determined to send us His Only-begotten Son, who, by means of the sacrifice of His own life, should fill up the abyss into which the world had fallen, and should save it from eternal ruin by leading it back to heaven; God called the Archangel Gabriel a second time, and ordered him (after having intrusted him with the lofty object of his mission) to take his way for this purpose to Nazareth, a city of Galilee, to the predestined Virgin Mary, who, inspired by the Holy Spirit, was already united to Joseph in marriage, with the firm intention, however, of both remaining pure and holy in mind and body in the sight of the Lord. Both were alike descended from the royal family of David.

The angel having entered the chamber where Mary was all absorbed in God, and rapt in heavenly contemplation, in the first place addressed to her the following words—words which gave a splendid proof of the greatness of the mission which God had given him to accomplish, and the high dignity to which Mary was now to be raised. "Hail Mary," he said, "full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women." That is to say, Amongst all creatures, thou, O Mary, art the best-beloved; none has ever been filled by God with so great an abundance of grace as that with which thou art now adorned; none has possessed God as thou dost. Wherefore thou shalt receive honour and glory from all generations to come. (*St. Jerome and St. Augustine.*)

On hearing a salutation which was so unexpected, so extraordinary, and so new, Mary was troubled, and knew not how to explain to herself the mystery that lay hidden beneath it. But the Angel, enlarging a little upon the sense of his words, answered her

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to the point, thus: "Fear not, Mary, on account of the salutation I have given thee; which is very appropriate. "For behold thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call Him Jesus, that is to say, the Saviour of the world. He shall be great, not through any grace bestowed upon Him, but of His own nature, and therefore He shall be called, with perfect truth, the Only-begotten Son of the Most High, being consubstantial with the Father, uniting in His own Person the Divine and human natures. He shall sit enthroned in the house of David, from whom He shall derive His temporal origin, and being the expected of all ages, and the desired of Israel, He shall give a new form to His kingdom. And since His government shall have no end, He shall be established in the house of Jacob, Prince of the nations, who shall all be made subject to Him in virtue of His mission, and thus all His children, now scattered abroad, shall be gathered together in one only bond of perfect charity."

The Blessed Virgin, well knowing that she had made a firm resolve to keep ever untarnished the lily of her virginity, marvelled more than ever. But without doubting, as Zacharias had done, with much prudence and modesty she thus answered the Angel "O blessed Angel of God, I do not dispute what thou hast announced to me, but tell me only in what way this holy design of God shall be accomplished, since it is my fixed purpose, though I am a Spouse, to remain a Virgin. *Quomodo fiet istud, quoniam virum non cognosco?*" The Angel answered her: "Have no fears on that account, O Mary;" and went on thus to unfold to her more fully the great and sublime mystery: "Well has God ordered in His wise Counsel and ineffable Providence that thou shouldst be joined in marriage without any loss of the glory of Virginity, in order that by this means thy honour may be preserved, and that thou shouldst have a companion, a guardian, and a protector in the execution of the high mission that is intrusted to thee. But not through man shalt thou become a mother, man shall not have the mastery over thee; thou shalt remain with undying honour ever a Virgin, because it would be horrible that the Temple once dwelt in and made holy by God, should be profaned by the presence of another. Far otherwise shall it be; the Holy Spirit, O Mary, shall descend upon thee, by His Might and Purity thou shalt become a

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mother, and therein thou shalt find the sweetest joy. Hence the Son that shall be born of thee shall be Holy, with the Holiness that is of God, and He shall not bring with Him the taint of other sons of men who are born in sin. And in order that thou mayst be the better convinced of the truth of my words, behold thy cousin Elizabeth, although barren and stricken in years, has been already six months with child. So true is it that with God nothing is impossible, and that there are an infinite number of means by which He is able to attain His own exalted ends."

Then Mary, raising herself nobly above all the rest of her sex, sublimely putting herself in opposition to the pride of the first woman, by her obedience, her humility, and her faith, bravely uniting her heart and mind with the heart and mind of God, overcoming earthly affections in order to draw down upon herself the blessings of Heaven, pronounced those memorable words: "*Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word*" —words that happily closed the long period of darkness and death, and creating a new light, opened the way to the salvation and regeneration of the world.

The Angel having fulfilled the high mission intrusted to him, departed from her, and returned to the blessed abodes of Paradise. At that same moment, the *Word*, who was from eternity with the Father, Light of Light, Very God of Very God; the *Word* by whom all things that are were made, and without whom nothing could exist, as in Him every being has its life, and has its appointed place; the *Word*, beginning and end of all things, the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world; the *Word*, the Splendour of the Glory, and the Figure of the Substance of the Father, the Image of God invisible, upholding all things by the power of His Word, sitting on high in Heaven on the right Hand of the Majesty of the Father, being made so much better than the Angels, as He has inherited a more excellent Name than they, and worthy of their adoration; the *Word* in the fulness of time was made Flesh, that is Man, *Verbum caro factum est*, of Mary the Virgin, who with the same fervent rapture with which she had believed in Him, received Him joyfully into her bosom. (*St. John, St. Paul.*)

What a magnificent spectacle is here offered to our contempla-

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tion! What an object of reverence is this mystery, which without an effort seizes upon the mind of one who has the faith, both by its majesty, by the grandeur of the things revealed, and by the noble end to which it is directed, that is to lead back the fallen human race to God its Creator by means of the Word, God and Man! What a shocking view, on the contrary, must be taken of this magnificent history by one who does not believe! From denying *à priori* the miracle and the mystery, he must needs wander about in a very labyrinth of unheard-of errors and of crooked paths. And wherefore? O God! rend the veil of the darkness that is upon the hearts of men, who have not the will to know Thee, and heal them of their two besetting sins, of *pride* and *luxury*.

After the Annunciation of the Angel, the Blessed Virgin in company with some friend or relative, for this, though the Gospel does not mention it, was due to her dignity, urged by a lively desire of seeing and visiting her cousin Elizabeth, of whom Gabriel had spoken to her, went to Hebron, one of the priestly cities of Juda, where it is believed she dwelt. This was a journey of great toil, Hebron being situated in a mountainous district, and distant from Nazareth more than eighty miles. But what cannot Divine charity accomplish?—she performed the journey with great haste, *festinanter*.

When she arrived at the house of Zacharias, and met Elizabeth, it is easier to imagine than to describe their mutual joy. They greeted and embraced each other, understood each other, and poured out one to the other the fulness of the pure and fervent affections which flowed from their hearts. And what a greeting it was on the part of Mary, a greeting that made the babe that Elizabeth was bearing leap in the womb of his mother, communicating to him grace, sanctifying him from that moment, and filling him with the Holy Spirit. Elizabeth herself, struck by such an example of charity and humility on the part of Mary, could not refrain from exclaiming, with the most lively faith, "Blessed art thou, O Mary, amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? Wonderful to relate, the child at thy words leapt for joy in my womb. And blessed

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art thou that hast believed; thou shalt see fulfilled, one by one, all the things that have been annnounced to thee by the Lord."

Mary, in her turn, raised above herself, carried away by her fervour, and filled with deepest humility, gave utterance to that Canticle which is the most lively image of her greatness, and the most sublime hymn offered to the glory of God: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath deigned to look upon the lowliness of His handmaid, and behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Great things have been wrought in me by Him who can do all things, and His name is Holiness itself. And His mercy extends over all those that fear Him from generation to generation for ever and ever. Mighty things hath He done by the strength of His arm. He scattereth the counsels and the frauds of the proud. He casteth down the powerful from their thrones, and He setteth the humble in honour. He filleth the hungry with good things, and the rich He sendeth empty away. He hath had pity on Israel His servant, remembering the mercy promised, as our fathers have handed down to us, to Abraham and his descendants for ever."

Mary remained in the house of Elizabeth until the latter had given birth to her promised son. A great festival was held on this occasion, which was very solemn and worthy of a special remembrance. In fact, hardly had Elizabeth brought forth her child, when, behold, her neighbours and relations came to congratulate and rejoice with her that God had shown her so great mercy and done her so marked a favour. And when the eight days were completed which were required for the circumcision, there arose a great discussion, upon the question of giving the child a name: Some would have had him called after his father, Zacharias; others after one of his ancestors, and some by other names. But the mother, opposing ancient customs by an inspiration from above, said: "My son shall be called John; it is of no importance that none of our family has ever borne that name." Then a sign was made to the father how he would have him called; and he, being still dumb, asked for a writing-tablet, and wrote upon it: "John shall be his name." And all greatly marvelled, and in many ways expressed their joy and delight,

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which was justified by the unusual character of the event, and still more by the promises relating to the child. It was at this moment that the mouth of Zacharias was opened, and, pouring forth thanks to God in the accents of a prophet who sounds the depths of futurity, he gave utterance to this canticle: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath visited and redeemed His people, raising up His Christ as a sign of salvation in the midst of us in the house of David His servant. So, in truth, have we often been told by our holy prophets, who in the course of ages have appeared amongst us, that God would deliver us from our enemies, and from the hands of them that hate us. A mercy that He showed also to our fathers, being mindful of His covenant, as well as of the promises He had solemnly sworn to Abraham, that through him He would one day grant to us, being freed from the power of our enemies (from sin and the devil), to serve Him in all times, no longer in the spirit of fear, but in holiness and justice. And thou, my child" (turning towards his son), "shalt be called the Prophet of the Most High. Thou shalt go before the Divine Messias to prepare His way, to preach repentance, and to point out in Him the true Saviour, in order by that means to give to His people the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Through the bowels of the mercy of our God, who hath rained upon us from on high, and who hath been pleased to dwell among us, to make His light to shine upon all those that lie in darkness and in the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace."

The fame of these marvels was noised abroad throughout all the surrounding neighbourhood, and every one, filled with piety and awe, saw clearly in them the work of God. Also through the hill-country of Judæa the wondrous event was made known, and men asked one another, "What sort of a child will this be, if even from his birth such wonderful things are told of him?"

We shall see how true were their expressions. Meanwhile Mary, who had taken part in all the joys of this happy event, bade farewell to Elizabeth, with whom she had stayed three months, and returned from Hebron to Nazareth.

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Poverty.

SING in all simplicity,
Sing the Lady Poverty;
Spouse of Christ, whose children own
Likeness unto Him alone!

She will teach us how to pray,
How to give our hearts away,
How to reckon up the cost,
All to dare lest all be lost.

She will teach us to despise
All that erring mortals prize,
All the gold and pomp and pride
Shunned by Jesus Crucified.

Who but He had ne'er a bed
Where to lay His royal Head,
When the foxes sought their lair,
And their nests the birds of air?

Who to gain a heavenly crown
Took the lowly sackcloth gown,
Worn since then in many climes,
Worn by Saints a thousand times?

Who but Francis, meek and poor
Begging bread from door to door,
Heedless of to-morrow's wants,
Leaving his inheritance?

Teach me, Lady, how to lean,
On my Lord with heart serene,
Like a child who may not dare
Aye to doubt his Father's care.

Father Francis, may thy prayers
Cleanse our souls from sordid cares!
Faithful children may we be
Of the Lady Poverty!

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Seek First the Kingdom of God.

ONE of the principal graces we must strive to obtain from our Divine Master, is an ardent desire to love Him and serve Him. This desire, even though imperfect, is of the greatest advantage to us, and we must persevere in praying for it until we obtain it. We cannot doubt that God Himself is more desirous to impart to us the gift, than we can be to receive it. We shall therefore infallibly obtain it if we persevere in asking for it with humility and confidence.

The soul which ardently desires to love her God, and to employ herself in His service, cannot live without making every day some advance in virtue. This is an inevitable consequence of the sincere desire by which she is animated. To such a soul may be applied in a special manner the saying of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us, O Lord, for Thyself, and our hearts cannot rest until they rest in Thee." If she abandons herself to any kind of dissipation, or through weakness falls into any fault, immediately it seems that God begins to torment her, she finds no repose. An indefinable agitation and disquietude enters into her, which cannot be allayed until, having recognised her fault, and begged pardon of God in humble confidence, she replaces herself with generous simplicity beneath the amiable yoke of the most Holy Will of Jesus. Neither can she content herself with abstaining from evil, living otherwise at ease in a natural existence. No, the desire which burns within her ever urges her on to seek her repose in God, by a constantly increasing conformity to His Holy Will. This desire forces her on to make continual progress in the spiritual life. It stimulates her by means of the most lively instinct of our being, the instinct of seeking repose and happiness.

A soul which has received this gift from the liberality of Divine Providence, even if unenlightened, will make considerable progress almost without perceiving it. For this desire may of itself supply the want of many other means of perfection, whilst the want of it can never be supplied. No doubt this is the reason why our Divine Saviour so earnestly desires to impress it on our hearts. "Seek first," He says emphatically, "the kingdom of God and His justice." And when we find Him so tenderly striving to insinuate into the soul of the woman of Samaria a ray of His own sweet and heavenly light, what is He seeking to instil into her but this same holy desire? "If thou didst but know the gift of God, and who He is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou

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perhaps wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

Let us see now in what degree the same holy desire prevailed over the soul of our holy Father St. Francis. The torrent of Divine love which flowed in his heart, the superabundance of heavenly graces, the treasure of merits and good works which he derived from complying with such graces—all was insufficient to satisfy him. Never did he think he had loved sufficiently Him whom he loved in uninterrupted fervour, never that he had done enough to serve Him who has done all for us, never that he had sufficiently sacrificed self for Him who died for us upon the Cross. "This poor man of Christ," says St. Bonaventure, "with all his liberality, had but two little coins to dispose of, his body and his soul. But of these two he made such constant offering to God for the love of Christ Jesus, that ever and at all times he was sacrificing to the Divine Majesty, his body by fasting, and his soul by the flame of his desire, offering the holocaust in the outer court, and at the same time burning incense and most sweet odours on the altar within."

Being thus consumed by the perfect charity which banishes all fear, he desired to offer himself to the Lord by martyrdom, as a living victim, by which to return love for love to Jesus, and to excite all men to Divine Charity. But the Providence of God knew how to reconcile His own designs with the desires of the Saint, and exhibit His mercy towards Him in a manner far more wonderful, so that the friend of Christ desired and sought for death with all his power, yet could not find it, and without being deprived of the merit of martyrdom, for which he had so earnestly longed, was reserved to receive later a more surprising privilege. It was the Will of God that the Divine Fire which consumed him interiorly should burn on, increasing in vehemence, until it should at last burst forth and exhibit itself visibly in its marks upon his body.

Thus did he receive the sacred Stigmata; yet even when he was thus crucified with Jesus, in body as well as in his soul, he was not content with his own seraphic love for his Saviour, but thirsted vehemently to bring all hearts into the same furnace.

One of his sayings sums up for us wonderfully that life of holy and ardent desire. Perfected in virtue, standing on the very pinnacle of perfection, an object of admiration to angels and men, on the eve of receiving from God the eternal reward he had so well deserved, he began to cry out, "Let us begin to serve God, my brethren, for as yet we have made very little progress!"

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The Martyrdom of Father John Forest.

CONFESSOR TO QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON.

MANY books have been written upon the subject of the so-called "Reformation" of England in the time of King Henry VIII.; but, in spite of the historical evidence on all sides, few Protestants, even now, are ready to believe or acknowledge that it was mainly owing to the fury of the king at the Pope's refusal to sanction his divorce from Queen Catherine of Aragon and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. In the year 1533 Pope Clement VII. pronounced a definitive sentence against the king, declaring his marriage with Queen Catherine to have been lawful and good, and condemning his second marriage with Anne Boleyn as invalid. This sentence was far from working on the king or moving him to repentance. It exasperated him to the utmost degree; so that he issued a royal proclamation, forbidding all persons to give Catherine the title of queen, and declaring her daughter Mary (who had hitherto enjoyed the title of "Princess of Wales") illegitimate, whereby she was deprived of all royal honours and dignities, and sent with her mother into banishment. But his chief indignation was vented on Queen Catherine's confessor, the learned and venerable Father John Forest, of the Order of St. Francis of the Observance, because his Majesty considered that he should have prevailed upon the queen to forbear from any appeal to the Pope. He therefore cast Father Forest into a low and fetid dungeon, and forbade every one to hold any communication with him. What exasperated the king against all the Franciscan Order was chiefly their intrepid opposition to his wishes, both as regarded his divorce and his supremacy; one of them, Father Peto, having openly rebuked him when preaching in the Chapel Royal, taking for his text the Prophet Elias's reproof to Achab; for which cause both he and another friar, named Elston, were brought before the Privy Council and reprimanded, Lord Essex telling them that "they deserved to be put in a sack and thrown into the Thames."

To this Father Elston replied, smiling, "My lord, be pleased to frighten your court epicures with such sentences as these, men that have lost their courage through their palates, and softened their minds with pomp and pleasure. As for us, such menaces make no impression. We count it an honour to suffer for our duty, and bless God for keeping us firm under trial. And as for the Thames, the road to heaven lies as near by water as by land; and therefore it is indifferent to us by which way we go thither."

In truth, as an old chronicler writes, "The methods taken by the king to obtain a divorce from Queen Catherine were the chief cause of that train of revolution in the Church which changed the whole face of religion in his dominions. And the Franciscans,

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called 'Observants,' above all others, felt the dire effects of his resentment, from their having more boldly maintained the said queen's cause, and the obedience to the Apostolic See, besides denying his new title of Supreme Head of the Church. So that, not content with turning them all out of their convents, as many as could be found the king cast into prison, and divers ways afflicted, after the most inhuman manner. Among them, none suffered more torments than the queen's confessor, John Forest, who, after two years' imprisonment amongst the worst of malefactors, was condemned to be *hanged alive over a fire, and so slowly burned to death, because* (as the Annals attest) *he would not swear that the king was the Supreme Head of the Church of England.*"

It is easy to imagine the queen's grief and dismay on hearing that this horrible and cruel sentence had been passed on one who had already suffered such torments on her account. In vain did she move heaven and earth to try and obtain a commutation of the sentence. Finding all her efforts unavailing, and her influence powerless with his inhuman judges, she wrote to him the following beautiful letter, and managed to get it conveyed to him in his prison (which was Newgate) although at great personal risk:

"My Reverend Father,

"You, who have been accustomed to give advice to others under hard circumstances, cannot be at a loss of what is most proper to be suggested to yourself now that you are to be put to such a trial for Christ's cause. If you bear these short torments whereunto you are condemned, you will (as you very well know) receive an everlasting reward, which, whosoever will choose to lose for any tribulation in this life, seems to me to be wholly devoid of all sense and reason. But O you, my most happy Father, to whom God has granted the blessing of knowing this above many mortals, and of finishing your life and the course of your labours by these chains, by these torments, and by this most cruel death for Christ! And, O me! your wretched daughter, who, in this sad time of my distress and solitude, am to be deprived of such a monitor and a father so beloved in the bowels of Jesus Christ! And truly, if I may freely confess my most earnest desires in this matter to you, to whom I have always, as I ought, laid open all the secrets of my very heart and conscience, I acknowledge to you that my most ardent wishes are to die with you, or before you, and that with the greatest torments imaginable, provided it were pleasing to the Divine Will, to whom I always submit all my desires most willingly, as also my life itself; so far am I from any enjoyment of this unhappy world after those are gone of whom the world was not worthy. But perhaps I am talking like one of the foolish women, since God seems to have otherwise decreed it. Go before me, therefore, my dear and revered father; go happily and courageously, and be importunate with

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Christ in your prayers, that by this, though difficult way, I may soon, without fear, follow you. And, in the meantime, I desire this as your last blessing in this life, that I may be a partaker of your holy labours, of your torments, and of your conflicts. And after your suffering and your crown, I shall expect more plentiful favours from Heaven by your intercession. But I feel it is superfluous to animate you to this immortal reward, preferable to all other good, though purchased with most excessive pains; you who by your birth are entitled to a generous mind; you who are endowed with such an excellent knowledge of the Divine mysteries; you who from your very youth have been trained up in the holy religion and profession of a Franciscan. Yes, since to suffer for God's sake is the greatest happiness bestowed upon man in this life, I will implore His Divine Majesty with continual prayers, tears, and penitential labours, that you may happily finish your course and may obtain a never-fading crown of eternal life. Farewell, my reverend father, and be always mindful of me with God both on earth and in heaven.

"Your sorrowful daughter,
"CATHERINE."

The holy confessor received this letter with great joy, and having, with much difficulty, obtained some paper and an opportunity of writing, he answered the queen's letter from his prison, as follows:

"MOST SERENE PRINCESS, MY SOVEREIGN QUEEN, AND MY DAUGHTER IN JESUS CHRIST,

"Your Majesty's servant has delivered to me your most gracious letter, which was not only a great joy and consolation to me, but also a fresh encouragement to patience and constancy in this my affliction and continual expectation of death. For, though I plainly see that not only all perishing goods, but likewise all the miseries and evils of this world, are to be despised for the future glory which will be revealed in us, if we fight a good fight; yet I find my soul which (as it is usual with human nature on the like occasions) was somewhat heavy and anxious on the near view of so terrible a death, and not without some fear and solicitude at the consideration of its own unworthiness and frailty, is now enlivened by these most pious expressions of your great charity, and wonderfully animated in the contempt of all torments, and inspirited with a fresh fervour in the hopes and contemplation of future joys.

"My Sovereign Lady and well-beloved Daughter! may Jesus Christ reward your goodness with eternal glory and bliss for this consolation. And I do most earnestly beseech you to recommend my approaching sufferings, conflict, and agony to the Divine mercy, and to assist me therein by your continual prayers; and

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for the rest, I do most humbly entreat you not to doubt of my constancy, nor to be troubled for the grievousness of the torments appointed for me; for it does not become my grey hairs to be disturbed, in God's cause, with such childish bugbears. It does not become a man to fly from death basely, after he has lived sixty-four years. Much less does it become a Religious man not to love God and, with his utmost endeavours, aspire to heavenly things, after he has been for four and forty years in the habit of St. Francis, learning and teaching the contempt of all that is earthly. I will be mindful of you, my Sovereign Lady and dear Daughter in Christ, both in this life and in the next, and will never cease from praying to the God of Mercy to give you, according to the greatness of your sorrows, all grace and comfort. In the meantime, vouchsafe to pray most earnestly for me, your devoted servant and beadsman, especially at that hour when you shall understand I am to be labouring under those dreadful torments prepared for me. I presume to make you a poor present of my beads, having, as it is given out, but three days longer to live on earth," &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

A Convert's Gratitude.

WHAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For Thy rich gifts of grace so manifold?
Words lie unutter'd on my trembling tongue.
Brought of sweet Charity within Thy Fold,
Wounded with love a stricken lamb I'll lie
With panting heart, speechless beneath Thy feet,
And gazing on Thy Face most beautiful;
My heaven-born joy in silent tears I'll weep,
Bought with a price too great for mortal ken,
A God-made man must die to give me life.
Jesus, sweet Love, I'll never Thee forsake,
But 'neath Thy Banner fight till ends the strife.
O Jesus, help Thy trembling little one,
A faithful child in little things to be;
No heart divided! ! All for Thee or none,
Her highest bliss upon Thy breast to lie.

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Explanation of the Little Office.

THERE are no vocal prayers, as St. Alphonsus Liguori and other spiritual writers testify, that can compare in value with those adopted by the Church for her Liturgy. For in using such prayers in preference to others selected at our own caprice, whether morning, evening, or occasional prayers, we have the special advantages promised by our Blessed Lord to united prayer, when He tells us (Matt. xviii. 19), "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall consent upon earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my Father who is in heaven." These words are no doubt to be interpreted by another declaration of our Lord (Matt. xxi. 22), "And all things whatsoever you shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive;" and thus it may often come to pass, that though two of us may be perfectly agreed as to our prayer, yet for want of sufficient faith we do not always receive what we ask for. But where we are united in prayer with the whole Church throughout the world, we easily escape the difficulty, for there is an abundance of faith in the Church, sufficient to supply for all our timidity.

Moreover, there is a great advantage attaching to the prayers used by the Church in her Liturgy, that they are not mere human words, but being taken from Holy Scripture, are the utterances of the Holy Ghost Himself. Human prayers generally contain but a single meaning, which is not always suitable to our requirements, whereas it is a special advantage, doubtless intended by the Holy Ghost, that the words He has dictated in the Psalms lend themselves readily to various interpretations, which He Himself is ever ready to suggest to those who use them devoutly, according to their special requirements at particular times.

It is one of the great merits of the Third Order of St. Francis that without insisting upon it in the case of those to whom it is impossible, the Rule prescribes, for those who can read, the daily recitation of the Divine Office, or at least the Little Office of Our Lady, thereby teaching us to exercise ourselves in the best manner of prayer. We would remark by the way that Tertiaries, who understand the great benefits attaching to the recitation of Office, as we have just described them, would do well, even if hindered during the week, to avail themselves of them, at least on Sundays. Many no doubt have adopted this pious practice, and for them as for all who recite the Little Office, we think it will be very useful to give such an explanation as will enable them to understand it more thoroughly, and so to be more prepared for the suggestions of the Holy Spirit which from time to time will occur to them.

Following the order of the Roman Breviary we shall begin with the First Vespers, remarking that we do not propose to explain the rubrics or method of saying Office, as they may more usefully be learnt by personal tuition. And to avoid tediousness, we shall

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endeavour to confine ourselves to those points only which seem to call for explanation.

Coming then to the First Vespers of the Little Office, we have first to deal with the five antiphons appointed to accompany the Psalms. As a general rule such antiphons are intended to offer us, if it suits with the spirit of our prayer, a subject for meditation during the recitation of the ensuing Psalm, it being understood that, as in the case of the Rosary, not only there is no obligation, but it is often highly expedient for us not to dwell upon the literal sense of the words we are using, provided that we follow the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in lifting up our hearts to God, and endeavouring to elicit the sentiments which He suggests to us.

The first antiphon is "*Dum esset Rex*," "Whilst the king was at his repose, my spikenard gave forth the odour of sweetness." It is easy to apply these words to our Blessed Lady. Whilst the king, that is, Almighty God, was at His repose, long before He began to create, "my spikenard," that is, the thought of Mary as a predestined creature, was a subject delightful to contemplate, giving forth "the odour of sweetness." And there is a special significance in the use of the word "spikenard," for in the spikenard, which is a plant of low growth, like the thyme upon our English downs, and is often trodden under foot, sweetly revenging itself by emitting a delicious odour, we see a type of that surpassing sweetness and humility which in a life of Dolours was to exhibit Mary as the most perfect of God's creatures.

The next antiphon "*Læva ejus*," "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand shall embrace me," gives us in figurative language a repetition of the same idea, that is, of the complacency wherewith the Blessed Trinity contemplated the idea of Mary, even from all eternity.

In the third antiphon, "*Nigra sum*," "I am black, but beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem: therefore the king hath loved me, and brought me into his chamber," we have another reason for the Divine predilection of Mary, which is easily explained by the following verse in the book of Canticles, from which the antiphon is taken. There we read (Cant. i. 5), "Do not consider me that I am brown, because the sun hath altered my colour." The sun, that is, of the most ardent love for God, which from the first moment of her life began to consume the heart of our Immaculate Mother.

The fourth antiphon brings us down from the creatureless eternity of the Blessed Trinity, to the moment of Mary's conception upon earth, "*Jam hiems transiit*," "The winter has now passed, the rains are over and gone." The stormy night of Paganism and infidelity has come to an end: "Rise, my beloved, and come!" Arise, O Mary, out of nothingness, at the bidding of thy Creator; come and exhibit thyself to the sons of men.

The last antiphon applies to Mary either on earth or in heaven, as we please, and requires no explanation.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

III.

STRUGGLING to exhibit an appearance of courage, the elders were not without fear, as, with lingering steps, they silently followed the children, with their eyes raised towards the cross, which, by the faint light of the stars, they soon perceived standing in solitary majesty, its unadorned simplicity appealing eloquently to their imagination. Never had its aspect appeared so imposing; but it stood alone, no sign of life near it. Where were the spectres seen by the little Anselmo? Fled. Darkness, stillness, and perfect silence reigned all around. But while all eyes were earnestly fixed on the dreaded spot, and when, as no new cause of fear presented itself, they began to feel a little re-assured, a voice reached them from amidst the darkness, wishing them "Good-morning," making them start back with terror and cry out for "Mercy."

"Do not be afraid, it is I, and I have been waiting some time for companions, as I dared not venture through this solitary road alone; I thought you would come, and as I sat here with my little Genesimo, I heard the children chattering, and came quickly down to join you. I suppose you also are going to take the *morreno?*"

"My dear Prisca," interrupted Maria Antonia, once more breathing freely, "how you frightened us! our thoughts were far from you; we were coming timidly along, fearing some terrible adventure—we have heard so many things about this place."

"I am very sorry that I frightened you," said Prisca, "but I thought, as it is not quite dark, you would have seen me, or I would have spoken."

"Yes, little Anselmo saw you under the cross," interrupted Maddalena, another of the party, who wished, in her turn, to mingle in the conversation, "but he took you for something else, not so good as you are, eh? You always follow the example of your mother, whom may God receive in glory. I remember her well, and I seem to see her now coming up this path on a fine morning."

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"To say the truth," said Prisca, who had already joined the party, leading her little son by the hand, "I did not intend to walk, but I found the church door shut this morning; Brother Pellegrino is late this morning, a most unusual thing; I have always found him busy arranging the altar, putting oil in the lamps, or praying in St. Antony's chapel."

"More likely it was you who were too soon," said Pier Andrea; "the church-clock struck four only a short time since, and as the friars get up at midnight to say matins, how can they be in the church so early? they are of flesh and blood like ourselves, you know."

"True," said Prisca, "we do not always remember that; but I intend, if I am fortunate, to do something which I hope will be pleasing to God."

There was a moment of profound silence; the children, their fears dismissed, returned to their play. The path, which, as far as it crossed the old Roman road, was rough and incommodious, ran parallel with the sea, at some height above its level, winding through many ravines, now sloping gently, now steep and encumbered with loose stones, over which they stumbled, sometimes but slightly protected from frightful precipices. Maria Antonia longed to continue the argument in which she had been so hotly interested, but the observations made by the new comer did not quite please her. "She is scrupulous," said she to herself; "I had better keep silence"—which she did.

"Prisca," said Pier Andrea suddenly, "how many religious are there?"

"I cannot tell you how many," replied she; "they come and go."

"But Father Joseph is always with us."

"You mean the Father Rector, do you not?"

"Yes, the one who teaches the novices how to say Mass."

"You mean the students," replied Prisca, "whom he teaches, not how to say Mass, but how to hear confessions and preach."

"I can speak for him as to hearing confessions," said Pier Andrea; "he is my confessor, and I can assure you, Prisca, that he knows how to find out your sins, and say such words as only he can say—words which really touch your heart. When through

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my evil nature, I fall in a violent rage, or even—you understand—when those knavish boys, who are always coming round my poor little boat, take away the pegs, scratch off the pitch, hide the oars, scatter all the things just when I am about to put to sea, I grow mad, and then—— Well, Father Joseph hears all I have to say, and then says gently, 'My dear son, the boys have certainly behaved badly, but how have you treated them? They were wrong, but they have no judgment. You had certainly a right to scold them, but not to use evil words. You must have patience. Is there any reason why, because the boys offend you, you must offend God? You have done the greater wrong, your sin is heavier than theirs. Go, and out of these trials you may gain merit for eternity. You also have been a boy.' What can one do but strike one's breast, and say '*meâ culpâ!*' And then to his preaching we can all bear testimony. When is the Church the most crowded?—When Father Joseph preaches. When is the General Communion made that lasts for hours?—When Father Joseph preaches. Do you remember those Exercises given by him last year?—those sermons which he preached at the Oratory of an evening, for men only? Eh, Prisca, how good they were! I am an ignorant man, without judgment, but the *good* touches every one. Father Joseph and our Rector are two preachers whom one would leave one's supper to hear."

As may be supposed, the good Prisca listened with pleasure to the old fisherman, but suddenly she remembered something of more importance. She had not yet said her Rosary, she had begun the day with idle talk; she was struck with remorse; she took no further share in the conversation of her companions, remaining so silent that they were offended at what they considered her want of politeness; and when she proposed that they should recite all together the holy Rosary, paid no attention to her suggestion. She waited for another opportunity, which Maria Antonia soon supplied.

"Prisca," said she, "should you be afraid to go alone by night through these places, where they find skulls and bones, and where they believe such dreadful things have happened?"

"If I said 'No,'" replied Prisca, "I should not be telling the truth, because we women are naturally timid; but in prayer we

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have an efficacious remedy against fear. If, when you walk by night in solitary places, you repeat the holy Rosary for the dead, you will feel yourself armed with extraordinary courage."

"It is very true," broke in Maddalena; "I have proved it often."

"And as we have still a long way to go," added Prisca, "before we reach the town, what do you think?—shall we do this? While we walk on, the holy souls will guard us from misfortune."

The proposal was favourably received by all, even by Maria Antonia, who, although too much given to talk of her own affairs, and to speak in confidence of little scandals, was, at heart, a good woman. She never refused to aid those who needed her assistance; she was usually called the nurse and the doctor; all the sick people had recourse to Maria Antonia, who watched them night after night with all the tenderness and care of a mother; she knew the virtues of different herbs, and manufactured salves and ointments; perhaps she was not altogether free from the superstitious suspicions of her neighbours, who sometimes, when they were angry, spoke of her as a witch; but she did not mind this calumny much, for, as the reader perceives, the little rancour in her heart was silenced by the piety of her friends. Pier Andrea called the children, who had strayed from the company, and Prisca, drawing out her chaplet, began the Rosary; by the time they had finished it they found themselves at the gates of the city, which they crossed by the shortest way, and at daylight had reached the Ponte Reale, where were anchored the small boats which carried people to the larger vessels. The boatmen, although accustomed to see similar companies, broke into exclamations of surprise at the appearance of our party.

"Oh, what a number of people! to-day fortune comes to us early! Where are you going?"

"On board the *St. Pietro*," replied, with one voice, all the children, "which arrived yesterday from America."

When all had entered the boat the boatman let fall the oars, which he had held suspended like wings, and moved gently, with regular strokes, from the bridge in search of the desired vessel, amongst the forest of masts and spars which the port of Genoa usually presents to the eye of the spectator.

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Franciscan Chronicle.

ERECTION OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE CORD AT PECKHAM.—F. Antony M. Adragna, Vicar-General Apostolic of the whole Order of Friars Minor Conventual of St. Francis, has lately addressed a brief to the congregation of Peckham, wherein, after reciting the powers given by Sixtus V. and later Popes, he continues:—"We, therefore, endowed by the Apostolic Roman Pontiff with these privileges, approving your pious request, do hereby institute in the Church of Our Lady of Seven Dolours, of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin of St. Francis, in the Province of England, in which Church is an altar in honour of our most blessed Father and Confessor St. Francis, the Confraternity of the Cord at this altar, and aggregate it in perpetuity to the Confraternity of Assisi, and we desire by these present letters that it be thus instituted and aggregated, and that the Guardian, or President, and Vicar of the said Church and Convent may have a right to bless the Cords, and to invest with them the Faithful of Christ, men and women, and on those thus invested and having their names inscribed in the book of the Confraternity they may have the power to bestow the Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death, and all other privileges of the Cord. We impart to them the faculty to bestow these privileges. We also by the authority bestowed upon us communicate to all and each of the Faithful of Christ, men and women, thus invested with the Cord and having their names inscribed in the book of the Confraternity thus instituted by us in the said Church of Our Lady of Seven Dolours, or hereafter to be invested and inscribed, all indulgences, remission of sins and spiritual graces granted, or hereafter to be granted by the Holy See to the Archconfraternity of Assisi; exhorting them that it behoves them to practise works of piety, to frequent the Holy Sacraments of Penance and Communion, to assist with devotion of mind and body at the public devotions in the Church, more especially on that Sunday of the month appointed for receiving the Plenary Indulgence, that they reconcile enemies, and succour the needy, so that by their good works, and by the intercession of the Blessed and ever Immaculate Virgin Mother, of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, and of all the Saints, they may at last obtain an eternal crown in the Kingdom of Heaven.

"In faith of which we sign with our own hand these present letters and affix to them our official seal.

"Given in London on the 6th day of September, 1876.

"FATHER ANTONY M. ADRAGNA."

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RECEPTIONS AT ERITH.—On Sunday, December 17, 1876, in the pretty little Church of the Capuchins at Erith, Kent, there was a ceremonial the like of which has not been witnessed in that neighbourhood for, probably, more than three hundred years—it was the solemn reception of no less than twenty-three persons into the noviciate of the Third Order of St. Francis—an Order which has been dignified by the name of "The Seraphic." St. Vincent de Paul was a Tertiary, as were also Christopher Columbus, Dante, Michael Angelo, and a countless host of other illustrious men. The Third Order is, happily, making great progress in England, as it has already done in France, where, alone, it numbers over one hundred thousand members, and promises to be a powerful means towards working out the salvation of both countries. This is the second congregation of Tertiaries lately established in the very Protestant county of Kent.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, CORK.—The progress of the Third Order is most satisfactory. At the last meeting, on the first Sunday of January, six new members were received, and the full attendance showed that the earnest spirit which marked its commencement in the city of Cork is now in no way diminished.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SEVEN DOLOURS, PECKHAM, S.E.—The monthly meeting of the Third Order of St. Francis was held here January 7th. The General Communion (which, as usual, was at the nine o'clock Mass) was very impressive; the brothers, whose number is much increased, entering in procession from the Sacristy, and all wearing the habit, knelt within the Sanctuary, giving, by their earnest looks and devout demeanour, the impression that they were (as in truth they really are) a religious Order, while the English hymns sung by the choir contributed, by their simple piety, to the effect of the service. It being not only the first Sunday of the month, but also the first of the New Year, the Rev. F. Director had an opportunity, in his address at the afternoon meeting, of exhorting his hearers to persevere in the path they had chosen, and while expressing his kind wishes and hopes for the future, of urging them to spread, by the power of their good example, even yet more extensively the Order to which they belong.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX, NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS. IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—NO. 3. MARCH, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Social Advantages of the Third Order.

TO obtain an accurate notion of the purpose and aims of the Seraphic Founder of the Third Order, we must avoid the vulgar error of considering it as a mere *hors d'œuvre*, as an after-thought suggested by needs unforeseen in the comprehensive ken of one whose works prove him to have been endowed with a master-mind. The Third Order is but the branch of one single Order, which, in its fulness, embraces every sex and condition. Waiving the question whether or no he was at all times fully conscious of the nature and aims of the apostolate committed to him, we may, in the light of history, affirm that his mission, parallel with that of St. Dominic, was to summon from the solitudes, from the deserts and mountain-fastnesses, the monastic legions; to arm them with the word of exhortation and doctrine; and to send them into the crowded resorts of men, into the highways and by-ways of the world, to establish and spread the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The Third Order was but the natural outcome of this fundamental idea, which supplies, as it were, the key to the wondrous life and works of the Seraph of Assisi. In the plan of St. Francis, the religious was to exhibit in his person the fruitful blending together of the contemplative

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with the active life. The Third Order makes but a further step: it brought the religious life into the Christian home, and shed its hallowing influences over the domestic hearth. Here, too, might it be said that "the kingdom of God cometh not with espyal" (Luke xvii. 20). By rapid yet imperceptible degrees the world was peopled with young maidens, widows, persons bound by the ties of holy and honourable marriage, by men and women of every condition, bearing more or less openly the badge of a religious order, and shaping their domestic life conformably with its rules. The spirit of association, which is but the efflorescence of brotherhood in Christ, favoured this novel development. Even as the members of a family are bound by the ties of blood, as we belong to a corporate body by the art or mystery we practise, and by the services we may have pledged ourselves to render to the common weal, as we are united in the fellowship of Holy Church by the laver of the new birth; so, too, did earnest Christians seek to enrol themselves under the banners of the noble armies who, clad in the liveries of St. Francis or St. Dominic, consoled the Church, and served Jesus Christ in the toils of the sacred ministry and of penance. They took the habit and the engagements of the Third Order, to be ingrafted on to the stock these Saints had planted in the vineyard of the Father of the household, that they might live with and of their life, while still maintaining the social position in which Providence had placed them. By a natural sequence, they frequented the humble churches and oratories of the Friars, they took part in their functions and devotions, aided them by their influence and friendship, and strove to follow, if but from afar, the example of their virtues. Those detained in the world, by hallowed ties, or by Providential indications, needed not to flee to the desert, if they would vie with the holiness of God's chosen ones; every room might be as a conventual cell, every Christian home might be transformed into a Thebaïs.

It is foreign to our purpose to instance the numerous cases in which the discipline of the Third Order paved the way to the wholesale self-renouncement involved in the religious state for multitudes, whom the vicissitudes of life, or the caprices of fortune, had set free to gratify a holy and legitimate aspiration. We are now dealing, not with those who have chosen, or rather have

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been chosen to, the better part, but with persons whom the dictates of duty, and, if you will, the tyranny of circumstances, have fixed in a secular condition. Needless to go into an elaborate and lengthy analysis of the Rule of the Third Order to show how it comes in aid to the fickleness of the will, how it fosters the earnest appreciation of the deep and serious significance of our Christian calling, and guards, as with a hedge of thorns, the paths that lead to frivolity, and thence to the lower depths of neglect of holy duties, and of habitual sin. A simpler and more satisfactory test is at hand, which, after all, is but the application to our subject-matter of the Gospel standard, "By their fruits shall ye know them" (Matt. vii. 20). We have but to open those records of Christian heroism, the lives of the Saints, to appreciate the workings and results of the Third Order. With dazzled eyes, we may there behold a bright galaxy of witnesses to the blessed fruits it has borne. In numbers that might well excite the jealousy of the desert and the cloister do we find Saints in every stage of human life, in every grade of the social scale, from the gilded palaces of royalty, to the hut of the day-labourer. As might be expected, the Sisters of the Third Order may justly claim the pre-eminence among those of its children who have enriched and illustrated it with their virtues. Both in the higher and humbler walks of life do we meet with women bearing a yoke chosen for them by others, linked to an uncongenial partner; but we forbear to go further in this sad chapter of human woe. Such as these found a refuge and a stay in the profession of the Third Order, which brought home to them, what else would have cheated their yearnings, the consolations and safeguards of the religious life. In the hidden recesses of the paternal or conjugal home, they made for themselves a hidden sanctuary wherein to commune with the invisible Bridegroom to whom they had pledged their heartiest affections. We may then afford to discard theoretical discussion, since a casual glance at the page of history bears such striking testimony to our thesis. For if unquestionable facts establish, as indeed they do, the claims of the Third Order to be considered as a school of sanctity, its social value, its importance as an instrument of progress, must needs follow. For what does sanctity imply? The continuous and successful struggle against those

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tendencies which, concentrating man within the narrow circle of his selfishness, engage him in a truceless conflict with his fellows. A truth witnessed to by the inspired Apostle, who refers the wars and contentions whereby social intercourse is marred and embittered to the lusts warring in our members (James iv. 1). It further involves the practical and consistent enforcement of the supremacy of man's nobler powers, and of the unseen agencies with which they are in immediate relation over his animal nature. At its lowest, then, holiness presupposes the abiding consciousness of man's dignity, as well as unceasing efforts to rise to and to persevere on its level. Superficial indeed, and inadequate, is this outline we here give of sanctity, but it is sufficient for our present purpose. It is sufficient to show us the encouragement we may gather from the annals of the Third Order, in these darksome and dreary days when the powers of the abyss seem to marshal their forces for a final onslaught on God's Holy Church. It may reanimate our confidence when we read, as it were, between the lines of the record, the proof that the Spirit of God shapes His action according to the needs of the times; that His wondrous deeds are in proportion to our miseries and sufferings; that when through the faithlessness of her sons, or the malice of her foes, the Church seems, humanly speaking, to be tottering to her fall, we may assuredly look forward to a new and striking manifestation of holiness; in other words, of the Spirit Himself, in some chosen instrument. The thirteenth century, for all that it was a season of trial and disaster, witnessed the transplanting of monastic virtues from the solitude where they had hitherto flourished, to the busy haunts of man, and beheld them flourish on the highways of the world.

SAYINGS OF BROTHER GILES.—No. I.

THERE are three things that are very sublime and very profitable, which he who has once acquired shall never fall:—

The first is that thou bear willingly and gladly, for the love of Jesus Christ, every affliction that shall befall thee.

The second is that thou daily humble thyself in everything thou doest and in everything thou seest.

The third is that thou love faithfully with all thy heart that invisible and supreme Good, which thou canst not behold with thy bodily eyes.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER III.

The genealogy of Jesus according to the two Evangelists, St. Matthew and St. Luke. Mary having returned from Hebron to Nazareth, Joseph, seeing what had taken place in her, turns over in his mind whether he shall leave her, but, instructed by the angel in the truth of the matter, keeps his consort with him. Then the edict of Cæsar Augustus having gone forth, that decreed the census of all the nations subject to the Roman Empire, Joseph and Mary go for this purpose to Bethlehem, the place from which they sprang. Then Jesus is born, and his birth is announced by the angels to the shepherds.

ST. MATTH. i. 1—18; St. Luke iii. 23—28. Jesus Christ, as was said by the angel, belonged to the royal family of David, which however, at this time, had fallen somewhat into decay. The intention of St. Matthew and St. Luke, in drawing out in different ways the genealogy of Joseph, was to draw out the genealogy of Mary, and therefore that of Jesus, according to the flesh. For it is evident that Jesus, having no earthly father, could not be said to be of the race of David unless Mary had been of the same tribe and family as Joseph, that is to say, descended from the royal house of David. These things were very clear in the early times of Christianity, and the Jews, who in so many ways strove against the Messias, quibbled about His name of Nazarene, but never seriously accused Him of not being born of that royal race. The most decided proof that Joseph and Mary were of the same tribe and family consists in the fact that they both went to give in their names in Bethlehem, when the question arose of the census ordered by the Romans; which they would not have done unless they had both belonged to the same family. (*St. Jerome.*)

Let us now take up again the thread of our narrative. Mary having returned to Nazareth from Hebron, and having received, as was natural, a most affectionate welcome from her spouse Joseph, they lived for some time in the most perfect peace, without his becoming aware of what had mysteriously taken place in her. But Mary could not hide herself any longer, nor did she dare, as we may suppose, partly through modesty and humility, partly through prudence and reserve, to reveal to her spouse the solemn mysteries which had been announced to her by the angel.

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Then who could understand and describe the anguish felt by Joseph when he saw his spouse with child? In this bitter affliction he resolved to deprive himself for a time of her sweet society, without making any communication to her, until it should become known to him in some way what had taken place. *Voluit occulté dimittere eam.*

As, however, he had to take so active a part in the various stages of the life of Jesus, and as he had in such distress shown himself so *just*, God would not allow this faithful servant of His to remain long immersed in so great anguish. Hence while he was turning over these sad thoughts in his mind, behold an angel comes to speak to him in God's Name, these, or such-like words: "O Joseph, son of David, fear not to remain with Mary thy spouse; all that you see has taken place in her is not the work of man, but that of the Holy Spirit, who hath wholly overshadowed her. Also, I tell thee, that she shall bring forth a Son, to whom thou shalt give the name of Jesus, as to One who shall save His people from their sins. Now shall be taken from their eyes the veil which hides from them the prophecy of Isaias, who, seven hundred years ago, clearly announced that a *virgin*—Mary, thy most blessed spouse—not by human intercourse, but in a divine and unexampled manner, such as the world shall marvel at, shall, as purely as she shall have conceived Him, bring forth a Son, the Saviour, God, who shall dwell amongst men, *the true Emmanuel.* Cease to trouble yourself, and live in peace and joy."

This vision left Joseph full of consolation, and we need not ask now that he also had so perfect a knowledge of the mystery—and such a mystery—whether he was not willing to continue to have for his spouse Mary, whom he saw to be so happily predestined by God to the glory of being His own true Mother. Nay, we have every right to believe that if, before, he had behaved to her as if she were an angel, now he would behave to her as if she were a seraph, on account of the greater reverence she inspired him with, and on account of the greater love with which he felt himself drawn towards her.

St. Luke ii. 1—21. But in those days an edict had come forth from Cæsar Augustus, which ordered a census of the whole empire, and therefore of Judea, which the Romans had conquered and

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incorporated with Syria. It was the first time the Jews had to give in their names, and so to acknowledge their subjection to the Romans, who had stripped them of all political power, a remarkable fact that ought to have warned them of the imminent coming of the Messias, according to the celebrated prophecy of the ancient patriarch Jacob: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda till He come that is to be sent."

Cyrinus, or Quirinus, was governor of Syria, and as he had borne a part in the wars in the East, and had a practical knowledge of those parts, to him was committed the census of Judea, to complete which it was necessary that each one should go and enter his name at that city from which his family had derived its origin. Hence as Joseph and Mary arose both, as has been said, of the house and family of David, they had to go from Nazareth to Bethlehem, a city that bore itself the name of David.

But God, always wonderful in His counsels, had chosen Bethlehem as the place of the birth of His divine Son, and caused it to be announced a long time before by the prophet Micheas. Joseph and Mary, therefore, being in Bethlehem, and obliged for want of room in the inn to take shelter in a cave, the whole world being in peace, in the year of Rome 749, in the year 4004 from the creation of the world, in the fortieth year of the reign of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Herod, behold Mary at midnight, without any pain, is delivered of her most blessed babe, the Son of God, Jesus, Saviour of the world, the desired of so many ages, the expectation of the Gentiles, the sighed-for of so many hearts, the happy fulfilment of so many figures, of so many promises, and so many types. Mary then, with a devotion equal to the ardour of her faith, with a tenderness equal to the purity of her soul, with overwhelming love, lost no time in wrapping her son in humble swaddling clothes; and taking Him into her arms, caressed and kissed Him with the joy of a Virgin mother, and then gently laid Him on the scanty straw and hay of the lowly manger.

On this night there were near Bethlehem shepherds watching, and keeping guard over their flocks, and behold, the angel of God came on a sudden, and drew near to them, at the same time shedding around them a brilliant light, which covered them from head

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to foot. These happy men were seized with fear, but the angel reassured them with these words, the sense of which we have somewhat enlarged upon: "Behold, O shepherds, I announce to you a solemn and astounding fact. At this moment is born in Bethlehem, the city of David, the Saviour of the world, Christ Jesus the Lord. He, the Son of the Eternal God, who has heaven for His abode, and the sun for His throne, chooses for Himself not a gilded palace, or a cradle such as those of the powerful men of the earth, but in poverty and humility He conceals His greatness and majesty under the form of a feeble babe. And instead of appearing to the great and wise, puffed up with pride, by one of those ways that such men call foolishness, He is pleased to reveal Himself, and to be seen by you first, who lead a plain and simple life. Go then to Bethlehem, and as I have told you, you will find the heavenly babe, wrapped in scanty swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger."

At the same moment heaven opened, and a great multitude of other angels were heard praising God, and singing that immortal hymn, which so often resounds in our churches: "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good-will." *Glory to God*, that is, because He has had the power to accomplish things so wonderful through ways so contrary to our human understanding. *Peace to men of good-will*, because to them at length was offered the means of raising themselves from the ancient ruin, and of lifting themselves up to their former dignity, to the high dignity of being made partakers of the divine nature. Hardly had the heavenly voices ceased their hymn, when the shepherds, without delay, set off to Bethlehem. "Let us go," they said to one another, "and see the wonderful things that have been announced to us."

They came and saw with joy Mary, Joseph, and the Babe, that had made His first entrance into the world apparently in such lowly circumstances, but with such solemnity, if we look into the sanctuary of His heart, where He was offering to the heavenly Father the sacrifice of praise and of His submission to the eternal Decrees. Hence as their hearts prompted them, they adored Him, and offered Him their most humble worship. And afterwards returning, they made known with joy all that had been told them of

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the Babe, and what they had seen with their own eyes. And all those that heard them speak of it, were themselves also astonished, and with joy they all gave thanks, praise, and glory to the God who had thought them worthy of so great a favour.

Meanwhile the blessed Virgin Mary, filled with the most profound humility, comparing all these things that were taking place under her own eyes, as if she were rapt in ecstasy and saw God face to face, and melting into tears of delight, poured forth upon her Son the fulness of her chaste affections, and consecrated herself to Him with all the ardour of her soul. In like manner, we cannot doubt but that Joseph, her most dear spouse, behaved in the same manner, and poured forth his love to the Infant Jesus in a way impossible to describe.

And where is there a heart so hard as to remain cold in the presence of so remarkable an event, and so touching a spectacle, as is the appearance amongst us of "the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour?" O divine Charity of my God, I adore Thee, and I bless Thee. At Thy cradle I neither can, nor ought, nor could I wish to present to Thee anything but this heart of mine, stripped of all earthly affections, to make of it a sincere free-will offering, and I consecrate it entirely to Thee. How could I ever come into Thy presence with pride of heart, with disordered affections, with attachment to things here below, when Thou givest me an example so contrary, and offerest Thyself to me in such lowly guise as to appear to me as a weak child, Thou who art God; in such poverty as to be in want of everything, Thou who art Master of the world; in such tender condescension, as to place Thyself in the arms of a Virgin, although a most chaste one, Thou who in purity dost surpass infinitely the purity of light. To Thee, then, O heavenly Babe, I offer my whole heart, and with confidence I entreat Thee to accept it, because, although I know it is a thing of little value, yet it is all that I have to offer. O that I had never dared to give it to any other master! For the future, however, I hope it shall be always Thine; this is the greatest favour which, with great humility, I beg of Thee.

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At Mariendael.

THOU knowest, Lord, Thou knowest all;
No need for me to speak:
My fainting soul before Thee lies,
For words, for prayer, too weak.

Thou knowest all: the sin, the strife,
The wounds that inly bleed;
The earthly hopes that will not die,
Although forbid to plead;

The strange perplexities unknown
To parent, sister, friend:
Moods so perverse, that least of all
Myself I comprehend.

And worse—those hidden depths, whose glimpse
Full oft I shuddering fly,
Nor dare to sound, are fathom'd all—
All bare before Thee lie.

The tenderest heart would turn away
Who knew one half we hide;
Thou only, Lord, who knowest *all*,
Wilt keep us at Thy side.

The past Thou know'st: to other eyes
Full gladsome I may be;
But scarr'd with suffering, shame, and sin,
My life lies bare to Thee.

No need, then, for my weary soul
To plead by whisper'd word:
Silent, I clasp Thy wounded Feet;
Thou knowest all, my Lord!

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I will not plead—I will not ask,
Save for that promised Rest
Which is Thyself: for all beside
Do as Thou knowest best.

But spread Thy piercèd Hands above
My sad head lying low—
Oh, let me feel their Wounds, and thus
Thy love entrancing know!

There let me lie, nor loose my clasp,
Though surging in my soul
Anguish, temptation, doubt, despair,
Their deep, dark waters roll.

Two thoughts alone—not hope fulfill'd
Nor penance bid to cease,
But that Thou know'st, yet lovest, Lord,
These only bring me peace.

* * * *

Five years have pass'd, and once again
I kneel with moan and prayer,
And, at his feet who holds Thy power,
I feel Thee surely there.

Thy power to loose my chains and make
The suffering captive whole;
The healing of Thy sacred Hands
About my wounded soul:

And light, and hope, from Thy own Heart
Give back the sacred glow:
Thy rest, that perfect peace, Thy gift;
At length, dear Lord, I know!

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Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.

THERE can be no doubt that we enjoy an immense privilege in having been admitted into the great Franciscan family, which is specially dear to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Though, as Tertiaries, we occupy but a very humble place by the side of our cloistered brethren, we may learn from the life of our Father that our Blessed Lord was pleased to set great value even upon the Third Order. For when St. Francis was asked by Him for a present, and replied that he had nothing to give; he was bidden three times to place his hand within his habit, and each time he drew forth a piece of gold, which his Divine Master accepted with great satisfaction, as representing the three Orders which the Saint had founded. But as the proverb says, "It is not the cowl which makes the monk," so also we cannot hope to be, as Tertiaries, specially pleasing to Jesus, unless we are *really good* Tertiaries, imbued with the spirit of St. Francis, and striving to apply his counsels, as far as possible, to our particular position in life.

Now amongst the many points of similarity between St. Francis and our Blessed Lord, one of the principal is the love of poverty. Jesus was not only poor Himself, but He chose poor people to be His familiar and beloved friends. He was born of a poor mother, St. Joseph was poor, the Apostles were poor, or if any of them had, like St. Matthew, a lucrative calling, they were obliged to give it up. When the rich young man came to Jesus, begging to be received into His company, He would not accept him, unless he consented first to give all his goods to the poor.

There is no need to repeat here His denunciations of the rich. But there is an exception, where He was willing to approve of the position of a man who had riches. It is the case of Zaccheus, who was not told to distribute all his goods to the poor, nor did our Blessed Lord warn him of the danger to salvation which He so often fulminated against the rich. On the contrary, He consoled him, saying, "This day is salvation come unto this house." And why? Because Zaccheus gave an extraordinary example of a rich man poor in spirit. "Behold, O Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." This is no small matter. For many it would be far easier to give up their worldly goods, with all the cares attached to them, once for all, than to retain their management, and yet deny themselves so far as to give a full half to the poor.

Neither is the difficulty lessened if we suppose him to have been very rich. It does not, in fact, appear that he was, but, even so, experience teaches, that the more riches increase, so much the more do people complain of their insufficiency, and the proportion bestowed in charity by the rich can seldom be compared with that given by the poor. When a man becomes rich he generally listens willingly to the world telling him it is a duty to increase his establishment. He thus places himself under a hard master, who

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is never satisfied with his external display, and thus he finds it harder and harder to spare anything but the merest trifle in charity. Such could not have been the course pursued by Zaccheus. Doubtless the world derided him as a fool, and expatiated upon his neglect of social duties, but had he listened to such deceitful teaching, never would he have heard those consoling words, "This day is salvation come unto this house."

For us Tertiaries, who, living in the world, are obliged to keep the command of worldly goods, there is much to learn from the example of Zaccheus. But we must try also to learn the spirit of poverty from our holy Father, St. Francis. The virtue most conspicuous in him, which he left as a special legacy to his children, and for which they have been so long remarkable, is undoubtedly poverty. This he chose as the very foundation of the religious life, both for himself and his children, beginning his career by separating entirely from his father, in order, as he said before the Bishop of Assisi, to be able for the future to say more freely, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Already he felt, and realised most fully, the truth of the doctrine so often delivered to us in Holy Scripture, that our true strength consists in the absence of all worldly means to our ends, because as the Wise Man says (Eccl. v. 9), "He that loveth riches shall reap no fruit from them," and, as our Blessed Lady declared in Her *Magnificat*, it is the way of Almighty God to "put down the mighty from their seats, and to send the rich empty away," or as Anna, the mother of Samuel, expressed it, to "overcome the bow of the mighty, and to gird the needy with strength."

Acting steadfastly on this principle, the followers of St. Francis have been able to accomplish mighty works for the glory of God, succeeding ever more wonderfully in proportion to the rigour of their poverty. It is not for us, as Tertiaries, living in the world, to carry out the precepts given by our Father to his First and Second Orders in their literal sense. Nevertheless, if we would be good Franciscans, we must undoubtedly aim at assimilating ourselves in spirit to our more perfect brethren. But as true poverty in spirit is no light or easy matter, we must constantly beg for it before the throne of God. St. Gregory observes with reference to St. Peter, that, though a very poor man, he could still say with truth, "Behold, we have left all things and followed Thee," because "he has relinquished much who has given up the desire of having." Yet there are many, even pious people, who never give up the desire of having, though they wish, often sincerely, to expend all they can obtain in promoting the glory of God. No such excuses were ever admitted by our holy Father, St. Francis. As he once observed, the love of real poverty is "a virtue flowing down upon us from Heaven, which teaches us willingly to tread under foot as worthless all earthly things, removing all obstacles which prevent the soul of man from being united most freely and speedily with the Lord her God. This it is which accompanies Christ to the Cross, is hidden with Him in the tomb, rises with Him from the grave, and ascends with Him into Heaven."

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The Martyrdom of Father John Forest,

CONFESSOR TO QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON.—*Continued.*

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMMOND, one of the Queen's ladies of honour, wrote also to Father Forest, acquainting him of the continual tears and grief of her mistress, the Queen, ever since she had heard of the cruel death and intolerable torments to which he was condemned. And Mrs. Hammond conjured him, if he wished for a continuance of her Majesty's life on earth, to use his utmost interest and endeavours, that by means of friends and mediators, if possible, he might contrive in some way to escape the tortures prepared for him; assuring him it would be impossible for the Queen to survive the horror of such a death, of which she felt that his devotion to her was the cause, etc.

But to this letter the holy Confessor replied: "that he could not sufficiently wonder that a person of her faith and religion, and one who had been so long taught both by the admonition and example of a most virtuous Queen, would have suggested that she desired him to avoid martyrdom, or any pain whatsoever to be inflicted upon him for faith and justice." "As if," he continued, "there was not to be a resurrection to glory! and that so much the more full in proportion to the more cruel torments and greater degree of patience wherewith a man goes out of this life." "As to my Sovereign Lady and Queen," he adds, "as I would, to be a comfort to her, willingly continue in this life, if God had so appointed, so am I more willing (and 'tis better for both her good and mine) to die for the justifying of her cause, and the maintaining of my due obedience to God." And in the same way the holy Confessor wrote to several other members of the Queen's household. But it pleased God to grant the suffering Queen's prayers; at least in part. For though, when these letters were written, the martyr of Christ thought he would have suffered and won his crown long before his mistress, the Queen, Divine Providence had otherwise appointed. For some unknown reason, the execution of the cruel sentence on Dr. Forest was put off till 1538. And the poor Queen in the meanwhile fell sick, partly owing to the unwholesomeness of the air of the place in which she was confined; partly from a continual series of sorrows and trials. "By God's great mercy," as she herself wrote, her days were then shortened, and she expired at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, in January, 1535, in the fiftieth year of her age, and was buried, by the King's desire, in the Monastery at Peterborough.

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In an ancient chronicle of the period, we find a short account of Dr. Forest's previous life, which we gladly transcribe here: "Dr. John Forest was, from his childhood, trained in piety and learning. Afterwards, when he attained to his seventeenth year, he took upon him at Greenwich the habit of St. Francis; and at twenty-six years of age was instructed in theological studies amongst the Brethren of that Order, living at the Water Gate, in the south suburb of Oxford. There he took his degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and afterwards that of Doctor. He was a learned and polished scholar, besides being foremost in all deeds of piety and charity. Afterwards he was taken into the service of Queen Catherine, the Consort of King Henry VIII., whose love being great towards virtue and learning, she made him her Confessor; about which time he was constituted Minister Provincial of his Order, in which office he succeeded Brother Stephen Baron, Preacher in the University of Cambridge. When the good Queen was to be divorced from the King (for no earthly cause but that the King had fallen in love with another woman), Dr. Forest openly protested against it; and a few years later, when the King was intent on ejecting the Pope and his power from England, he, out of a passionate zeal which he had for the Catholic Faith, did in the Pulpit, and in the Confessional, openly declare that the King was not, and never could be, the 'Supreme Head of the Church,' which title he had lately arrogated to himself. These matters coming to the knowledge of the King's Council, and being by them accused of divers 'heretical' opinions (according to the new religion invented by the King), an abjuration was drawn up, which he utterly refused to read or sign, whereupon his confinement in the prison called Newgate being made more close, this verse was writ on him by a Protestant:

"'Forest, the Friar, that obstinate liar,
That wilfully will be dead,
Incontinently, the Gospel doth denye
The King to be Supreme Heade.'

At that time, in his prison, he took a great deal of pains in writing a book, entitled, '*De Auctoritate Ecclesiæ et Pontificis Maximi;*' that is, of the '*Authority of the Church and the Pope,*' the beginning of which treatise is: '*Let no man assume to himself this honour unless he be called as Aaron;*' in which book he inveighed 'against the pride and impiety of the King, because that without any call, he did not scruple to entitle himself "*The Head of the Church,*" and take upon him that which he was not capable of; whereas, if he were a true member of Christ's Church, he should

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have given God thanks that he was so, and to have rested therein, instead of endeavouring to tear the Catholic Church in pieces,' etc. The contents of this treatise coming to the King's ears, he was forthwith condemned to die; and after lingering some time longer in prison, was at length drawn upon a sledge from Newgate to Smithfield, where a pair of gallows were set up to receive him."

So far the chronicle goes; and makes it plain that the cause for which he suffered was none other than the cause of justice, and for the Faith of the Catholic Church.

Another writer, Dr. Pits, says: "Forest was a doctor of divinity and a man of most holy and virtuous life, very zealous for the support of the Catholic Faith and Religion; that he laboured, taught, and wrote with indefatigable industry in opposition to the fatal schism begun by King Henry VIII., and for the authority of the Church and the Pope. And his book upon this subject was an unpardonable addition to his original offence of denying the King's supremacy; especially when he refused to retract what he had asserted therein. For the words of so eminent and holy a preacher had great weight with the people, who openly murmured at the King's assumption."

We come now to the closing scene of this heroic life, for the account of which we are again indebted to the testimony of an eye-witness. "When the hour came for him to suffer, and before he went up the fatal ladder, Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, did from a pulpit set up near the gallows, preach a sermon, purposely (as he said) to move him to repentance; but all availed nothing. He had then a conversation with the bishop, which was taken down *verbatim* by some of the brethren of his Order. In conclusion, Latimer asked him, '*What state he would die in?*' Whereupon Forest, with a loud voice, answered: '*If an angel should come down from heaven to teach him any other doctrine than what he had received and believed from his youth, he would not now believe him. And that if his body should be cut joint after joint, and member after member, hanged, burnt, or what pain soever might be done to his body, he would never turn from his old profession of faith in the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.*' And he added: '*Seven years ago, Bishop Latimer, thou durst not have made such a sermon for thy life!*'

"Then, turning away from Latimer and seeing a great pile of fagots and straw under the gallows, he cried out with an undaunted courage and a loud voice, so that it was heard by all the people: '*O Lord God! neither fire, nor gallows, nor any*

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torments whatsoever shall part me from Thee!' and having so said he boldly walked up the ladder, where he put off his upper garments and was girded about the middle and under his arm-pits with a strong iron chain, and so hanged up over the fire which had been lit and placed under his feet, that his torments might be the more lasting, as indeed it proved. For the wind driving the flames from his body, he continued hanging alive, and yet praying with great fervour, in that painful condition till the lookers-on murmuring and weeping at the painful sight, both he and the gibbet were thrown down into the fire, which then soon put an end to all his sufferings.

"There was a great wooden statue, a crucifix of large bulk, which had been brought up by the King's Pursuivants from South Wales, because it was said to be held by the people in too great veneration. The inhabitants called it '*Darvell Gatharen*,' of which an old prophecy ran, '*that it should one day burn a Forest.*' Now it fell out that when Dr. Forest was hung by the arm-pits, as we have described, to be burnt to death, this holy image was thrown into the fire also, and formed part of the fuel and flames in which the Martyr was slowly burned and consumed, and so made good the prophecy."

It was on the 13th day of May, 1538, that this terrible tragedy was enacted, and thus ended the life on earth of this holy and venerable man. Yet was not the cruel wrath of the King thereby appeased; for in the month of July of that self-same year, thirty-two Franciscan observants died, either from hard usage in prison, or on the scaffold; and twenty-two more in the month of August. Yet all bear witness that they held to their principles, throughout all their torments, to the very end; and that not one of the Order fell, or apostatised, during that time of fearful trial; so that the King, more and more exasperated at their constancy, vowed he would destroy every member of the Franciscan Order in his dominions; in which he would certainly have succeeded had not some among them found means to escape into Flanders, and other foreign parts, where they either ended their days in peace, or remained till the death of the King, and the advent of Queen Mary enabled them to return to their despoiled and dismantled houses.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

IV.

THE *San Pietro* was not in deep water, but was already moored amongst the other vessels in the port. The sailors had been at work all night, heedless of fatigue; for the joy which filled their hearts at the thought of soon rejoining their families, from whom they had been separated for so many months, gave them double strength. There only remained the rigging to put in order, and the decks to clean, when they became aware of a boat which was hailing them. It was that which brought our friends, and before any one had time to ask what they wanted, Pier Andrea seized the rope ladder, which hung from the side, and, climbing up it with the agility of a younger man, thrust his grey head over the bulwarks, crying, "Welcome!"

"Oh, Pier Andrea!" cried all the sailors, turning quickly towards the old fisherman; "here so early! Are you alone?"

"Alone! very likely," replied he; "these visits, you know, are always made with a great party. Come to the side, and see what is below. We thought you were in deep water, and we have been wandering about the port for at least an hour looking for you; but at last we have found you. You must have worked all night." And then they sought the captain to welcome him, and to tell him of the welfare of his family.

"Bravo, Pier Andrea!" said the Captain; "but come down now, and we will talk. Make room for the others."

Then Prisca, Maria Antonia, Maddalena, the children, and all the rest of the party, mounted to the deck, and as soon as they were on board, "Nicola," said the Captain to the steward, "attend to these people without loss of time. Do according to custom."

"How is that?" asked the steward.

"You know very well what I mean when I say according to custom," replied the Captain. "Do what is usually done."

The steward well understood his meaning, but wishing to be considered an economical servant, added, "That which remains in your own cabin, sir? The voyage has been short, and I think

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there is enough for another time." But the Captain stopped him before he had finished the sentence.

"If our voyage has been short, we should be doubly grateful to Providence. Do not talk to me of economy, but follow the ordinary custom. We are in port; we do not want the stores."

Nicola did not wait for further orders. He collected the handkerchiefs and bags, went down to the store-room, and, assisted by the cabin-boy, filled them as full as they would hold. Each, on receiving his share, uttered the customary expression of Christian gratitude, "God reward your charity." An envious person might have remarked that Prisca, probably on account of having her son to support, had a double portion bestowed upon her; but this unkind impulse was not felt by any of our party: Prisca was too well known, and too much loved, to be envied. Having received their alms, all turned to descend into the boat in the same order as when they had mounted; and the boatman was already preparing to leave the ship, when they heard a splash, and a loud cry of "Help! help!" "What is the matter?" "What is it?" "Where is it?" Prisca's boy had fallen into the sea. In the haste and confusion of descending, the child made a false step, and stumbled. To save himself from falling, he caught at the side of the vessel, and unfortunately placed his hand on a piece of sharp iron, and, unable to bear the pain of the wound he received, loosed his hold, and fell into the water, with his right hand cut and bleeding. Well for him that he could swim, otherwise he would have been lost. The terror and distress of the good Prisca may easily be imagined, and the agony she felt at this unforeseen misfortune. But Genesimo was not left long to struggle with the waves. In a few moments he was drawn into the ship, wet, terrified, and bleeding; and the sailors gathered round him to lavish upon him all the care which his sad condition required. Prisca re-entered the vessel, accompanied by Maria Antonia, the doctor, who came as much to console the mother as to dress the wound of the boy, which, smarting from the salt water, caused him to scream loudly. Nicola ran quickly down and brought from the galley a bottle of tortoise oil—a remedy which no vessel is ever without; others brought bandages and lint, while the pilot took off the saturated clothing of the frightened and shivering child. When his outer garments had been partially removed, something

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prevented further progress, and perceiving that they were closely bound to his waist by a small cord, the pilot took out his knife, but Genesimo stayed his hand, and would not allow it to be cut, so that they were obliged to devise some means of undressing him without taking away the cord. This was the sacred cord of St. Francis, which shortly before, at the time of his first communion, his mother had induced him to receive from the hands of Father Joseph, as a safeguard to his innocence. Genesimo then was a Tertiary of St. Francis? Yes. And before proceeding to relate his adventures, while the pilot re-dresses him, and Nicola and Maria Antonia attend to his wounded hand, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity of saying something about his parents.

V.

PRISCA was the daughter of simple, honest country people, who managed a small farm for a gentleman, situated in the midst of olive plantations and flowery meadows, on the extreme verge of a mountain, which, by protecting it from the keen north wind, rendered it celebrated throughout all Liguria for its early vegetables and fruit. Ambrose, her father, a man who could read print fluently, and who was consequently the first singer in the choir, cultivated the farm. Ellen, her mother, was an industrious woman, of deep piety. She rose early to carry fruit and flowers to the city, then assisted her husband, and employed the rest of the day in household affairs, and in weaving woollen cloth. The daughter performed the light work of the house, and supplied her mother with reels of flax for her shuttle. They were good people, leading a peaceful life, and, as they had no artificial wants, living in abundance. Their sole care was their daughter, for whom they were anxious to secure a happy future. For her they put aside a part of their earnings, hoping that whatever her destiny might be, they might be able to save her from a life of poverty, when God should have called them both to Himself; "for," said they, "we cannot live for ever, and we have no son in whose care we can leave her." This thought gave strength to their arms, and consoled them in their watchings and their toil. And when they looked upon their daughter, who became each day dearer and more

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amiable through her docility and obedience, they felt a joy which rendered them completely happy. We hope that none of our readers will doubt this assertion; for, although Happiness was lost in Eden, she did not quit the earth, but walks with us through the world, our holy companion, and the sharer of our exile. She may visit us at any time. In this life of sorrow, which holy David so eloquently calls the "vale of tears"; in this rushing torrent of Cedron, through which our Lord has passed as we have, and in which we must each day drink of the bitter water of life, without a ray of Happiness our hearts would break. Hence God, in His mercy, has wisely ordained that now and then she may knock at our door, sit at our hearth, and permit us to enjoy her sweetness. These are rare moments which soon pass away; therefore in time of happiness we must not cherish it too deeply within our hearts, but gather strength to meet the misfortune which will soon take its place. This was experienced by the family of Prisca, broken up by the death of the father, who, struck with sudden sickness, was in four days carried to the grave. And this great sorrow was quickly succeeded by another. The mother, unable to manage the farm alone, was, in a few months, obliged to give it up, and, with her daughter, began to try and procure the means of living by weaving cloth. Their trouble was very great, and deeply felt by mother and daughter, but they were both upheld by Christian resignation, and God made their misfortunes the means of calling them to the Third Order of St. Francis, of which, had circumstances been different, they would probably never have heard.

(*To be continued.*)

Franciscan Chronicle.

CHURCH OF S. DAVID, PANTASAPH, HOLYWELL.—The usual monthly meeting of the Third Order took place on Sunday, February 4th, and was well attended. After the usual devotions the profession of some novices took place. More than six hundred persons have been received into the Third Order, by the Fathers at Pantasaph, during the last five years.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, GROSVENOR STREET, CHESTER.—On Sunday, January 28th, the interesting and impressive ceremony of

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receiving novices into the Third Order, was publicly performed by the Very Rev. Father Pacificus, Guardian of the Monastery, when three persons were clothed, and three others made their profession. During the ceremony, he was assisted by Brother Francis (Dr. Kirk), of Shaw Street, Liverpool, Rector of the Third Order in that town; and Brother Francis (Hughes), of Mill Street. About ninety Tertiaries were present, many of whom came from Liverpool, and afterwards walked in procession, wearing their habits, and headed by their banner.

A NEW FRANCISCAN CARDINAL.—We learn, upon good authority, that the Holy Father has determined to bestow the Cardinal's hat upon the Very Rev. Father Bernardino da Portogruaro, Minister-General of the whole (First) Order of St. Francis.

MISSION OF TERGOVIST, IN WALLACHIA.—Mons. Ignatius Paoli, of the Congregation of the Passion, Bishop of Nicopolis, in Bulgaria, and Administrator of Wallachia, writes as follows:—"No one can be ignorant of the life and acts of St. John Capistran, the hero who contributed so powerfully, in the year 1456, to the repulse from the walls of Belgrade of a Mussulman army six times as numerous as that of the Christians. He passed through Wallachia and Moldavia, bringing back the people to the unity of the Catholic Church; and it was during this time, as tradition asserts, that he founded the church of Tergovist, 800 *kilometres* to the north-east of Bucharest, which he dedicated to the glorious founder of his Order, St. Francis of Assisi. The remains of this church are still visible, and bear witness, by their dimensions and solidity, to the formerly flourishing state of Christianity in that place.

"Now, alas! it is the place where Catholics are fewest. The little chapel of Tergovist had become so desolate five years ago, that it was thought necessary to withdraw the priest who served it. But eighteen months afterwards, I decided to send there another missionary, who, by a happy coincidence, is also a son of St. Francis.

"This zealous priest commenced his sacred ministry in a room which would hardly contain thirty persons. During the first eight months he made no converts, but afterwards Protestants began to attend his services, and he has now received twenty into the Church.

"In October, 1876, I visited the station of Tergovist. The little house, which serves as an oratory, was filled and surrounded by the people. I there celebrated Mass pontifically, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the Protestant converts. Having assembled them in the afternoon in a cemetery near the old church, I announced to them that when the number of converts reached thirty, part of the church would be rebuilt.

"May Providence grant me the grace and the means to restore not only the sanctuary of Tergovist, but to accomplish my undertaking in reviving a mission so important, yet so little known!"

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CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SEVEN DOLOURS, PECKHAM.—The increase of the congregation of Tertiaries attached to this church continues steadily. At the last monthly meeting, on Sunday, February 4th, which was very well attended, the Rev. Father Director received, as novices, four brothers and five sisters, making a total of sixteen since the beginning of the year.

THE THIRD ORDER IN THE PAPAL STATES.—We extract the following from the *Annali Francescani*, of January 15th:—"In the province of Bologna, the Third Order makes immense progress. In the short space of one year, sixteen secular priests have been appointed Directors of congregations. In the little village of Alfonsine alone, there are more than 300 Tertiaries, and about the same number in Mezzana. In Umbria, the birthplace of the Third Order, almost all the parish priests have introduced it into their parishes, where it is fruitful in good works and amendment of life. Hence they are well content to have thus received, as they bear witness, the blessing of God on themselves and their people. During the year 1876, many new congregations have been founded, and the others have been further developed, since the number of aspirants increases daily now that the importance of this holy institute is becoming known. In Assisi, the Bishop, Mons. Paolo Fabiani, is usually present at the monthly meetings, giving thereby no little encouragement to the members." On the 3rd of November, 1875, his Holiness Pope Pius IX. wrote to the editor of the *Annali*: "We also cherish the same hope which comforts you, that the propagation of this salutary institution (the Third Order) will contribute much to the reparation of the evils by which human society is now oppressed." His words are already receiving verification in Italy; why should we not hope and pray for a similar blessing in England?

Obituary.

BYRNE.—Brother Joachim (Byrne) died at Liverpool, January 30, 1877.

HOWRAN.—Sister Mary Martha Patrick, lay-sister of the Franciscan Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, Drumshanbo, Ireland, died February 1, 1877, in the twenty-first year of her Religious Profession.

O'NEILL.—James O'Neill, Tertiary of St. Francis, died at Manchester, February 3, 1877, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. AVE MARIA.

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Sentences of the Month.

DEVOTION TO THE PASSION. *B. Mathia Nazaræi.—March* 1. I thought not myself to know anything amongst you, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

MORTIFICATION. *B. Eustochia.—March* 2. The true preparation for prayer consists in mortification.

HUMILITY. *S. John Joseph of the Cross.—March* 5. The first step to humility is to honour both our equals and inferiors.

RETIREMENT. *S. Collette.—March* 6. Shut thy door, and call to thee Jesus, thy Beloved.

RESPECT FOR OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL. *S. Frances of Rome.—March* 9. He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

LOVE OF POVERTY. *S. Catherine of Bologna.—March* 11. The farther from the world, the nearer to God.

FAITH. *S. Patrick.—March* 17. He who really believes will find salvation easy.

MEEKNESS. *B. Salvator d'Horta.—March* 18. Father forgive, them! They know not what they do.

SILENCE. *S. Joseph.—March* 19. A modest silence is a safeguard to purity of heart.

LOVE OF GOD. *S. Benvenuto.—March* 22. He does much who loves much.

LOVE OF THE CROSS. *S. Bentivoglio.—March* 24. Plant the Cross as a standard in thy heart.

PRAYER. *B. Pelerino.—March* 27. O Lord! I am in quest of Thy heavenly countenance!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F.F., ALDERSHOT.—Many thanks for your very kind and valuable present.

SACERDOS.—If not within easy reach of any Franciscan establishment, you can, even during your own novitiate, receive faculties to admit novices in your Mission, and to act as Director.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX, NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 4. APRIL, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Papal Approbation of the Third Order.

WONDROUS, and to merely human reason inexplicable, is that paternal power inherited from the Prince of the Apostles, centred in Rome, yet scattering over the world the rays of Divine Truth, rooted in the whilom seat of world-wide empire, but shooting its tendrils far and wide, clasping the globe in its strong, unifying, and quickening embrace, itself unchangeable amid a world of change! But power, authority in whatever sphere, is an emanation from God's essential claim to the willing submission of His intelligent creature; it is given but for the benefit of those who are its subjects. Hence is the successor of the Chief Apostle weighted with cares and responsibilities which may well be described in the burning accents of St. Paul glorying in his weakness and trials: "And besides all the rest, there is the crowd that presses daily upon me, and the care of all the churches. Who is weak, but I share his weakness? Who is caused to fall, but I burn with indignation?" (2 Cor. xi. 28, 29.) This quick sympathy of the visible Head of Christ's Body with all its members, explains the joy and consolation he cannot but feel at beholding the rise and growth of institutions that sustain the

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tottering footsteps of the weak, and counteract the evil influences that cause men to fall. Viewed from this standpoint, the favours and privileges imparted with no niggard hand by the Apostolic See to the Third Order of St. Francis, bear honourable testimony to its services in establishing and extending the kingdom of God, and to the righteous gratitude of him, whose primacy is but the badge of servitude to "all the servants of God."*

After having drawn up the Rule of the Third Order, St. Francis submitted it forthwith to Honorius III. (A.D. 1198—1216), who gave it his *viva voce*, that is, unwritten approval. Honorius was immediately succeeded by the Cardinal Ugolini, a fast friend of St. Francis. He sat in the Chair of Peter eleven years, under the title of Gregory I. He confirmed the Bulls of his predecessors relating to the Third Order, and added new favours to those already granted. The canonisation of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whom the Third Order justly claims as its own,† gave him an opportunity for emphasising his approval of an Order that had borne such fruit for heaven. Nicolas III.,‡ of the Orsini family, was a member of the Third Order. When but an infant he was borne in the stigmatised hands of St. Francis, who greeted the babe, but a few months old, as follows: "One day, little child, thou shalt join mine Order, and become my spiritual son. Then shalt thou be Pope, and be mindful of me and of the family of Friars Minor. I recommend to thee mine Order, the Poor Clares and the Brethren of Penance." The Third Order, however, owes its solemn confirmation to Nicolas IV.,§ a former Minister-General of the Friars Minor. It is contained in the Bull of August 17, 1289, signed by this saintly Pontiff, who rehearses therein the Rule, word for word, in order to give it a more public and indisputable sanction. That the Third Order has escaped the fate too common to many institutions, is proved by the long list of Popes who, in succeeding ages down to our time, have confirmed or extended its

* One of the Pope's titles, and that he most frequently uses, is, "Servus Servorum Dei" ("Servant of the servants of God"). It was first taken by St. Gregory the Great, to rebuke the arrogance of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

† That St. Elizabeth had belonged to the *secular* Third Order ere she took the vows of religion, is asserted by St. Bonaventure, on the authority of her confessor, in his sermon on St. Elizabeth, in vol. 5 of his works.

‡ Nicolas III., A.D. 1277—1281.

§ Nicolas IV., A.D. 1288—1294.

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privileges. We have but to appeal to the Letters Apostolic issued at various times by Martin V., Sixtus IV., and Alexander VI., with whom the fifteenth century closes. These are followed by Julius II., Leo X., and Sixtus V., himself a son of St. Francis. To these may we add Clement VIII., Paul V., Urban VIII., Innocent XI., Clement XI., Benedict XIII., Clement XII., Pius VI., and last, though not least, our present Most Holy Lord and Father, Pius IX., who, in his Briefs of 1848, 1851, and 1868, ratifies anew the solemn approbation of the Rule, and the privileges promulgated by Benedict XIII., (1724—1730), a Pope who, by the way, never fails to recall his connection with the kindred Order of St. Dominic. By a good fortune, rare in the history of Religious Orders, two General Councils—that of Vienne, A.D. 1317, and the fifth Council of Lateran, A.D. 1512—have expressed their solemn approval of the Third Order. To these testimonies it may not be *wholly* useless to add the pronouncement of Gregory IX. (1227—1241), wherein he solemnly brands as guilty of mortal sin each and every one, who, save for reasons of the highest importance, and grounded on supernatural considerations, should hinder *any* of the Faithful from joining the Third Order of St. Francis. We give his own words: "Whoso, without going so far as to gainsay or disapprove of the Third Order, dares to hinder or dissuade any one from joining it, is guilty of a grievous sin. . . . . He thereby prevents a great good, and hinders the spiritual progress of souls. Can there be a more crying outrage to God's lovingkindness than to dissuade or hinder such as wish to serve the Lord by turning unto Him from joining the Third Order? Do they forget that those who keep men from God's service are accursed of Him? The Pope concludes with the following threat: "Whoso shall insolently presume to blame, gainsay, or ridicule this Holy Order . . . . . shall incur the wrath of God and of His holy Apostles Peter and Paul." Such weighty approbations will, however, appear even more wonderful when we show, as we hope to do on another occasion, the immense indulgences by the concession of which so many Popes have supported their exhortations to the Faithful, and supplied most ample inducements to be added to the countless spiritual benefits accruing to the members of the Third Order.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER IV.

On the eighth day the rite of circumcision is performed, and when the time of the purification has arrived, Mary goes with her spouse Joseph to Jerusalem to fulfil the prescribed ceremonies in the temple. Having returned to Bethlehem, the Magi, struck by the splendour of the star, come to adore Jesus, to whom they offer rich gifts, and the angel warns them not to return to Herod, who seeing himself disappointed in his desire of discovering the new-born Redeemer, commands the slaughter of the infants. Joseph is warned to fly at once into Egypt.

ST. LUKE ii. 21—29. Eight days after His birth the Child is brought to be circumcised, a ceremony to which, by a law common to all, Jewish boys had to submit, and by means of which they were enrolled amongst the people of God. It was in no way obligatory on Him who, from the cradle, was King of kings and Lord of lords. Yet He submitted to it in order to give us a lively example of obedience to the will of God in every particular, to teach us how to crush the pride which makes us so contemptible in His sight, and to raise us to that holiness which is true only when it has sincere humility for its foundation, and shows itself by acknowledging all the rights of God and all the duties belonging to the creature, which of itself has nothing. On this occasion, as had been more than once foretold by the angel, the adorable Name of JESUS was given to Him, that Name which heaven and earth revere, that Name which sounds so sweet to him who invokes it with faith, that Name which contains in itself the source of our salvation.

It was a law amongst the Jews that women, when they had given birth to a man child, should present themselves after forty days in the Temple. Hence Mary, following the example of her Son, who had submitted Himself to the law of circumcision, though He was not obliged to do so, submitted herself in like manner to that of the purification. This law did not regard her in any sense, whether we look at the holiness of the Son whom she had carried in her bosom or at her own, which not only remained wholly immaculate at the birth of Jesus, but was also really increased by it. We must become used to such spectacles of supreme humility, and to such thorough obedience to the law and to the will of God in all things, because in this way only can the

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world be cured of the pride through which it has been sunk into the lowest abyss of corruption.

In obedience then to the law it was necessary to go to Jerusalem to present the Child to the Lord, and with Mary went also her spouse Joseph. It was written, moreover, in the law that the first-born should be consecrated to the Lord, and in order to redeem him a lamb was required from those who had the means of making such an offering, but from the poor only a pair of turtle-doves, or of pigeons. *Mary, the Virgin, who was poor, offered for her Jesus a pair of turtle-doves.* Sublime and mysterious poverty that fills the soul with admiration, seeing that a God so greatly esteems it; but which makes us tremble for the serious dangers of earthly riches, through which we so often forget the true riches of heaven.

To resume: There are not wanting in this fact of the Purification of Mary those marvels which, like waves of brilliant light, are wont to illustrate the great humiliations of Jesus. For there was then in Jerusalem a man named Simeon, just and fearing God, who longed ardently for the coming of the Messias. Instructed by the Holy Spirit that he should not end his days without having seen the Christ, the Anointed of the Lord, through a divine inspiration he came to the Temple, where he found Mary, who had already presented Jesus to the Lord. Having asked for the Child from His Mother with great humility, he embraced Him warmly, and, kissing him with great affection, gave glory to God, saying: "Now, O my God, I am glad to die, according to Thy will, as these eyes of mine have seen my Saviour with unspeakable consolation. The Saviour, that is, whom Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, who by Him shall be brought back to Thee; a true glory of Thy people Israel, to whom Thou hast promised Him, in the midst of whom He is born, and in the midst of whom He will work the redemption of the world."

Joseph and Mary were overflowing with joy on hearing the wonderful things said by Simeon of the Child. Then the holy old man, turning to them, congratulated them upon their happy lot, directing his words especially to Mary. These words, which are a remarkable prophecy, set before us in a few brief terms, which I for clearness' sake will somewhat draw out, the majestic picture

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both of the triumphs and victories Jesus Christ would gain in the world, as also the discomfiture and ruin which would befall his enemies. "Behold," said Simeon to Mary, "this divine *Child* shall be for the *fall* of all those who will not believe in Him and are proud and perverse; for the *resurrection* of all those who shall imitate His virtues, and make them their glory and their honour; as a sign of *contradiction* for all those who, by wicked arts, shall seek in all time to destroy His kingdom. And through thine own most holy soul too, O Mary, shall pass a cruel sword, when thou shalt see Him fall a victim to the fury of His own people, an occasion that will bring to light His true and pretended friends."

There was also in the Temple one Anna, a prophetess, daughter of Phanuel, a woman well stricken in years—she was eighty-four years old—who from her youth had remained a widow after the loss of her husband, with whom she had lived only seven years, and then abode in the Temple serving God night and day with fastings and prayers. She, too, on seeing the Child, knew through divine inspiration His heavenly origin and dignity, praised the Lord for having allowed her to see the longed-for Messias, and with great faith spoke of Him to all those who desired and looked for His coming.

The holy pair, having complied with all the ordinances of the law, returned to Nazareth, but with the intention, after they had set their affairs in order, of returning again immediately to Bethlehem. And so they did,* that being the place appointed in the divine counsels for the principal manifestations of the facts relating to the birth of the only-begotten Son of God.

S. Matthew ii. 1—23. For in truth at the birth of Jesus there had appeared in the east a star, which from its unwonted splendour had struck some persons in those parts, who were wise men and kings, commonly known by the name of the Magi, and induced them to search into the cause of it. They were not long in coming to the conclusion that the star which had appeared in the heavens was the very one which the prophecies, known in the east through

* This supposition is made by those who believe that the visit of the Magi took place in *Bethlehem*. St. Epiphanius and others maintain that they went, guided by the star, to *Nazareth*, an interpretation confirmed by a revelation concerning the Holy House. See "Loreto and Nazareth," by F. Hutchison, p. 19.—[ED. *F. A.*]

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the sojourn of the Jews and preserved traditionally there, had promised to announce to them the birth of the King of the Jews. Hence, guided by a lively faith, they set out in the direction of Jerusalem.

These eastern Magi started probably from the regions of Arabia or Persia. Arrived at Jerusalem, they began to ask where the place was in which the King of the Jews was born. "For," they said, "we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

The matter soon reached the ear of Herod, who was greatly moved by it, and the whole city with him. He at once called together the chief priests and the doctors of the law, and inquired of them in what place the prophecies said the Messias would be born. They answered: *In Bethlehem of Juda*, and quoted to him the passage of the prophet Michæas, which, with a slight variation, but for greater clearness, they interpreted thus: *O Bethlehem, land of Juda, thou art not the least amongst the princes of Juda, for from thee shall go forth the Captain, who shall rule my people Israel.*

Then Herod had the Magi called to him secretly, and inquiring minutely of the time of the appearance of the star, sent them to Bethlehem, saying: "Go and make diligent search for the Child, and when you have found Him, let me know it, that I too may go and worship Him."

The Magi after hearing the king's words, which were not uttered in good faith, departed. And lo! they saw the star which had appeared to them in the east shine forth afresh, and go before them on their way until, having arrived over the place where the Child was, it remained stationary. Great again was their joy, and under its guidance they entered the house where the Child was with His Mother Mary. Enlightened by the Holy Spirit, they threw themselves at His feet, adored Him with the most profound respect, recognising in that lowly guise God their Saviour, who had vouchsafed to come amongst us in such poverty and abjection. Each one then offered to Him rich presents, gold, incense, and myrrh, in which we may be allowed to recognise, with the Holy Church, a mystic meaning: in the gold, the royal majesty of the Child: in the incense, His divinity; in the myrrh, His sacred humanity, through which he would suffer and die for us.

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They then received an order from an angel not to return to Herod, who was already planning the destruction of the Child, but to return into their own country by another road; God in His sovereign wisdom thus bringing to naught the craft of the wicked, who often, under the cloak of zeal, make war upon Him, and aim if it were possible, at making His counsels of no effect.

The Magi are justly considered as the first-fruits of the Gentiles, and from His very cradle Jesus shows Himself Lord of all the people of the earth, who were given to Him by His heavenly Father as a reward of His obedience, and therefore made subject to His divine authority. Hence it is that the power of this exalted Child has no limits, but is extended over all and over everything. Oh, blessed is he who pays Him homage and follows His holy ways! Woe, on the contrary, is threatened to him who tries to shake off His yoke; he shall be broken to pieces as a vessel of clay, were he even the most powerful king of the earth!

After the departure of the Magi from Bethlehem, Herod, finding himself disappointed by them, became furious with anger, and made a decree that all the children of Bethlehem and the neighbourhood, from two years old and under, should be instantly put to death. A great slaughter followed; the babes fell under the axe of the executioner as roses hardly blown fall under the fury of a whirlwind, and a great cry of sorrow resounded in the adjacent places, every mother bewailing her slaughtered son; and in such fashion the prophecy of Jeremias was fulfilled: "*A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.*"

By this measure Herod supposed he had cut off the Child whom he feared, but the angel having appeared in time to Joseph whilst he slept, had said to him: "Rise up, Joseph, take the Child and His mother, and fly into Egypt, for Herod seeks to put Jesus to death." Hence all the efforts of this barbarous prince had no other result than to make manifest once more what was his own disposition, and at the same time to glorify God, who made of the babes, that were the victims of his ambition, so many martyrs, who, as the Church sings in the hymn of their feast, *in their innocence play with their palms and crowns in heaven, under the very altar.*

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Hymn to St. Francis.*

HAIL, Father Seraphic! oh, fain would I be
A lover of Jesus—a lover like thee:
His cross would I bear, and His poverty own,
Lamenting my sins for His dear love alone.

Ah me! that celestial fiery love,
Rushing down from thy mansion of glory above,
Would consume my poor soul in its quickening flame,
And my penitent heart as its sacrifice claim.

Ascending with thee, e'en to Calvary's hill,
To immolate there my affections and will,
Earth's riches from thee would I learn to forsake,
And my portion of suffering cheerfully take.

For what are the pleasures this world may afford,
Compared with the love of my Crucified Lord?
Compared with the graces long treasured for me
In the Wounds of my Saviour on Calvary's tree?

Ah yes! in those Wounds there are treasures untold,
Which His Heart's deep affection for ever unfold;
Yet still from life's trials too often I shrink,
And fancy the chalice too bitter to drink.

Too bitter, alas! and yet why should it be,
Since Jesus has drunk of that chalice for me?
For me He has trodden the wine-press alone,
And death He has suffered, my sins to atone.

Great Saint of Assisi! to thee do I cry,
Despise not my tear, and reject not my sigh,
But stretch forth thy hand, lest I faint by the way,
For thou art my Father, my Guide, and my Stay!

* This hymn may be sung to the tune of "O purest of creatures."

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Confidence in God.

CONFIDENCE in God is a virtue which in any remarkable degree is much rarer than is generally supposed, and this is the reason why there are so few saints. St. Teresa assures us that courage is even more necessary than humility for any one who desires to become a saint. Now, what is this courage of which she speaks but confidence in God, or at least the first-fruits of confidence?

Again, there can be no doubt that confidence in God is necessary for us if we would not entertain an unworthy idea of Him. Without it, God may seem to us great, as He does to the Mahometans, or perfect, as to the philosophers, or just, as to the devils; but we shall only understand that He is good, and our Father, when we have true confidence in Him.

Indeed, the perfection of the two fundamental acts of religion, of the act of intelligence by which we form an idea of the Divine Majesty, and of the act of will by which we make an offering of ourselves, depends absolutely upon confidence in God. Without this virtue our notion of God is false. It is not the notion which Jesus came to give us, nor that which is taught by His Church. And, without confidence, how is it possible we should make of our bodies a living sacrifice? How can we ever understand how to belong to God entirely, without any reservation of personal interest? How despoil ourselves of our dominion over ourselves, to give perfect sovereignty to One in Whom we have not entire confidence? How submit without a murmur or anxiety to the order of Divine Providence, which steers the bark of our life in calm and tempest; betwixt adversity and prosperity?

Hence there is no true worship without confidence in God, and it is clear that confidence should be the life of our devotion at every stage of our spiritual life. When the Jews left Egypt they were filled with lively sentiments of joy at their liberation and at the sight of the wonderful protection extended to them by God. They had no fear in venturing into the desert, neither did God abandon them. The manna, the quails, the water from the rock which followed them, and the preservation of their garments, were so many striking proofs of His paternal solicitude. Nevertheless, they soon lost courage, and began to feel the burden of life in the desert—many were the sins they committed, very frequent their murmurings and want of confidence. Moses himself gave way for an instant, and doubted the word of God who had made him the instrument of so many miracles. Only two persevered to the end in confidence, and out of the immense crowd which crossed the Red Sea, only these two deserved to enter into the Promised Land.

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In the first years of our conversion, our condition is very similar to that of the Israelites, when rejoicing over their unexpected liberation. The soul feels herself so completely under Divine protection, and is so thoroughly conscious of her liberation from a life of sin or tepidity, as to be constantly filled with a holy joy. Nothing seems difficult to her, the promised land of sanctity appears so near, that she almost fancies she has entered it. She has no fear of the desert, of which she has had no experience, and is entirely occupied with the novelty of her position.

And yet, the desert must be crossed. God is always at her side, and ceases not to assist her, but His action is now imperceptible, and she imagines herself forsaken. The sensible consolations of Holy Communion are often withdrawn from her, and she cannot feel the effect of the grace thereby infused into her. Penance indeed, will preserve from grievous falls, yet it seems not to assist her progress. The burden of a Christian life becomes heavier and heavier, the ground she has to traverse is parched and dry, the heavens seem to her of brass. The promised land of sanctity has entirely disappeared from view, the desert itself appears interminable.

Now is the time for confidence. If, like Moses, we hesitate to strike the rock, and despair of eliciting virtues from our chilly hearts, we shall certainly lose the result of our previous labours, never shall we be allowed to enter the promised land, and become saints. But why should we fear? Why must we be constantly looking for visible proofs of our advance towards holiness? And what if they were granted to us? Nothing indeed would be more dangerous, even to our eternal salvation. For self-love is a rare magnifier, and one little glimpse of our progress would suffice to puff us up with a foolish pride which would be our ruin.

Again, why should we fear? God is our Father, and the very best of fathers. It is impossible He should cease for a moment to take even the most lively interest in our salvation. "Can a woman," He says, "forget her infant? Yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee in My hands!" This alone ought to be sufficient for us—to remember that we are not our own, but have been bought with a price, and an immense price, nothing less than the sufferings and death of an Incarnate God. He Who has paid such a price for our souls will surely suffer no one to rob Him of them in vain. No! He bears us graven in His hands, in His Sacred Wounds we may hide, and rest in perfect security.

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Brother Humilis of Petralia.

LAY BROTHER OF THE FIRST ORDER.

MANY and glorious are the Saints who shine like stars in the firmament of the Seraphic Order, and of whom it may be truly said, "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." But, as in the natural heavens, besides the glorious planets whose brilliant rays illuminate the darkness, there are a countless host of lesser stars shedding their gentle light upon the earth, but from their distance almost indistinguishable, so, around St. Francis, St. Clare, St. Lewis, and St. Elizabeth there sparkles a whole galaxy of hidden Saints, many of whom will never be raised upon the altars of the Church, neither will their names be known to the world, who, after adorning the Order by their virtues while on earth, are nevertheless shining brightly before the throne of God, and by their intercession winning countless blessings for the world. It is the life of one of these hidden and humble servants of God, that we are now going to bring before our readers.

Brother Humilis was born at Petralia, a village in Sicily, of poor parents, and received in baptism the name of Francis. From his earliest years he was drawn to lead a devout and mortified life, and on his return home, after having studied the art of sculpture at Palermo, he began to think of embracing the religious life. However, in obedience to an uncle with whom he resided, he was about to enter the married state, when he twice distinctly heard a mysterious voice saying to him, "Francis, follow thy first vocation." Docile to the inspirations of grace he secretly quitted his home, and entered the Convent of the Friars-Minor at Palermo as a lay-brother. On receiving the habit he took the name of Humilis, or *humble*, that he might constantly bear in mind that he was henceforth to serve the Lord in lowliness of heart.

As he had great natural talent for sculpture his superiors allowed him to follow the bent of his genius. He chiefly excelled in executing crucifixes of admirable beauty, and while engaged in this holy work he always fasted on bread and water, sought for the strictest solitude, and appeared entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer. Before colouring the image of Christ he was accustomed to confess and communicate with the greatest devotion, and while working his face was constantly bathed in tears. One day when he was painting the wound in our Lord's side, a brother entered unexpectedly. Brother Humilis fell fainting on the ground, and when he recovered he exclaimed, "May God forgive you, brother, for what you have done!" No doubt at the moment when he was interrupted he had been rapt in ecstasy, and had been privileged to see in vision what he was representing for the edification of others. This crucifix and several others of his workmanship were preserved with great veneration, and have wrought many miracles.

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On another occasion he was in the palace of the Prince of Calvaruso, engaged on a crucifix which he had promised the prince should be ready for an approaching procession. On the eve of the festival, before leaving the castle after his day's work to return to the monastery, he intrusted the key of his workshop to the prince, entreating him to allow no one to enter. Scarcely, however had the holy man left the palace, when, overcome by the solicitations of his wife, the prince opened the door. What was their surprise to find the body of the Christ indeed finished, but the head still a rough block of wood, and the hands scarcely touched! And this too on the eve of the procession. However they closed the door and retired, and in the morning the prince hastened to ask Brother Humilis if the crucifix were finished, to which the holy man replied in the affirmative. In truth the procession took place shortly afterwards, and the crucifix appeared perfectly finished, the head especially being of such marvellous beauty that it seemed as if it could not have been the work of human hands. This circumstance confirmed the general opinion that the holy brother was aided in his labours by the angels.

In sculpturing the image of the Christ, Brother Humilis was accustomed to represent near the eyebrow a sharp thorn piercing the eye of our Divine Saviour, and he also painted blue and livid marks, as of bruises round the wrists and ankles, to show with what inhuman violence the Jews had bound their sacred victim. It pleased our Lord to reward the tender devotion of His servant towards his bitter Passion by allowing him in his last illness to participate in these particular sufferings. For three days he felt the most acute pains in his right eye, his wrists and ankles, during which time he was often heard to exclaim, "I thank Thee, O my Sovereign Master, that Thou hast deigned to let me understand and feel in my own person those pains I have so long vainly endeavoured to represent." The illness of the servant of God was violent but short, and he expired, fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church, on the 9th of February, 1639, at Palermo. So great was the veneration in which he was held, that the Viceroy of Sicily was obliged to station a guard of soldiers around the church to prevent disturbance during the funeral ceremony.

On the day the holy brother expired, Peter Novelli, a celebrated painter, being unfortunately in a state of mortal sin, was grievously tormented by remorse of conscience, and unable to sleep. In the morning he hastened to reconcile himself to God in the holy Sacrament of penance, and almost immediately after received an order to paint the portrait of Brother Humilis. He then understood the reason why he had been so tormented, and that it was not becoming that a man in the state of mortal sin should paint the portrait of a Saint.

Numerous miracles took place at the tomb of Brother Humilis, which caused him to be greatly venerated in Sicily. It is thus that God delights to exalt those who in this life have humbled themselves for the love of Him.

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Explanation of the Little Office.

CHAPTER II.

IT may perhaps be as well to guard ourselves at once against the supposition that the interpretation we offer of the Antiphons and Psalms of the Little Office is the only legitimate one, or that it is not quite open to any one to apply them in any orthodox sense which is more pleasing to him. Such would be intolerable dogmatism, and very far from the spirit of the Church, which allows us in saying office to do so with any intention which may appear desirable to us at the time, more especially if, as has been said, we humbly submit our minds to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, begging Him to direct the spirit of our prayer according to the answer given by St. Philip Neri to a person who wished to learn how to pray: "Be humble and obedient, and the Holy Ghost will teach you."

For even in saying the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, there is no necessity to meditate upon her glories, but we may if we please follow the mind of the Church in her canonical offices, and meditate, step by step, upon the mysteries of the Passion of our Lord, to which the separate hours correspond. Their division, however, is so little known, and yet would be so useful, especially for the office of the *Paters*, to the children of St. Francis, to whom the Passion of our Lord ought to be, according to the example of their Father, a subject of constant meditation, that we venture to translate some doggerel Latin verses of mediæval times, in which it is embodied. They may be rendered as follows:

At *Matins*, Christ is bound;
At *Lauds*, He's led around;
At *Prime*, with thorns He's crowned;
At *Terce*, His cross is found.
At *Sext*, He's crucified;
At *None*, they pierce His side.
At *Vespers*, from the cross He's taken,
At *Compline*, in the tomb forsaken.

We may add, by way of explanation, that *Matins* includes the agony in the garden up to the time when He was bound by the soldiers of the high-priest; whilst *Lauds* follows Him from the court of Annas to Pilate, and from Pilate to Herod. *Prime* includes the scourging at the pillar, *Terce* the whole way of the cross, and *Sext* the greater part of the three hours' agony; but the last words, "It is consummated," and "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," should be reserved for meditation during *None*.

Proceeding now with our explanation of the primary sense of the Little Office, we have to deal with the Psalms appointed for the First Vespers. The first is Psalm cix., beginning "*Dixit*

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Dominus," which celebrates the glory of Christ as the incarnate Son of God and the Redeemer of the human race. It is easy to see how naturally this subject applies to our Blessed Lady, for her dignity and her consequent graces depend entirely upon her election to be the mother of so great a Son.

In the first verse we have, as our Blessed Lord Himself pointed out, a clear statement of His divinity, inasmuch as David calls him "my Lord," although He was to be his son according to the flesh. In the spirit of prophecy the royal psalmist looked forward, even beyond the time of Christ's sojourn upon earth, and saw Him ascending into heaven in His human nature, victorious over death and hell, to take the place which belonged to Him at the right hand of God the Father. "Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (v. 2); that is, until all who rebel against Thee are subjected, either by the power of My grace or of My justice, so as either to cast themselves prostrate before Thy throne in heaven, or to be spurned from Thy feet into the abyss of hell.

In the third verse the royal prophet, seeing clearly how the work was to be accomplished, interposes an observation in his own person. "The Lord," he says, "shall send forth the sceptre of Thy power from Sion," which is the holy mountain of Jerusalem, "to rule in the midst of Thine enemies." His words received their verification after the day of Pentecost, when the apostles set forth from Jerusalem to preach the gospel to the whole world, and are being manifestly verified even to the present day when we see the Vicar of Christ ruling the Church from the Holy City where he now finds himself in the very head-quarters of Freemasonry, the deadliest enemy of his divine Master.

The fourth verse continues the address of the Father to the Son. The Latin word *principium*, in the phrase *Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ*, has not the signification which is so familiar to us in the second part of the *Gloria Patri*, or in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, where it signifies "beginning." It is here used as equivalent to *principatus*, which means "empire." And *tecum*, meaning literally "with thee," may be better rendered in English by "thine;" so that we should say, "Thine shall be empire in the day of Thy strength, in the splendour of Thy saints;" that is when Thy strength shall be made manifest to all mankind in the last day, by the immense glory which Thou shalt bestow even upon the bodies of them that have been faithful to Thee, whilst the mere banishing of Thine enemies from Thy face shall be sufficient to consign them to eternal misery. And whence this strength? Because "from My womb before the day-star have I begotten Thee." "From My womb," because Thou art the likeness of Myself, and the figure of My substance; "before the day-star" or long, even by a whole eternity, before the creation of anything that is made; and "begotten," because Thou proceedest from

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Me by an eternal generation, incomprehensible to the sons of men.

In the fifth and remaining verses, the Psalmist speaks again in His own person, addressing Christ in his sacerdotal dignity. "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, thou art a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech;" not in the order of Aaron's priesthood, which, in the first place, was intended to terminate with the accomplishment of man's redemption, whereas the priesthood of Melchisedech, though the latter was a little more than a figure, had its beginnings in time to last for all eternity. "The Lord hath sworn, and He will not repent," never will He dispense with the sacrifice of the adorable victim now offered to Him in heaven as upon earth, "the Lamb standing as it were slain" (Apoc. v. 6).

Again, in the priesthood of Aaron, one succeeded another, because, as St. Paul tells us (Heb. vii. 23), "by reason of death they were not suffered to continue;" but in the priesthood of our altars, though one mortal minister succeeds another, yet the principal minister is ever Christ Himself, at once High-Priest and Victim.

Moreover, whilst Aaron could only offer sacrifice of the blood of goats and of calves, the sacrifice according to the order of Melchisedech is "a clean oblation" under the simple forms of bread and wine, one and the same indeed with the Sacrifice of Blood which was offered upon Mount Calvary, yet now renewed and perpetuated only in the mystical effusion of the Precious Blood, by which our souls are filled to overflowing with heavenly grace.

And lastly, whilst the priesthood of Aaron was limited strictly to the Jewish race, and to one particular spot, the temple at Jerusalem, the priesthood of Christ our Lord, according to the order of Melchisedech, knows no limit upon the whole surface of the earth, but "in every place," as the prophet Malachy bears witness, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down . . . there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts" (i. 11).

In verse 6, "The Lord is at Thy right hand, He hath overwhelmed kings in the day of His wrath," we have a repetition of ideas previously expressed. "The Lord is at Thy right hand," the Divinity wherein Thou art equal to God the Father is ever united to the human nature, which Thou hast assumed, and in virtue of that union Thou, the Christ and Son of the living God, hast overcome Thy enemies, even the most powerful upon earth.

In the two last verses the Psalmist addresses himself to us, and tells us what Christ will do. "He shall judge among nations," among all nations of the earth He shall be the sole Judge, to Him only shall all the children of men be responsible, because "the Father doth not judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the

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Son" (John v. 22). "He shall fill ruins;" that is, He shall render glory to His martyrs and others who have suffered upon earth for His sake; and "he shall crush the heads in the land of many," or bring down the pride of the haughty who rebel against Him, and make them lick up the dust before His feet.

The eighth and last verse gives us the reason why such magnificent powers are bestowed upon Christ. "He shall drink of the torrent in the way, *therefore* shall he lift up his head." "By the torrent in the way" we understand the course of human life upon earth, flowing, not like a placid and limpid stream, soberly and demurely between grassy banks, but rushing tempestuously over rocks and boulders, foaming and dashing wildly along until it reaches its goal in the ocean. Such was the life which it pleased our Blessed Lord to lead upon earth. The waters of His life were not smooth and placid, but rendered muddy and turbid from the first moment when men denied Him the shelter of a house wherein to be born, until He finished His course amongst the savage yells and execrations of a hostile multitude. "The waters," He could say, as holy David had prophesied for Him, "are come in unto My soul. I stick fast in the mire of the deep, and there is no sure standing. I am come into the depths of the sea, and a tempest hath overwhelmed Me" (Ps. lxviii. 2, 3). "Therefore shall he lift up his head," because, as St. Paul tells us, "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross; *for which cause* God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names" (Phil. ii. 8).

THE THIRD ORDER IN COCHIN CHINA.

F. Caspar, Missionary Apostolic at Saigon, and a Tertiary of St. Francis, writes as follows to the *Annales Franciscaines:* "I have good news for you, the establishment of the Third Order in Cochin China.

"His Lordship, desiring to make a foundation of catechists, and to obtain for them numerous spiritual favours, happily thought of making them members of the Third Order. He has obtained from the Very Rev. F. General, for himself and his successors, the faculty of admitting into the Third Order the young men who wish to consecrate themselves to God, and to enter the house just founded as a mother-house for the work projected.

"We have now thirty young men, eight of whom are novices wearing the habit of the Third Order. They sing the Office of our Lady, and follow the practices of a conventual life, after which they are employed in the printing-room, which is a part of the monastery. The profits of this manual labour suffice for our subsistence. We publish here the books necessary for the propagation of the Faith in our Missions."

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

V.—*(Continued.)*

AT the close of a fine day in March, Brother Pellegrino, who had been accustomed to call upon them in their days of prosperity when out collecting, and did not forget them in their adversity, presented himself at their new habitation, and finding them very sad, with eyes wet with tears, tried to console them with the kind words which always come so readily to the lips of a Religious. Passing from one subject of conversation to another, he commenced speaking of the Third Order of St. Francis—of the great benefits contained in it, of the many Saints who have sprung from it, of the numerous Confraternities of Brothers and Sisters in all parts of the world, of the indulgences to be gained in it, of the abundant suffrages to be derived from it for the suffering souls in purgatory. "Even Christopher Columbus," he added, "whose ancestors, it is said, were of our neighbouring country Terrarossa, was a member of the Third Order, and gloried in being so. He wore a tunic like the Brothers, and was happy when he could enter our convents, come to the choir, and pray with us; God always helped him, and I hope that he is now in heaven, because he was a fervent Tertiary. Father Joseph related to me the other day, how once when Columbus was returning from the new world, he was overtaken by a violent tempest, and was in great and imminent danger. The panic-stricken crew raised a despairing cry of 'Christopher Columbus, what have you done?' He ordered blessed candles to be lighted, and clothing himself in the uniform of an admiral, girded on his sword, adding the cord of St. Francis, and then, armed with faith and reciting the first words of the Gospel of St. John, '*In principio erat Verbum*,' made the sign of the cross with his sword, when the storm ceased and the ship was saved. If I had time I could tell you many other wonderful things, but it is growing late, and I must return to the convent; I will see you some other day. Commend yourselves to God, and think of what I have told you. May God reward your charity. God be praised."

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"May He be praised for ever," replied at the same time both mother and daughter, and Brother Pellegrino hastened homewards.

After a short silence, "What do you think, mother," asked the daughter, "about this Third Order of which the brother has been speaking?"

"It must certainly be a holy thing," replied the mother, "but it would impose obligations, and I must consider, because to undertake duties and not execute them does not seem right. We are poor, and we must work from morning till night in order to live. We cannot remain long at prayer, even in church. When *he* was living, that good soul——" and here she bent her head over the loom as if to look at the cloth, so that her daughter should not see the large tears which fell from her eyes, "we could dispose of some hours, but now, you know, we have no time to spare from work."

"But if Columbus was a sailor——"

"I know," replied the mother; "the same thought occurred to me, and if Columbus, far out at sea, in the midst of many dangers and great fatigue, quite away from the church, could yet be such a fervent son of St. Francis, we also should be able to do something. Listen: I will ask the advice of Father Joseph, he knows our circumstances, and if he thinks we can unite work with devotion, we will do it. We can confide in him; he is a prudent man."

On the holyday of the Annunciation Ellen went to hear Mass at the Convent, and glancing to the left as she came out of the church, saw Father Joseph superintending the distribution of soup to the poor at the door of the convent. She approached him, and drawing him aside told him of the Brother's suggestion, explained the difficulty she felt, and related her doubts and her hesitation.

"Nothing better," replied the Father; "nothing better. Yes, you and your daughter might both receive the habit and profess the rule of our Seraphic Father; poverty need not prevent you. I have been for some time thinking of speaking to you about it myself, but waited till you were settled; the Brother has forestalled me, and I approve his suggestion. The obligations imposed by the Third Order will not interfere with your occupations, because it was instituted for all conditions and circumstances. St. Francis,

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when he founded this Order, only wished to make people become perfect Christians; a thing which you ought to do and therefore must do. Arrange with your daughter, commence a novena to our holy Father, and then come to the Father Guardian, who is the Director of the Third Order, and he will give you the Habit and the sacred Cord. I cannot speak with you longer, for you see I must go to look after those poor people, who are too eager and bewilder the porter. Heavens! what misery! Look at their anxious faces. They come pouring in from all the country round. But, thank Heaven, Almighty God is for us all. *Date et dabitur vobis.* Adieu."

On her return home Ellen related to her daughter the short conversation she had had with Father Joseph, and we need scarcely speak of the result. The same day they commenced a novena to the Blessed Virgin—before whose statue they were accustomed to burn a lamp every Saturday, to recite the Rosary every day, and to say their evening prayers. At the end of the nine days they felt their hearts greatly strengthened; and having made their general confessions and received our divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, were, to their inexpressible joy, received into the Third Order of St. Francis by the Father Guardian, on the 24th of April, the feast of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringa. Exact in the observance of the Rule as far as their circumstances allowed, in the following year they were professed, and their exemplary lives contributed much to the edification of their neighbours. By working hard, they earned as much as was absolutely necessary to enable them to live, and they desired no luxuries.

When the daughter reached her twentieth year, she was asked in marriage by a young man of the neighbourhood who had long fixed his thoughts upon her, being attracted to her as much by her retired and useful life as by her youthful beauty. He was a sailor by profession, well educated and pious, brave and intrepid. Ellen willingly consented; to her it appeared most fortunate to have found a husband for her daughter in such a good position; but Prisca had not much confidence in a profession which makes so many widows. She seemed to foresee her misfortunes; however, she acceded to the wishes of her mother, who was continually saying: "I shall not live for ever, I am already old, and it would distress me greatly to leave you alone in the world."

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The marriage was agreed upon and concluded. Genesio (this was the name of the husband) made voyages to the Levant—voyages which were more dangerous then than now, partly from want of skill, partly from the smallness of the vessels, and also on account of the Greek pirates, who infested the Archipelago, attacked the trading ships and murdered their crews. He made three prosperous voyages, and with his earnings maintained the household in comfort.

Ellen gazed with open eyes when she saw him, at the end of every voyage, cover the table with bright silver coins. His coming home was a joyful festival which made them forget all past apprehensions and anxiety. But from the fourth voyage which he undertook, he never returned. He perished in the Black Sea, in a tempest which overwhelmed his little vessel and all her crew. The sad presentiments of Prisca were fulfilled. In the flower of her age she found herself a widow with an infant, born after its father's death, to which, as an affectionate memorial of her husband, she gave its father's name, and which she called by the graceful diminutive Genesimo. We need not dilate upon the bitterness of her grief when the fatal news reached her, nor upon the tears she shed, nor upon the prayers she offered up for the soul of the shipwrecked sailor.

The following year she lost her good mother, a new misfortune, which she supported with the same Christian resignation, after she had paid the natural tribute of many tears. These heavy blows of adverse fortune again reduced poor Prisca, orphan and widow, with an infant child, to the depths of poverty. The priest assigned her a monthly allowance out of the charitable funds of the parish, and the ladies of the neighbourhood gave her the preference in their distribution of alms. By these means she was enabled to bring up her son until the time at which we left him, in order to give our readers some information about his family.

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Franciscan Chronicle.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION OF THE "FRANCISCAN ANNALS."—We are much indebted to their Lordships for the following kind encouragement:

From his Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham:

"Whatever tends to make St. Francis known, and to diffuse the Third Order, will help materially to raise the spirit of religion in the country, and to counteract the sensuality and spiritual dulness of English habits."

From his Lordship the Bishop of Kerry:

"I must approve your project."

From his Lordship the Bishop of Beverley:

"I beg to thank you for your two first numbers, to which I wish every success."

From his Lordship the Bishop of Salford:

"I hope your 'Franciscan Annals' may have a real success."

From his Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham:

"I like it very much, and hope the Third Order will spread."

From his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Collier:

"I thank you very much for your interesting pamphlets, and rejoice that you have decided to publish them, with a view to make more extensively known the Third Order of St. Francis."

From his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley:

"It is a step in the right direction, viz., to keep the Faithful together in zeal and in instruction by means of the press."

THE FRANCISCAN NUNS IN EGYPT.—Little is known of the almost superhuman works of the Franciscan Order in Egypt, where, defying the poisonous nature of the climate, they have established themselves in stations all along the Nile, and rival by their zeal and charity the anchorites of olden times upon that very soil. It is not only the Franciscan Fathers who are devoting themselves to this work, but Sisters of the same Order are now sharing their toil and contributing largely to their success.

It was in 1859 that Monsignor Perpetua Guasco, the Vicar Apostolic of Egypt, greatly troubled at the difficulty of finding any one to take charge of the negro and Arab children, whom the Fathers had rescued and converted, appealed to the Franciscan Sisters, whom he had known well in Italy, to come and take their share in this arduous work. Six Nuns at once responded to the missionary call, and, on the 14th of September of that same year, opened a Free School and an Orphanage at Cairo.

This little grain of mustard seed has become a great tree, and the Sisters have multiplied as rapidly as their work. There are now between forty and fifty professed Franciscan Nuns in Egypt, besides eight novices, and seventeen postulants. From the house at Cairo, which has become the mother-house of their Order, six colonies have been sent out, who have established themselves successively at the following places:

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At Boulak (the port of Cairo for the Nile) in 1868.
At Mansourah in 1872.
At Damietta in 1873.
At Kaferzagat in 1873.
At Ismaïla in 1873.
At Tostat or Old Cairo in 1874.

At Cairo, they have opened a large and flourishing Boarding-school for the upper classes, and have also an Orphanage. But their great work is buying and rescuing the little negro girls who are smuggled up in the Assnan boats (slavery having now become illegal), and privately sold. Of the 430 slaves redeemed by them in the last few years and set at liberty, 410 have received baptism, and 20 are now preparing for the sacred rite as catechumens.

The special object of the foundation in Old Cairo is for foundlings, for whom the Sisters provide wet nurses; and when they are weaned bring them into their own Orphanage. Formerly, these poor little creatures, abandoned by their parents, died of starvation on the sands by hundreds. In each of their houses they have opened a free School, where the girls are taught French, Italian, and Arabic. They have now 40 negresses and 90 orphans under instruction, and 362 poor children in their day schools. But funds are sadly needed, especially for the redemption of captives; and the sisters have the grief of seeing many girls lost, both body and soul, whom they have not the means to save.

Any contributions sent to *The Reverend Mother Abbess of the Franciscans*, in the *Esbekich Quarter, Cairo*, will be most gratefully received. Money can be sent to Egypt by Post-Office Order from any Post-Office in the United Kingdom.

Church of our Lady of Seven Dolours, Peckham.—The last monthly meeting was most satisfactory, showing how firmly the Third Order has taken root. Five novices were admitted, after which the Rev. F. Director read a list of the names of those who, having been exact in the observance of the Rule, will be allowed to make their profession at the next meeting, and also imparted the Papal Benediction with due solemnity.

The Third Order at Sydenham.—The little congregation established here in September, 1875, continues in great fervour. The Rev. Director has lately received five novices, one of them being a priest of a neighbouring mission who is about to establish another congregation. The Papal Benediction was given at the last meeting to a full attendance of the members.

Obituary.

Matthews.—Thomasina Sophia Matthews, Tertiary of St. Francis, died at East Molesey, February 11th, 1877.

Reville.—The Very Rev. Clement Reville, Provincial of the First Order (Observants) in Ireland, died at Wexford, February 24th, 1877.

Requiescant in Pace. Ave Maria.

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Sentences of the Month.

HUMILITY. *S. Francis of Paula.—April* 2. Think nothing of thy good works, for the judgments of God are not as the judgments of men.

LOVE OF GOD. *S. Benedict of Philadelphia.—April* 3. My soul hath thirsted for the strong and living God.

RECOLLECTION. *B. Jane of Signa.—April* 6. Turn thine eyes upon thyself, and judge not the doings of others.

PERSEVERANCE. *B. Julian.—April* 8. If we root out one failing every year, we shall soon become perfect.

ALMSGIVING. *B. Lucchesius.—April* 15. Blessed is he who understandeth concerning the needy and the poor.

DETACHMENT. *B. Peter of Treja.—April* 16. We must be strangers to the world to be familiar with God.

DEVOTION TO SOULS IN PURGATORY. *B. Conrad of Ascoli.—April* 20. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you.

MEDITATION. *B. Andrew of Hibernon.—April* 21. He that avoids idle conversation will have much time to meditate.

COURAGE. *S. George.—April* 23. Strive manfully, habit is overcome by habit.

LOVE OF POVERTY. *B. Giles of Assisi.—April* 23. I am needy and poor, the Lord careth for me!

ZEAL FOR GOD'S GLORY. *S. Fidelis.—April* 24. When you have done all things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants.

DISTRUST OF SELF. *S. Catherine of Sienna.—April* 30. He is foolish who puts his trust in man or in any creature.

GENERAL ABSOLUTION. As Tertiaries may receive the General Absolution from *any* confessor, the following short form will be found useful:

Auctoritate Apostolicâ tibi concessâ, et mihi in hac parte commissâ, absolvo te ab omni censurâ, remissionem omnium peccatorum et indulgentiam plenariam tibi concedo. In nomine Patris, etc.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 5. MAY, 1877. PRICE 6D.

The Spirit of the Third Order.

IMPORTANT as are the subjects whereof we have treated in our foregoing articles, they are far from constituting the chief portion of our task; we are now met by a question no less weighty than fitted to lead us to the attainment of our main purpose. It is that of the *spirit* of the Third Order of St. Francis.

But ere we approach this important matter, we deem it as well to observe that the Third Order is subdivided into several classes, of which every one is sanctioned by the approval of the Church. Besides the secular Third Order, there are regulars of either sex living in community, and bound by the three *solemn* vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, under the Rule modified and abridged, in order to be more suited to the observances of community life, by Leo X. in his Bull *Inter cetera*, of January 28, 1521. These rank among the regular Orders, they have had their Saints, Doctors, and illustrious men of every kind, and may claim no small share in the glories of the great Franciscan family. Next to them come Tertiaries gathered into communities, under the Rule of the Third Order, but with *simple* vows. Their houses, mostly

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of Sisters, are very numerous in Italy, Belgium, and the North of France, where they conduct schools or charitable institutions. They are the worthy forerunners and rivals of the Sisters of Charity in their angelic ministrations: long before these latter had entered upon their labours of love, we find—as early as the middle of the thirteenth century—hospitals, convalescent homes, orphanages, and other asylums for the helpless and afflicted, maintained and served by Tertiaries. Their first charitable institution, where liberal doles of bread and wine were served out weekly to the needy, was opened at Reggio, in 1238.*

These institutions, whose origin dates six centuries back, furnished the model on which were formed, in later days, the numerous refuges which Christian charity has opened to human misery. With these may we class the male and female Tertiaries, who devote themselves to the service of communities of the First or Second Order. In many Franciscan houses we meet with two or three Tertiaries engaged in in-door or out-door occupations. The Poor Clares, in several places, have a few Sisters of the Third Order, usually known as *Tourières*, or out-door Sisters, for the exterior service of their monasteries.

Besides these, we have Tertiaries who have bound themselves by vow to God's service, though dwelling in the bosom of their own families. These are allowed, with the consent of their Bishops, to wear publicly the habit of the Third Order, and are bound by the vow of chastity. This class of Tertiaries was formerly most numerous, but is somewhat diminished nowadays. Lastly, there are Tertiaries living in the world, unfettered by any vow. In their turn, they may be subdivided into two distinct classes: those that form part of a regularly established Congregation of the Third Order, under the superintendence of the Superiors of the First Order, or of a secular Priest commissioned by them, and of a Visitor; and those who live apart, without belonging to any Congregation.

Thus, as may be seen, the Third Order has its divers branches and ramifications, which are held together in living unity by one and the self-same spirit, the religious spirit, ever tending to the

* Orbis Seraphicus, L. 12, c. 6. n. 108.—Bordeni, Chronol. Third Order.

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perfect love of God and of man in and for God, by means of penance, recollection, poverty, and humility.

Our Seraphic Father, in establishing his Third Order, aimed at bringing men back to the esteem and practice of a Christian life, so as to put an end to the woes which in His days were afflicting the world. His keen insight into the hidden springs of human action enabled him to trace these evils to their source, and to ascribe unhesitatingly to an overweening ambition the fratricidal strife which caused so much blood to flow in Italy, not to mention other parts of Europe, during the 13th century. Now, ambition is the offspring of pride, of all vices the most contrary to the Gospel maxims. He would raise then on the solid foundation of humility the edifice of that perfection to which every Tertiary should aspire. In soliciting the favour of admission to the Third Order, a Christian gives proof of his desire to make sure of his salvation, by adopting the means best suited to maintain him in the practices of a Christian life. He should, therefore, expect to be tried and exercised by those who henceforth will be to him as the messengers and ministers of God.

In the world, it is the wont of such as are deemed clever and powerful, to set forth grand projects, and to adhere to them with an indescribable sentiment of egotistical and conceited self-approval. Not so the Tertiary, whose bent must be in the opposite direction, as was that of the Saints who are his models. He will therefore never entertain the silly fancy that he does honour to the Third Order by joining it. Rather will he entertain sentiments of deep gratitude to God for His gracious calling. Like the elder branches of the Franciscan family the Third Order stands in need of no one, nor can it acknowledge any obligation to its members, as the advantage is wholly on *their* side. Each Tertiary should apply to his own case the warning addressed by the Master to His Apostles: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matth. xviii. 2). On joining the Third Order, they will then look upon themselves as little children, ignorant, faulty, needing instruction, reproof, and correction. Thus it is their interest, no less than their duty to be humble and docile, to bear cheerfully the yoke of the holy Rule, its restrictions on their freedom, to receive in lowly-mindedness the lessons and ad-

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vice of their Novice-master, and to submit to the penances enjoined them for violations of the Rule. If Tertiaries would but earnestly train themselves in the practice of humility, they would go further, and accept, even gladly, undeserved contradictions and reproaches, blessing the Lord in their innermost heart for such humiliations, nor could they ever be put in so low a place as that, which in their own hearts they would deem to be theirs of right. It is to this the spirit of the Third Order tends; the more its members are imbued with it the sooner will it lead them to that peace which is but the repose of order, the due subordination of passion to reason of the mind and heart to the Truth and love of God.

We say peace, for the cause of all turmoil and discord is pride, while humility is the sure harbinger of peace, disposing the soul to that charity in our dealings with our neighbour, which is the fulness of the Law. Need we add that if thus disposed, we shall take upon ourselves the yoke of meekness? For humility will make us childlike, in that it cleanses the soul from the defilement of sin, and restores wise innocence, rendering us partakers with those little ones, to whom God is pleased to impart His secrets. This great and sublime virtue thus attains to what cannot be otherwise taught; it is found worthy to reach that which cannot be apprehended. From and by the Eternal Word, the Wisdom of the Father, it receives what human speech is powerless to utter.

Our Divine Redeemer, during His sojourn on earth, gave utterance to the following words: "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?" (Luke xii. 49). He sent forth His holy Apostles to spread this sacred fire over every part of the world. Before parting from one another, the Apostles, though already purified by penitential tears, and the practice of humility and self-denial, retired for ten days into the upper chamber, where the Holy Ghost at last came down upon them. Henceforth, they were fired with the ardour of a zeal which the threat of the most cruel torments was unable to quench. The members of the Third Order of St. Francis have, in their turn, to exercise an apostolate in the world, in the measure of their opportunities and influence. But how shall they impart and spread abroad this divine fire, if it be not already kindled within them?

(To be continued.)

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The Month of Mary, our Mother.

THERE can be no need to invite our brethren in St. Francis to consecrate the coming month in honour of our Immaculate Lady. Yet we should appear wanting indeed in filial affection were we to say nothing about our dearest Mother, to speak of whom is always delightful.

Let us begin then by noticing the examples of devotion to her afforded by our principal Patrons. And first, no one who has studied the life of our holy Father, St. Francis, can be ignorant of his tender devotion to the Queen of the Angels, to whom he consecrated the principal church of his Order at Assisi. To her he was wont to attribute his own vocation to the service of God; under her protection he placed his three Orders, recommending them always to invoke her as their Mother and special Advocate, and exhorting them to propagate devotion to her and to defend her august privileges. In her honour he used often to fast, and thus deserved to behold her many times, receiving from her immense favours, in gratitude for which he desired that his heart might be buried at the foot of her image.

We come next to St. Louis, the special patron of the Brothers of the Third Order, who, as a true son of St. Francis, made it his study to honour our Blessed Lady, and succeeded so fully that he may be considered a perfect model of truly filial devotion towards her. Every Saturday he was accustomed, in her honour, to wash the feet of a considerable number of poor persons, and to provide them with food, going afterwards to visit her numerous shrines; and redoubling his exercises of devotion on her festivals. It was his earnest desire to die upon a Saturday, and his desire was granted, for on that day he sweetly expired in the arms of his heavenly Mother.

Lastly, we have St. Elizabeth, the special patroness of the Sisters of the Third Order. From her infancy she used to invoke the protection of her Immaculate Mother, seeking in manifold ways to excite love for her in the hearts of her companions, and stopping even in the midst of her games to recite the *Hail Mary*. Still more did she seek to honour her by endeavouring to imitate her purity of heart, her simplicity, and her poverty. When abandoned by all she found a comforter in Mary. "If thou wilt be my disciple," said our Blessed Lady to her one day, "I will be thy Teacher; and if thou desirest to be my servant, I will be thy sweet Mistress." In her agony she cried out, "O Mary, help me!" and Mary, who had protected her upon earth, conducted her also to heaven.

But our own experience must be sufficient to teach us the necessity of invoking her. Surrounded as we are by dangers and temptations, how can we hope to pass safely through this valley of tears, if we have not Mary ever beside us, the tender Mother who is ever ready to shield us from the perils we encounter? If we need the intercession of our Divine Lord with the Father, must

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we not also sometimes need the intercession of Mary with her Son? No created being has ever been endowed with such heavenly gifts. She alone has been thought worthy to be *filled* with divine grace, and to be chosen as the Mother of the Redeemer. To whom, then, can we turn with such implicit confidence as to her, who is our Mother and His? She is more ready to answer than we to call upon her, for, as Dante says:

"Not only him who asks,
Thy bounty succours, but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking."

Paradiso, Canto 33.

As a loving Mother, she listens affectionately to the prayers of even the least of her children, and laying them before the throne of God, speedily obtains for them help and comfort. As the Divine Source of all grace was given to us through Mary, so through her hands flow now all the graces we receive.

When grievous trouble falls upon us on our way through life—when the furious assaults of our enemy blind us to the light of Heaven—when the corruption of our infirmity causes us to totter over the brink of the abyss of sin, then should we hasten to lift up our hearts to Mary. When pestilence rages round us, through her may the sick feel confident of recovering their strength; when famine desolates the land, to her may the afflicted widow trust to find bread for her starving children. To her should the rescued mariner turn in heartfelt gratitude; through her may the innocent virgin offer, like incense before the throne of God, the sweetest odour of purity.

When has a prayer addressed to her been allowed to pass unheeded? What penitent sinner has ever appealed to her in vain? As St. Gregory says, "The mercy and gentleness of Mary towards repentant sinners is equal to her greatness and sanctity before God." And to quote Dante again:

"Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in Thee."

Paradiso, Canto 33.

Love her, then, O child of St. Francis, and she will amply repay thy affection. Lift up thy heart to her each morning, and place in her hands all the actions of the day. Turn to her at night and, trusting thyself implicitly to her protection, be assured that no evil shall assail thee. Let her feasts be to thee days of blessed rejoicing, whereon, after approaching to the holy sacraments, the thought of thy Mother shall gladden thee all the day. But shut not up thy devotion to her within thine own breast, seek rather to induce many to join in honouring her. Many and strong are her claims upon thy gratitude, often hast thou felt the tenderness of her maternal Heart; be not ungrateful then to so good a Mother, but strive earnestly to find opportunities of repaying her, that when she has brought thee safely to the heavenly shore, thou mayest not appear before her empty handed, but mayest be able to offer her the flowers of devotion which thou hast sown in the hearts of others.

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Meekness.

I SHOULD not seem to other men
Other than what I am,
A servant of my brother men,
Disciple of the Lamb.

My God descended from above
By meekness hearts to woo,
And left the children of his love
The self-same task to do.

Now, women, who were slaves before,
Are rulers by the hearth,
And Mary, who Her Maker bore
Is empress of the earth.

Great kings are drawn from tyranny
To reign with gracious mind,
Fierce warriors turn in chivalry
Gentle to all mankind.

My God who'st left Thy heavenly throne
To toil at Nazareth,
To be reviled and spit upon,
And die a cruel death :

Grant me to live a patient life
Expecting all from Thee,
Rather than wage a daily strife
My brother's enemy !

Let anger in my bosom die
Stifled by earnest will,
Let me bear insults patiently
Returning good for ill.

Three great rewards shall I possess,
The secret Heaven to win,
Joy in all nature's loveliness,*
And peace my soul within.

* Mites possidebunt terram.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER IV. (*Continued*).

After the death of Herod, Joseph is ordered to return from Egypt, and takes up his abode at Nazareth. At the age of twelve years, Jesus is found disputing in the Temple. Returning home, He continues obedient to His parents.

JOSEPH remained with the Child and His mother in Egypt until he had received an order to leave it from that God who had first given him the command to flee thither, and whose holy Will he had so faithfully fulfilled in that memorable flight, giving us in this an illustrious example of heroic patience, of strong faith, and of prompt submission, in that he had to depart by night, with but little human means, for a strange and distant land.

Herod lived a little more than a year longer, but he closed his days, according to the testimony of the illustrious Jewish historian Josephus, by a most hideous death, leaving posterity to remember him by the name of the *cruel king, that feared his earthly kingdom should be taken away by Him who gives a heavenly kingdom.* (Hymn of the Epiphany.)

There being in consequence no more fear for the Child Jesus, Joseph received a command from the angel to return into the land of Israel, with which he at once complied. But when he heard that Archelaus had succeeded his father on the throne of Judea, he felt that the danger was hardly over; and having received a fresh warning from heaven, he directed his steps to Nazareth, and there took up his abode. And in this way was fulfilled that other prophecy, which said that Jesus should be called a *Nazarene*, a name which signifies, *sanctified and flourishing with every true perfection.*

St. Luke, ii., 40—54.—Meantime Jesus was growing in years, and just as the sun is said to shine with more splendour at mid-day than at early dawn, although in truth it is always the same, so Jesus as He advanced in age, harmonising interior and exterior perfection, showed Himself more rich in wisdom and grace before God and men; although, in reality, he was exactly the same in beatific and infused knowledge, in glory and habitual grace, as He was in the first moment of His incarnation.

When Jesus was twelve years old, it happened that His Parents,

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who were accustomed to go every year to Jerusalem, for the great feast of the Pasch, took Him with them, and after having fulfilled all their religious duties, returning home, He stayed behind at Jerusalem, without their being aware of it, they thinking that He was with others in the company. Having made one day's journey, and sought for Him in the evening amongst their relations and friends, they found He was not there. Imagine the consternation felt by Mary and Joseph; they had to turn back, seeking Him here and there with the greatest uneasiness and trouble, especially on the part of His most tender Mother. At last, after three days, they found Him in Jerusalem, in the Temple, where He was disputing with the doctors of the law, who could not recover from their astonishment at the noble majesty that shone forth in Him, and at the wisdom of His answers. His Parents themselves, on seeing Him among these wise men, wondered greatly at it; and Mary, drawing near to them, said to Him, in her tender maternal love, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." Jesus, therefore, drawing the veil aside a little that concealed his mission, in answering His parents, does not reproach them, but consoles them, and excuses their tender feeling; so that it appears to me right to interpret His answer thus: "There was no need for your seeking Me with so much trouble; did you not know, My parents, that the interests of My Father would be dear to My heart, and that where they called Me, there I must be, such being the end of My coming? Nor shall I remain always with you, but a time will come when I shall have at last to leave you. Not I then, but your love, has been the cause of your trouble."

Although Mary and Joseph did not both fully understand the sense of these words, which in part revealed the mysterious design that Jesus had to unfold plainly in the future, and which had been made known to them only in its general outline, yet neither of them, not even Mary, who would seem to have the greater right to do so, dared to ask Him any more questions, treating with respectful silence what they did not understand, and the want of knowledge of which cast no reproach upon them.

From this time forward till He began His public life, Jesus

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was subject to His Parents. None of us would dare to lift the mysterious veil which covers all this considerable portion of His life. Yet, as Jesus had humbled Himself, even to abjection, in taking upon Himself human nature, and as in this act, and in every other also, we see shining forth continually His obedience to the eternal decree of God, who had ordained that the redemption of the human race should be accomplished in that way; so also we may conclude that in the fact that He gave in His own person an example of such humility by obeying His Parents, He was offering Himself continually to the Father as an immaculate and holy oblation, paying Him a worship such as belonged to God, most pure, ineffable, truly infinite, and certainly also in every way satisfying His justice, entering in a divine way into the most precious tissue of His merits, which are and ever will be the eternal fount from which we draw all our truth and grace.

From all that has been said thus far every one may gather the sublime greatness of the two historical figures of Mary and Joseph. Yet before I enter upon the public life of Jesus, I may be allowed to say something more especially about them, whether for the general edification, or because, looking at the plan I have laid down for myself, there never will be a time when I shall have a better opportunity for speaking of them both together.

And as to Mary, it is evident that in all that has been said, she stands out in the full splendour of the true Mother of God. But, considered under this aspect, no one, I believe, would know how to value justly her exalted dignity, her splendid merits, and the effects which follow from them. For my part, I shall content myself with merely tracing out some of the great outlines of this marvellous picture; the rest is not for me to do. And the outlines are these:

1. Mary, as the Mother of God, enters at once into the closest relationship with all the three Divine Persons, whose glory she reveals in herself. First with the Father, by uniting herself with Him in producing in *time* that Son, whom He has begotten *from all eternity;* then with the Son Himself, whom she receives into her bosom, nourishes and suckles, thus supplying Him with her most pure blood, that was to be shed for the salvation of the world; and lastly, *with the Holy Spirit,* who engirdles her with His

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most pure virtue, so that she becomes, as it were, the sanctuary in which are accomplished the highest mysteries of love and charity.

2. Mary, as Mother of God, takes her place next after God Himself; in fact, there neither is nor can be anything that can equal, not to say surpass, such a dignity! By good right then, she becomes queen of all creation, of angels and archangels, of cherubim and seraphim, of patriarchs, and of all saints.

3. Mary, as Mother of God, comes before us, filled with as much grace as a human creature is capable of, so that she may be called the mother of it; *Mater divinæ gratiæ.* Hence the holiness that she derives from it can neither be understood nor adequately described. By way of forming some idea of it, we might say that it is summed up in an incessant activity, or in a most noble emulation on her part to live by the divine life, gradually stripping herself of all self, and putting away from herself all personal merit, and all personal complacency. All holy, then, in soul and body, that is, *wholly a virgin;* altogether devoted to her Son, that is, *entirely a mother;* living wholly to God, that is, *wholly just and wholly humble* to such a degree that she would have become God, if such a thing had been possible. The honour, then, of heaven and earth, but especially of Woman, who through her is raised up out of the disgrace into which she had fallen through the fault of our first mother, and through the outrages done to her modesty in so many unseemly ways through the course of ages.

4. All the titles by which Mary is saluted, as *Mother most pure, Seat of Wisdom, Mystical Rose, Morning Star, Refuge of Sinners, Comforter of the afflicted, Queen of all Saints,* are nothing but a continual shining forth of the very dignity of the Mother of God, and of the exalted and most perfect holiness with which He adorned her. They are like brilliant rays of light that issue from her, as from a splendid sun, and they are like rivers of the purest water, that well forth from her, as from a most limpid and truly inexhaustible fountain.

In the presence of such marvellous greatness, no one ought ever to have dared to make it a reproach to us Catholics that we use our best endeavours to honour Mary as she deserves to be honoured. Yet in our day the very contrary is the case, con-

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tinually annoyed as we are by Protestants and so-called evangelical ministers, who abuse us and condemn us for the worship that we pay to her. Would that God would give them light to see their error! Who is it has made Mary so great? Undoubtedly God. She herself confessed the same when she said, "*He that is mighty hath done great things to me.*" And we, too, confess it with her. Then is not Mary the most glorious work of God? If she is great, does not all the honour of it return to Him as its source? Do we, forsooth, believe Mary to be God? Nothing of the kind—that would be a positive blasphemy. But we do believe her to be above all other Saints, because her dignity and holiness surpass them all. Or again, when these heretics shall have reduced this master-piece of the divine wisdom to a marble statue, without sense and life, are we to say that this is pleasing to God, and that this is His will? We rave over the beauty of a flower, and at the sight of Mary, who is a garden full of flowers, are we to remain as cold as ice? Are the children no longer to honour their mother? Who forbids them to do so? God, would you say? Surely not. If it were so, we shall have to say He has no pleasure in His own mother's being honoured, since Mary is His mother: and what is more, that neither does He take pleasure in being honoured Himself in His mother, after having adorned her with such sweet graces and such magnificent gifts. Is such a thing conceivable? Oh, for your own honour's sake, turn back, my brethren, end by coming with us to love and honour Mary. Have no fear, you will take nothing away from the Son of God; on the contrary, by loving her, the Son of God becomes more beautiful. In fact, he who loves an object, loves all also that belongs to that object. Now Mary most certainly is the thing that most nearly belongs to God; she is of all things most worthy of His love, He having made for Himself a delightful abode in her most chaste bosom, and caused Himself to be nourished and brought up by her with such loving and tender care. Then if you tell me that you love God, and I believe you upon your word, you must needs love the mother also. Otherwise, your love is either not sincere, or it falls short; this appears to me evident.

As to Joseph, we may say the same thing of him, allowing for the difference between them. He is her spouse; that is enough.

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Or would you suppose that God had given her an unsuitable spouse? Quite the contrary; he was most pure, innocent, quiet, and holy, as she was. And thus does it appear to you a small thing that he has been reputed and called the father of Jesus, and that he fulfilled all the duties of that office? He guarded Him, he fed Him, he defended and protected Him, he embraced and caressed Him—with what reverence and pity, with how great fervour and affection I leave you to imagine. And a man like this, in immediate contact with God, would you have him to have been anything but most pure and holy, a virgin, in short, in the fullest sense of the word? Or would Jesus, God who commands the tempest, and by a mere sign can make all things out of nothing; He that is essentially holy, would He have tolerated near Himself a man who was not himself rich in virtue and in grace? Would He have endured the kisses and caresses of one who had not been himself a very altar of charity, a garden of delights and unspotted affection? Joseph then, also, attains through his dignity a foremost place; and as we honour Mary, so ought we to give a corresponding worship to him as her spouse. Moreover, as we honour Mary, mother of Jesus, so also ought we to honour, as far as is suitable, Joseph, who was called the father, whom He, Jesus, loved tenderly, and obeyed with the readiness and the piety of a son, as the gospel narrates, "erat subditus illis," He was obedient to them both, to Mary and to Joseph. What condescension on one side, what great merit on the other! Shall such anxious cares, such pains, such labours endured for Jesus, be left unrewarded? Will not his prayer be heard, or will it not please our Lord that we honour Joseph, and have recourse to him with confidence to obtain by his intercession what we cannot obtain for ourselves, or know not how to do worthily? Most certainly it will please Him. For to him, most pure spouse, it has been granted to help us in every need of ours; and you see for this reason how rightly he is honoured by us, and with how great propriety the immortal Pius IX. (whom God preserve for many years) has placed upon his brow the splendid diadem of Universal Protector of the Catholic Church. The harmonies of our worship and of our religion always tend to our edification, to the advancement of our salvation, and to the greater glory of God.

(To be continued.)

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St. Felix of Cantalice.

IT was a happy day for Holy Church when, under the shade of the Apennines, there budded forth this beautiful flower, which was destined one day to shed abroad the good odour of Jesus Christ.

Felix was born, in the year 1515, in the town of Cantalice, his parents were poor and of small repute, according to the world's judgement, but little did that matter, for the genealogy of the Saints, as Boethius observes, is as noble and ancient as Virtue itself, which is their mother. Whilst still a child Felix was like an angel of peace amongst a people addicted to quarrels and bloodshed; parents proposed him as a model to their children, every one loved him, and, even thus early, spoke of him as a Saint. As he led the cattle to graze before the break of day, the morning song of the birds and the early fragrance of the flowers filled his youthful heart with love towards God, and his childish lips would stammer forth the praises of his Creator; while mountains echoing back his prayer, seemed to him the voice of his guardian angel singing alternately with him. In many a tree of wood and vale did the gentle child cut the figure of the Cross, where, kneeling down, he would offer to God the prayers his mother had taught him. But ere long God bestowed upon him the gift of contemplation, and then he might be seen passing long hours before a cross, weeping bitter tears over the sufferings of Jesus, and, incited by love, cruelly lacerating his tender flesh.

When he was a little older he was sent to Città Ducale, where, after a few years spent in tending the flocks, he was employed as an agricultural labourer. Here, as elsewhere, his fidelity, exactitude, and angelical conversation, joined to that sweet gaiety which always makes virtue amiable, gained for him the love and esteem of every one. Neither work nor anything else was capable of breaking that intimate union with God which he ever preserved in the inner cell of his heart. He was quite ignorant of learning, and when questioned on this point was wont to say, "I know only six letters, five red and one white, the most sacred wounds of Jesus and the Immaculate Virgin."

But what shall we say of his ardent love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? No weary stag ever thirsted for a cooling stream with which to refresh itself, as did the loving soul of Felix long for Holy Communion, for from the Sacred Heart he drew copious draughts of the ineffable joys of Paradise. Nor did he experience less delight when assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, against which the then rising heresies were directing all their blasphemous attacks. That day was to him a sorrowful one on which he was prevented hearing mass, but God rewarded his fervent love by a miraculous favour, so that often he was seen by some following the plough, whilst at the same time others saw him at the church assisting at the holy sacrifice with the fervour

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of an angel and bathed in sweet tears. To all this, to the most humble opinion of himself, to the severe treatment of his body, he added a never varying sweetness and charity towards his neighbour, so that if any one insulted or injured him, he would reply with a smiling countenance, "May God, my brother, make you a saint!" Such was Felix; but although so admirable he nevertheless resembled the flower of the field, which needed transplanting into the enclosed garden of Holy Religion, where God is wont, by His more abundant graces, to cultivate His chosen souls, and raise them to the highest sanctity. Felix took great delight in hearing the lives of the Fathers of the desert, and more than once the thought presented itself to his mind of seeking out some solitary spot, which the Apennines would easily have afforded him, where, banishing all thoughts of earth, he could abandon himself to divine contemplation. But the thought of the greatness concealed under humble subjection for the love of Christ, who was obedient even to the death of the cross, withheld him. Admiration for the poor St. Francis of Assisi determined him to ask the habit of his Order from the Capuchins, whose reform had begun only fifteen years before at Camerino, whence by the blessing of the seraphic patriarch it had spread over the whole of Italy, and even into other kingdoms. The following incident determined him to wait no longer.

One day, when he was trying a yoke of oxen, his master came up dressed in black; at this unwonted sight the animals took fright, and, becoming furious, threw Felix to the ground and dragged the plough over him. At first he was thought to be dead, but he quickly arose with no other injury than torn clothes; then, thanking God for his preservation, he distributed all he had to the poor, and departed amid the tears of his relations and friends, of whom he first asked pardon for all the bad example which he said he had given them.

It was in 1540 that Felix presented himself at the convent of Città Ducale, not far from Cantalice, begging for the love of Jesus the habit of a lay-brother. The Father Guardian conducted him to the choir, where all the religious were assembled, and, pointing to the crucifix, said to him:

"Do you see Jesus there, for whose love you are asking the habit? Will He give you courage to live crucified with Him all your life?"

Felix prostrated himself on the ground in all the fervour of his soul, and exclaimed:

"O Love, Love of my soul, who shall hinder me from following Thee, living and dying with Thee upon the cross?" Burning words which drew tears from the eyes of all who heard them.

After receiving the holy habit of religion, he was sent to the noviciate of Ascoli, where he soon showed himself full of the spirit of the Order, a spirit of poverty, of abnegation, and every kind of penance. He cast himself at the feet of the Father Master, entreating him to be more severe with him than with the other novices, who, he said, were much more docile and virtuous. Our

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Lord also proved the holy novice by sending him a troublesome quartan ague, which many times made the religious think of sending him away. The trial was a hard one for Felix, but his Jesus intended nothing more than a trial. In due time he was professed in the Order, which at that time was suffering from the unexpected fall of the General, Ochino, whose ruin Beza had effected, but was raised up, "and, as it were, refreshed, by the sweet odour of Christ, which the humble flower of Cantalice spread all around."

Who would have suspected that to this poor ignorant Capuchin who had but just left the plough, Heaven had confided the sanctification of Rome? and yet this was his mission for forty years. He began the great work by sanctifying himself and his companion, Brother Raynerius. When they went out to beg Felix would say to him: "Now, Brother, our thoughts to heaven, our eyes to the ground, and our rosaries in our hands;" then with his usual grace he would teach him how to preserve interior recollection in the midst of the noisy city. All things serve to raise our hearts to God if we look upon them with a single eye. As for our saint, he had so knit his soul to God that he seemed to be always in a high state of contemplation from which nothing could rouse him so effectually as the words "Jesus," and "Thanks be to God," the children speedily found this out, and, attracted by his sweet simplicity, would no sooner catch sight of him than, leaving their lessons or their play, they would run to meet him, singing altogether "Jesus, Brother Felix, Jesus." To which he would reply with a beaming countenance, his eyes overflowing with tears of devotion, "Jesus, Deo Gratias." It happened one day that one of the youths coming out of the German College threw a piece of money secretly into the holy man's wallet. The poor brother, unconscious of what had been done, began to stagger and gasp as one unable to walk under a burden too heavy for him to carry, and being forced to rest himself he turned over the contents of his wallet and discovered the coin, which, with holy indignation, he threw into the dirt, the spectators greatly marvelling that God should honour by a miracle the poor Capuchin's love of that poverty, which his holy Father had ever cherished as his dearest spouse.

But Felix was beloved not only by children but also by men of every condition. The common people crowded about him to touch his habit, noblemen, and even princes raised their hats and courteously saluted him, the cardinals would stop their carriages to speak with him, even that illustrious Pontiff Sixtus V., the glory not only of the Seraphic Order but also of the Church, would stand still and speak familiarly with Brother Felix. The holy father was wont to ask him, for the love of God, for some of his begged bread, which he would eat with great devotion, and it happened one day that our saint had a piece of black mouldy bread, which, with characteristic simplicity, he presented to the Pope, saying: "Holy father, remember that you are a Friar Minor."

(*To be continued.*)

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

VI.

THE wound was not dangerous, and in a few days the boy was perfectly cured. He was about eleven years of age, tall and robust, of a good disposition, and showed some signs of talent. The only teacher he had had was an old priest, who gave some little instruction to children, and who considered it a great result when his pupils learned to read quickly and to write a letter. Prisca wished that Genesimo should at least learn to sing the office for the dead in the Oratory, and in the parish Church, to assist the priests at Vespers, as her father had formerly done. But this was her highest ambition. From the time of his first communion she was careful that he should receive it every month, and, as far as his age allowed, she made him keep the Rule of the Third Order. As she did not permit him to associate much with other children, he retained great simplicity of character; he did not know what falsehood meant; he had no fear of being deceived.

In the summer time, when the weather was calm, his mother allowed him to bathe in the sea, always warning him not to go far from the shore and not to go alone. Prisca was habitually careful of her son, but once she left him to himself and had bitter reason to regret her negligence. Genesimo came out of the water shivering with cold, because he had remained in longer than usual; he did not follow the good advice of his mother to return home as quickly as possible, but remained playing on the shore. There were many children of his own age round him, and two older lads, the worst and most mischievous in the neighbourhood. These soon began playing tricks, taking up a small stone and putting it in their left ear, they pretended to their companions that, by a smart blow, they could make it come out of the right. It was a trick of sleight-of-hand, which they, perhaps, had seen practised in the streets of Genoa by the common conjurors who gain their living by deceiving foolish people with similar plays, and they did it so dexterously that all the other children were deceived. Genesimo, who, as we have said, was extremely simple and did not understand duplicity, did in reality that which the two knaves only pretended to do; he put a small stone in his ear, struck lightly and sent it farther in. So far the game succeeded well, but when he tried to make it come out of the other ear, it was quite another thing. The deceived child twisted his head, and shed tears of pain and terror; his companions all ran from him and he was left without assistance weeping on the ground. He bitterly repented having disobeyed his mother, and with starting eyes and burning face, with his head bent on his left shoulder, half naked under the fierce sun, oppressed with a great fear, he wept and sobbed in the most pitiable manner.

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Maternal love is an unexplained mystery; it resembles in some measure the love which God bears towards man—disinterested, unfailing, unchanging—there is no weakness in believing that mothers frequently experience a strange foreboding of evil when any misfortune approaches their children. Overcome by one of these presentiments, seeing that the boy was late in returning, Prisca left her loom and went to the sea-shore to look for him. It was quite deserted; she called him; there was no reply; perhaps he had not been there; or had he already left the place? if he had done so she would have met him on the road. "But why should he take another way. I did not give him permission." A sudden fear shot through her heart; shading her eyes with her hand, she looked carefully in every direction, and called him repeatedly. This time he heard her, and answered her call from a rock, behind which, frightened and weeping, he had sought refuge. When she heard his voice she drew a long breath as though relieved from a heavy burden.

"You are here then, and to make you answer I have had to call till I am hoarse; your time for bathing was over, and I have been in agony on your account. In this sun—among these rocks—on this sand—half naked, with your head uncovered—come here and explain."

The boy, in his miserable condition, scarcely needed reproof, although he was much to blame. He restrained his tears, and followed his mother, who continued murmuring in the same strain. When they had reached the house and she saw him with his hand to his ear, and his eyes full of tears, she enquired the cause. He knew it would be useless to try and conceal what had happened, and bursting into tears, he threw himself at his mother's feet, and, with ingenuous simplicity, confessed his fault. Prisca was deeply moved, and regretted having increased his sufferings by her reproaches; beginning to weep, she cried out, "Oh, how unfortunate I am—what shall I do to help him?" We need not describe her grief, or the means she used to extract the stone; the advice given by the neighbours she called to her assistance or the uselessness of the remedies suggested by the famous doctor, Maria Antonia. All this our readers can easily imagine. They had recourse to the surgeon, but either through his want of skill, or for lack of proper instruments to perform such an operation, nothing could be done. When Christians, in their infirmities, have recourse to doctors and medicines, they do not omit to have recourse to God also, who gives healing qualities to the medicine and intelligence to the doctor. There are those who do not acknowledge this truth, and who are satisfied with having some celebrated physicians at their bedside; they will bring them from distant places, they will pay them large sums, and yet sometimes these great professors fall into fatal errors, which an ordinary practitioner will easily avoid. To confide in the skill of man alone, is to deny the power of Providence. The good Prisca hastened to implore aid from above. Besides the prayers she said before the altar of the Madonna del

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Carmine, she recommended her son to St. Antony of Padua, towards whom she had taught Genesimo to feel especial devotion; she lit the lamp before his altar, and with her son, recited many prayers to the Saint. Three days had passed, when, during the night Prisca was surprised to hear Genesimo talking, apparently with some other person; she started up and quietly drew near his bed; there was nothing; the child was asleep. She lay down again and presently again heard him murmuring inarticulate words. "He is dreaming," said she to herself, and thought no more of the matter; but what was her astonishment, when in the morning she saw, to her inexpressible joy, the happy Genesimo, standing by her bed, holding in his hand the stone, which he declared St. Antony himself had taken from his ear. Perhaps some who read this will not see anything supernatural, and we are far from proclaiming it a miracle, but we think it merits some consideration, and that Prisca only acted as a grateful Christian should, in making a small offering at the shrine of St. Antony in token of thanks for the favour she had obtained.

Genesimo received the punishment he deserved for his disobedient conduct. By the just decision of his mother, he was forbidden to bathe for the rest of the year; however calm the sea might be, however he might suffer from the heat, from that time he should not be allowed to go out of her sight.

Children are unstable in their resolutions, and the impression made by misfortune is soon effaced from their minds. It is the fault of their age, and, if the truth were told, our own youth was not free from it. This reflection should make parents careful not to expect from their children the wisdom and stability of mature years, and warn them not to be too severe upon their thoughtlessness, to be gentle in their corrections, and considerate to those who err. Our readers will soon understand why we make these observations.

VII.

Piracy, towards the end of the eighteenth century, was the great scourge of our waters. The vessels of Algerine Corsairs, coming from the coast of Africa, infested the seas in search of prey. They fiercely attacked the ships and, armed with scimitars, engaged in sanguinary conflicts; they were often defeated, but when they were the conquerors, they burnt or sunk the vessel after having plundered her of all that was valuable, or audaciously taking the command, conducted her to their haunts, and sent into slavery the few of the crew who had escaped their murderous weapons. They chased the fishing boats if they ventured out of the ordinary track, seized upon them, and after having despoiled them of all, pitilessly murdered the fishermen. When they saw an opportunity, they daringly approached the coast, and, taking advantage of the absence of the men, attacked the nearest houses, and committed the most atrocious crimes. Sometimes they cunningly remained

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in the open sea during the day, and when night closed in, quietly landed, concealed themselves among the rocks, or in some deep cavern, and, before the people could awake, or when the men had gone fishing, overran the country, sacking it, and carrying everywhere desolation and death. In some of our sanctuaries may still be seen old prints and pictures, placed there by the piety of the faithful, which represent occurrences of that day. People lived in continual fear. To guard against surprise and to have time to prepare some defence against these barbarous robbers, they erected here and there, on the highest and most inaccessible rocks along the shore, strong square towers, where in time of danger watchmen were always stationed, who as soon as they saw any suspicious-looking vessel, sounded a horn, and raised a fishing-basket on a mast, to warn the people. The women and children then fled to the mountains, the men brought all the skiffs, small boats, &c., carefully to the land, and armed themselves in the best way they could to repulse the barbarians when they attempted to disembark. At night they kindled large fires on these platforms, composed of resin and tar, which could be seen at a great distance, and were signals that the Corsairs were in the neighbourhood.

(*To be continued.*)

Franciscan Chronicle.

*** We beg the attention of our readers to the notices on page 2 of our wrapper, by which much inconvenience may be avoided.

CARDINAL PECCI ON THE THIRD ORDER.—His Eminence Cardinal Pecci, Bishop of Perugia, has addressed the following pastoral letter to the priests of his diocese :—"It is now five years since, in publishing our Diocesan Calendar, we spoke of the Third Order of St. Francis, explaining its origin, its character, and its utility, and exhorting you to introduce and propagate it within our diocese. Yet we think it desirable, even now, to say something of this Order, which seems to be a most efficacious remedy for the grievous evils under which society is reduced to its last gasp.

"We cannot doubt but that God, Who desired St. Francis to institute it for the amendment of morals, the support of the Faith, and the preservation of concord, desires at the present time to make use of it for the renewal of Christian perfection in the faithful. Neither is this merely our opinion, but rather that of many eminent personages. Jean-Marie Vianney, the late Curé of Ars, so renowned for his sanctity, used to say that the revival and propagation of the Third Order in France was ordained by Divine Wisdom for the

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salvation of civil and religious society. The most illustrious Monseigneur de Ségur, showing the power of sanctification inherent in the Third Order, affirms that the hopes of the Christian world are founded upon it. The Catholic Congresses held in Italy of late years have expressed their desire to see the Order of Penance spreading wider and wider, knowing that from it emanates a most efficacious power for the triumph of the Church of Christ over her enemies. Yet, what is of more importance, our most Holy Father, Pius IX., in his brief to the editor of the *Annali Francescani*, confesses that he also cherishes the same hope which comforts many of the faithful, that from this Institution will be derived the remedy for the evils which oppress human society.

"Wherefore we, who have always entertained a special love for the brethren of the Third Order and, after obtaining from the Sovereign Pontiff the faculty of directing the Primary Congregation of that Order, have found our love for them increased, again and again exhort the parish priests of our city and diocese to plant and diligently cultivate in their parishes this excellent tree, which produces the most precious fruit. Indeed, whilst making the visitation of our diocese, we found, with immense joy to our soul, that where it has been planted it has already yielded abundant fruit; for, with the eradication or at least the diminution of vice and the amelioration of morals, a firmer faith reigns in those places, charity increases, the practice of good works is promoted; and the faithful, instructed in the divine wisdom of Christ, more easily and securely escape the snares of the perfidious, who are working with all their might to withdraw Christians from the bosom of the Church and obedience to the Roman Pontiff.

"Accordingly we exhort as forcibly as possible all pastors of souls to employ every care and diligence in propagating this Seraphic Order amongst their flocks, explaining to the people, either privately or publicly, its excellence, its facility, and its advantages. Its excellence, indeed, since it had for its author the most illustrious Francis of Assisi, a man worthy to be compared with the Seraphim, a man most beloved of Christ, Whom he resembled most perfectly; since amongst its members there are so great a number renowned for piety and learning; since it has had so many and so great admirers and panegyrists, especially amongst the Roman Pontiffs, who have enriched it with most singular privileges and indulgences. Its facility, in the second place, that the faithful may not refuse to join the Order through prejudice or fear of imaginary difficulties, when persuaded that it was expressly instituted by St. Francis for those who are obliged to live in the world, and therefore does not impose any obligation on its members, whilst it strives to promote amongst them the observance of the Divine Commandments and the Precepts of the Church by means of the practice of good works. Lastly, let them exhibit its advantages and utility, seeing that the Third Order restores peace, tranquillity, and all virtues to domestic and civil society.

"We give notice to the parish priests of our city, that the Third

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Order has been for some time already legally established here, in the church of the Oratory of St. Philip. Let it be known to all that it is our desire this congregation should make daily fresh advancement, by the increase in number of its members, by appropriate discourses at the monthly meetings of both sexes, and by a most careful observance of the rule of the Order. And to this effect it is necessary that all who are called to take a share with us in the burden of pastoral solicitude, should unite with us in this work perseveringly and untiringly, as a result of which they may be most sure they will co-operate efficaciously in restoring or preserving to their flocks true morality and integrity of faith.

"Given at Perugia, January 12, 1877.

"JOACHIM, *Card. Bishop.*"

A PROCESS OF BEATIFICATION.—Some progress has been made in the process of beatification of another son of St. Francis, the servant of God *Bartolommeo Pucci-Franceschi*, of Montepulciano, who died in the Franciscan monastery of that city, the 6th May, 1328, with such a reputation for sanctity, that beyond all doubt he must have been straightway admitted to the delights of the Beatific Vision. The whole life of this servant of God may be summed up in those words of the Gospel (Matt. xix. 29): "Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting."

Blessed *Bartolommeo* was born at Montepulciano, and having spent his childhood and youth in the religious and moral virtues proper to a Christian, married Camilla, a daughter of the illustrious and powerful family Del Pecora. Four sons were the fruit of this holy union. As soon as the sons were of age to manage the family affairs, Camilla made a vow of chastity, and our saint, leaving the world, put on the habit of St. Francis amongst the Conventuals of Montepulciano. In the Order which he had embraced he employed every kind of mortification, and practised all virtues in heroic degree. He was favoured by God with the grace of miracles during his life and afterwards. Amongst others, in a time of famine, was a great multiplication of corn, which was commemorated by the erection of a column in his honour. His remains were exhibited for public veneration not long after his death, and have since been exposed every year in the monastery where he died. Monsignor Raphael Pucci-Sisti, illustrious bishop of the city of Montalcino, was, in years gone by, the first to promote the process of beatification of his glorious ancestor. The process has now been completed in the ecclesiastical court of Montepulciano for obtaining from the Holy See the approval of the *cultus* exhibited to him *ab immemorabili*. Let us hope that God will soon glorify His faithful servant, who following in the footsteps of the Seraph of Assisi, despised the world and amassed treasures for that blessed country where the glory and pomp of this miserable world are but silence and darkness.

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THE THIRD ORDER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—A Tertiary writes as follows to the *Annali Francescani*: "For the third time has Constantinople seen the children of the Third Order of the Seraphic St. Francis united in general assembly with those of the Apostolic St. Dominic, in order to consolidate still more firmly the holy union which is to convert very many souls in this Eastern Babylon. If twelve Apostles have converted the world, some hundreds of good and fervent souls will be able to change the aspect of Constantinople and of all the East. I am sure that St. Francis will look down from heaven with the greatest pleasure on the progress which the Third Order is making throughout the East, and having taken this part of the world to his own share, when he divided the world for conversion amongst his sons, will now make continual intercession for it, that his chosen portion may bring forth fruit a hundredfold by means of his children in all his three Orders.

"On the Feast of the Epiphany the Dominican and Franciscan Tertiaries were assembled in the Church of St. Louis, King of France, and Protector of the Third Order, which is served by the Capuchin Fathers. The church was beautifully adorned and lighted, it being the day of the monthly Exposition which has been introduced in every church at Constantinople since the publication of the impious book of Rénan. The *Pange lingua* was sung and then Monsignore Cannavò, Capuchin, Bishop of Crete, preached a most beautiful sermon on the text, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," explaining the great good which may result to the Church from the holy union of good Christians, and speaking of the mutual love which ought ever to be entertained by the children of St. Dominic and St. Francis. Then he said that as the Christians of the first ages were frequent in prayer, so good Tertiaries ought to recite daily their Office or the *Paternosters*, be present often at sermons, and approach frequently to Holy Communion. Thus did the Third Order revive amongst Christians the fervour of the early ages, and every one, he added, who wishes to be a good Christian, would do well to enter the Third Order. After this beautiful discourse in Greek, which is the language best known amongst them, the children of St. Dominic and St. Francis offered their hearts to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and having sung the *Te Deum* and received the Episcopal Blessing, returned to their homes full of holy joy and good resolutions."

Obituary.

PHILP.—John Philp, Tertiary of St. Francis, died at Antwerp, March 10th, 1877.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AVE MARIA.

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Sentences of the Month.

PRESENCE OF GOD. *B. Benvenuto.—May* 11. Let a man always think that he has God before his eyes.

PENANCE. *S. Peter Regalatæ.—May* 13. Why seekest thou rest since thou art born to labour?

PRAYER. *S. Pascal Baylon.—May* 17. Let nothing hinder thee from praying always, for there is nothing the devil fears so much as prayer.

CHARITY IN CONVERSATION. *S. Felix.—May* 18. As often as we hide a brother's sin God hides one of ours.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD. *S. Bernardine.—May* 20. Let no man doubt that he is loved by God, if he has begun to love Him.

KINDNESS. *B. Crispin.—May* 23. To leave prayer to serve our neighbour, is only to leave Christ for Christ.

DEVOTION TO OUR B. LADY. *Help of Christians.—May* 24. Our life, our sweetness, and our hope!

CHEERFULNESS. *S. Philip Neri.—May* 26. The true way to advance in virtue is to persevere constantly in holy cheerfulness.

ALMSGIVING. *S. Ferdinand.—May* 28. As water quencheth fire, so doth almsgiving extinguish sin.

CHASTITY. *B. Humiliana.—May* 29. Those who would be chaste must not treat their bodies delicately.

THANKSGIVING. *B. John of Prado.—May* 30. We should thank God immediately for everything that happens to us.

PERSEVERANCE. *S. Angela Merici.—May* 31. Spiritual persons should be as ready for suffering as for consolation.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 6. JUNE, 1877. PRICE 6D.

The Spirit of the Third Order.

CALLED upon as they are to cast off the old man that they may put on the new, prayer, whether mental or vocal, should be the solace and delight of Tertiaries. "The retirement, and solitude of prayer," says St. Teresa, "is a tomb wherein we bury ourselves; yet is it but a path leading up to the entrance into life everlasting." This, however, must be taken with some abatement, as the life of a Tertiary is not to be a life of mere prayer, but of labour and toil likewise; yet if we are to be earnest in these, prayer will occupy a large space by the side of active work, which, without prayer, cannot fail to run to waste. Far from paralysing zeal, prayer quickens it, intensifies it, and renders it lasting.

But it were difficult to combine the taste and the relish for prayer with the love and amusements of the world. Hence are Tertiaries forbidden by their Rule costly banquets and assemblies, where dissipation and noise prevail. Abiding in the bosom of their families, Tertiaries should seek for retirement, lest the spirit of their vocation evaporate. They cannot, indeed, wholly with-

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draw themselves from the social relations which the duties and requirements of their condition render imperative; but let them be on their guard, and in their relations with the children of this world, watch the movements of their hearts; for the spirit of worldliness is bewitching—it creeps in unawares, and without our knowing it tempers with its own maxims those of the gospel, thus regaining, by imperceptible degrees, its dominion over the souls who have escaped its snares.

How dangerous is it for a true son of the Third Order to seek solace in worldly society! He may hardly hope to escape from being led astray by the superfine sensitiveness of self-love or the suggestions of vanity. Where the Tertiary will most enjoy his moments of leisure and of unbending from serious cares is round the family hearth, in the company of those nearest and dearest to him; in cordial intercourse free from all selfish aims, he will foster the love and concord so essential to the happiness and well-being of a household. He may there be cheerful without affectation; detraction, flirtation, and trifling are banished from such conversations. God and the things of God are there spoken of, the heart is re-quickened and warms at the mention of the Divine mercies; whilst thankfulness and love are enkindled in every soul.

The spirit of poverty, as far as Tertiaries are concerned, mainly consists in a perfect detachment from all the goods of this world. They may not renounce their property, to sell all they have and give it to the poor, for they are bound to keep it for their families. Still, ever bearing in mind the beatitude: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Mat. v. 3), they should never set their hearts on earthly and passing goods. By this poverty of spirit they will remove the obstacles to the union of their souls with God. Covetousness, as a subtle and deadly poison, infects the heart, and implants therein the seeds of death; nor can we easily escape its fatal effects, if we cherish within us a disorderly attachment to riches. The great Apostle sums up, in a few words, the whole doctrine of the detachment which every true follower of the Gospel should practice, and after which it behoves Tertiaries, even more than other believers, to shape their lives. "They that possess should be as though they possessed not; they

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that use this world as not using it, for the fashion of this world passeth away." (1 Cor. vii. 30, 31.)

This spirit of poverty opens up an inexhaustible fountain of grace to faithful souls, and disposes them to the renouncement of self-will, and to mortification. We have but to recall the illustrious title our Seraphic Father gave to this last of his creations, the *Third Order of Penance*, to be fully convinced that no one may claim the name of Tertiary, without the spirit of Penance. The numerous fasts and abstinences prescribed by the rule, are, of themselves, an unquestionable proof thereof; the several saints failed not to regard it in this light, and St. Margaret of Cortona was so deeply penetrated with this truth, that though worn out by watchings, fastings, and other austerities, she lovingly complained to our Lord, for that she was hindered by obedience from presenting her body to Him as a victim of the holy severities of penance. The lives of the Saints, the Papal Bulls for the canonization of the Holy Confessors and Virgins, point out the self-same truth, for they invariably lay especial stress on their love for mortification. Weakness of constitution, the duties of one's state and calling, with other reasons, render it impossible for a large number of persons to wage this open war against their sensuality, but none may claim dispensation from the spirit of penance. If they cannot immolate their sensuality by abstinence and fasting, nothing forbids them the sacrifice of the spirit and heart, that inner and spiritual mortification, which in the opinion of the masters of the spiritual life is far superior to any other. As St. Thomas of Aquin teaches in his "Sum of Divinity," the perfection of virtue consists in the subjection of our reason to God, and the subordination of our inferior powers to reason. The renouncement of our own views, the thwarting of our self-will, is the surest means of doing good, and of keeping out of the extremes of discouragement and presumption. Our hearts easily fall back upon themselves, and yet more easily take up the chain of former attachments which have been sacrificed for God's sake. Not to exercise ourselves in spiritual mortification were to render it impossible to attain the main end of the Third Order. How, indeed, shall we make up our minds to trample worldly interests underfoot, and to avoid falls otherwise inevitable, while we continue to foster within

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us earthly attachments? The heart fashions itself after the likeness of the object of its affection. If we love the world, we must needs become worldly. Thus it is that some become identified, so to speak, with their riches, their honours, their children; "Others, saith the Lord, lose sight of Me to give themselves up to creatures, all such hanker after the earth and feed upon it" ("St. Catharine of Siena, Dialogue on Discernment," c. 48). Enough has been said to convince Tertiaries of the necessity of a penitential spirit for their spiritual advancement, and in order that they may duly correspond with God's gracious purposes in the establishment of the Third Order.

It was with a special significance that St. Francis of Assisi called the Third Order a Brotherhood, according to the second chapter of the Rule he gave it. His design was to re-establish among men the charity and brotherly concord of the early days of Christianity. He viewed mankind as an immense family whose father is God, and desired that all his sons should be knit together by the bonds of the same charity. Our Seraphic Father had nothing so much at heart as to see souls fired with the most ardent love of God, this being the foundation and well-spring of brotherly love. So inflamed was he with the love of God, that at the sole mention of His Name, he wholly melted with tenderness, and would exclaim: "At the Name of the Lord the heavens and earth should bow down."

From the burning furnace of his heart burst forth fiery streams of love, which, spreading among his hearers, converted them to God, inflamed them with zeal, and made them like angels upon earth. But how great, too, was his love for mankind! Like the great Apostle, he had willingly been separated from Christ for his brethren (Romans ix. 3). Spiritual love ministers to souls the super-substantial bread, no less necessary to their lives than the earthly bread is to the body, medicine to the sick, consolation to the troubled heart. Such are the fruits of sweetness and peace that charity should produce among Tertiaries, who, encouraging each other in God's service by the powerful preaching of good example, sustain each other, are mutually helped by wise counsel and brotherly admonition, strengthened and comforted in their trials and sufferings.

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The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THERE are Christians, unfortunately, so misguided as only to consider God under the aspect of a strict Master, and inexorable Judge. They approach Him with fear and dread, expecting to hear the thunders of Divine Justice, when He is gently inviting them to abandon their iniquities.

It is not thus that Holy Scripture represents to us our Lord and Master. Often indeed were the stiff-necked and ungrateful Jews terrified by the woes denounced against them by the Prophets; but we live under a different dispensation. We have seen the Almighty and Eternal God descending from heaven to become our Brother, and to shed for us every drop of His most Precious Blood, in order to acquire the right of treating us thenceforward with the tenderest Mercy, having satisfied in His own Person, to the very utmost, the claims of Divine Justice. To us, then, Almighty God is no longer the God of severe Justice revealed to the Hebrews, as "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation," but the God of Mercy and Compassion, Who cries out to us by His own human Lips, in language dictated by the tenderness of His own human Heart: "I came not to judge the world, but to save it—to save all that was lost!"

Where, then, shall we find a Heart more loving, or one more deeply compassionating our miseries, than the Heart of Jesus? Tenderest love drew Him down from heaven, wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes in the poverty of a stable, and finally nailed Him to the hard wood of the Cross. The same love suggested to Him His first petition, when lifted up from the earth to consummate His Sacrifice: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" This tender love had been constantly displayed during the whole of His life, prompting Him now to instruct the ignorant, now to console the despairing, now to warn the obdurate—at all times to pour forth His prayers for the conversion of sinners. Oh! if we could have seen the look of compassion with which He sought out Zaccheus in the sycamore, His condescension in entering his house, and the gentle perseverance which effected his conversion!

Jesus is truly the loving Father Who forgets not his son, however ungrateful; Who joyfully receives him on his return, and loads him with caresses. Could we but have seen Him sitting by the well of Jacob in Samaria, not to rest Himself, as it appeared, but in reality to bring happiness to a miserable sinner! Could we but have listened to Him, speaking to her so gently, instructing her so considerately, and so lovingly consoling her! Could we have seen Him again, when, gazing upon Jerusalem, He wept so bitterly over its ingratitude!

But we have no need to go so far. The same Sacred Heart is hidden for us under the appearance of bread, and there communicates Its tenderness to us sinners far more intimately. Jesus is

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always resting in the Tabernacle, as formerly by Jacob's well, waiting for men to come to Him at their own time, and ever ready to instruct and console them. There, too, He continues one of His chief functions upon earth, and from the depth of His humiliation under the sacramental veils, ceases not to pour forth prayers and supplications for us, who take so little notice of Him.

How grateful, too, is that Divine Heart, which preserves a constant remembrance of every act of devotion, and rewards it so abundantly! But what right have we to any reward? Can our service be of any value to Him, the Eternal and Immutable God, infinitely blessed in Himself from all eternity, and adorably incapable of receiving any addition to His infinite happiness? Yet He rewards it as though it were a great favour conferred on Him. As though each act of our devotion tended to His great advantage, He treasures it up, and lavishes His choicest gifts in return. What a motive for consolation! What more natural for a man, feeling his own misery and his need of help, than to sigh and pray for it? Even this is rewarded, as though it were of great merit. Nay, the very least sigh of our inmost hearts is observed and rewarded by our Father, Who beholdeth in secret. What, apparently, could be less deserving of recompense than to give a cup of cold water to a man parched with thirst? Yet, if it be given only in the name of a disciple, "Amen, I say unto you," exclaims the most grateful Heart of Jesus, "it shall not lose its reward."

The same tender Heart is set before us as our model. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." We should have but too good reason to despair, were it required of us to imitate perfectly so incomparable a model. But, in condescension to our weakness, Jesus will be content even with our faintest efforts to assimilate ourselves to Him, though we get no farther than to give a cup of cold water for His sake; even so we shall not lose our reward. What an encouragement, then, to our efforts! Impossible as it may seem to bring our cold and selfish hearts into even the most distant resemblance to the burning love of the Heart of Jesus, every step of our way will be rewarded, every effort we make will be accepted gratefully by Him, Whose gratitude is invaluable, since He has both the power and the will to make a return immeasurably beyond our claims upon Him.

As children of S. Francis, we are specially bound to make the effort, since the imitation of the Sacred Heart was one of his chief characteristics. Indeed, we might sum up all the wonders of his sanctity by saying that he perfectly complied with the Divine precept, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." On this account, no doubt, when B. Margaret Mary Alacoque had been entrusted by our Lord with the work of propagating the devotion to His Sacred Heart, he gave her St. Francis for her special protector, and very soon afterwards, though her work had been long hindered by much opposition, she had the consolation of seeing the first oratory erected, at Paray, to become the centre of the devotion which has since spread throughout the world.

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The Canticle of "Brother Sun."

In the eighteenth year of his penance, our holy father, St. Francis, after forty nights of vigil, fell into an ecstasy, on returning from which he dictated to Brother Leonard this canticle, which he charged Brother Pacificus to put into better shape. He then ordered the Brothers of his Order to learn it by heart and recite it daily. On the 4th of October, 1226, being in his agony, he caused it to be sung to him, after which he straightway expired.

GOOD Lord Omnipotent, Most High,
Thy name no man may glorify!
And Thee alone may we adore,
Praise, bless, and worship evermore!

Praise God for all this world's array,
For Brother Sun, the Lord of Day—
His splendour aye doth testify
To God's most radiant majesty!

Praise God for gentle Sister Moon,
And all the stars around her strewn—
God set within the vault of night
That galaxy of jewels bright!

Praise God for Brothers Wind and Air—
For weather rough and weather fair,
By means whereof he taketh heed,
To help all creatures in their need!

Praise God for Water, Sister chaste,
By no low services disgraced!

Praised be God for Brother Fire!
When sunbeams from our homes retire,
He burns for us right merrily—
How irresistible is he!

Praised be God for Mother Earth,
Nurse of all creatures from their birth!
Into our laps her fruits she showers,
And borders all our path with flowers.

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Praise God for those who, for His sake,
Bear insults fit their hearts to break !*
For brows that ne'er in anger frown—
Such foreheads the Most High shall crown !

Praised be God for Sister Death !†
Each one her might encountereth.
Meet her in grace and not in sin,
If you eternal life would win !

O, praise and bless the Lord Most High ;
Serve Him in all humility !

Sayings of Brother Giles.—II.

NO man can attain to any knowledge or understanding of God but by the virtue of holy humility; for the direct way to ascend is first to descend. All the perils and grievous falls which have happened in this world have arisen from nothing else but the exaltation of the head, *i.e.* of the mind, by pride. This is proved by the fall of the devil, who was expelled from heaven, and by that of Adam, our first parent, who was driven out of Paradise by disobedience arising from pride. We may see it also in the example of the Pharisee in the Gospel, and of many others.

So also the contrary, that all great blessings bestowed in the world have proceeded from humiliation of the head, *i.e.*, of the mind, is proved by the example of the Blessed and most humble Virgin Mary, of the publican Zaccheus, of the thief on the cross, and of many others. Therefore, well indeed were it could we find some great heavy weight to tie around our necks, so as to draw us down to earth and force us to humble ourselves.

* This verse was added by St. Francis on occasion of a quarrel between the magistrat and the Bishop of Assisi. He ordered his disciples to sing it in the presence of the contending parties, who thereupon embraced and were reconciled.

† The last six lines were added at Foligno, when it had been revealed to the saint that, after two years more of suffeting, he should enter into his rest.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER V.

The Baptist begins his ministry by preaching baptism and penance. Many flock to him even of the Pharisees and Sadducees, who, confessing their sins, are baptised by him. Jesus Himself goes to John to receive baptism, and in the act the heavens are opened, the Holy Spirit descends upon Him, and the voice of God the Father is heard.

ST. MATTHEW iii. 13—17. St. Mark i. 4—14. St. Luke iii. 1—18, 21, 22. The public life of Jesus is intimately interwoven in its first period with that of the Baptist, who, according to the prophecies of Isaias and Malachias, and of his own father Zacharias, was to be the *angel*, who should go before His face to prepare His way, and the voice that should cry in the desert, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." And to speak without metaphor, he was to be the voice that should condemn the pride, injustice, and fraud of men, should preach virtue, holiness, and justice, in order that it might be granted to all to receive worthily the salvation of God, the divine Redeemer!

The Baptist, who from his youth up had left his country and his parents, and retired into the desert, where he led a very austere and penitential life, clothed with a garment of camel's hair, girt about the loins with a leather thong, and feeding on locusts and wild honey, began his preaching in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, when the latter was in the thirty-first year of his age, and had received from Octavian Augustus the title of Cæsar.

Judea at this time was governed by Pontius Pilate, Galilee by Herod, another son of Herod, called the Great, Iturea and Trachonitis by Philip, also a son of this last Herod, and Abilene by Lysanias. In Jerusalem the High Priest was Caiaphas, who, by mutual consent, divided the priestly authority with his father-in-law Annas.

The scene in which John manifested all his activity in preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins, was the country which lies round about the river Jordan. The people went in

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crowds to hear him, and to be baptised by him, drawn there, not only from the neighbouring places, but from Judea and the city of Jerusalem itself. On one occasion amongst others there had come to hear him certain Pharisees, a sect that prided themselves on their observing the law, as far as the letter went, with the greatest strictness, and amongst them there were also some of the Sadducees, another sect that thought of nothing but enjoying themselves.

No sooner had John, who was preaching to the multitude, seen what sort of persons were coming to ask for his baptism, than he began to exclaim, "O generation of vipers, who has taught you to flee from the wrath to come? Is it possible that you can be acting with sincerity, ye who have hitherto shown yourselves so fallen from what your fathers were, and who have lived without a thought of amending your guilty lives? Arise, and bring forth worthy fruits of penance; do your best to root out the vices with which you have made your lives hideous, and to practise virtue in sincerity and love, if you wish my baptism to be of any use to you." Then directing his discourse to the rest of the multitude: "Tell me not," he went on to say, "that you have Abraham for your father, and that therefore you are the heirs of the promises, made to him. For I tell you that even from these stones God is able to raise up children to Abraham, and that He will do so, when having cast you off for your unfaithfulness, He shall direct His heavenly mercy to another people better than you. And already the axe is laid to the root of the tree; consider well that if it does not yield good fruit, it shall without pity be cut down and cast into the burning fire." These words contained a terrible threat, according to which this people, who were so proud of the name of Abraham, from whom they did in truth descend, would not only be cast off by God, by whom they had been chosen, but would be also smitten with a punishment, which yet remains, the dispersion: *the Jews in fact are dispersed throughout the world.* The causes of this divine and most just vengeance will appear clearly from what follows.

Upon this the crowds began to ask the Baptist what they ought to do to avoid so grievous a danger, and in order not to be involved in the ruin he so plainly threatened them with on God's behalf. He answered them: "He that has two coats, he who has food

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and to spare, let him give to him who has none;" thus scourging the greed of the Pharisees. And certain Publicans also being present (who were the collectors of taxes), and also some soldiers, he urged upon the latter to do no violence, and to overreach no one, not to practise fraud, not to utter calumny, and to be content with their pay; and the former with greater energy he warned not to exact more than was appointed them, not to seize any one by the throat, and not to harass and vex the poor.

The people, who had long had a lively hope of the coming Messias, were convinced they saw Him in John, but he with the view of undeceiving them, and to establish the truth plainly, answered them: "Although my baptism comes from God, by whose orders I am acting, still it is only a preparation, it is salutary to you, if you receive it with confession and sorrow for your sins, and lead a better life for the future. So that, if I baptise you with water, that is if my baptism of itself does not confer upon you any grace, of which it is only a symbol or a sign, there will come One, and that quickly, mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose, and He will baptise you with the Holy Spirit and with fire, that is with true charity; He will confer upon you the grace, of which I have told you, will sanctify you, and will work in you that interior renewal by which you will become wholly acceptable to God. He, I say, who ordained by God, judge of the living and the dead, will have His fan in His hand, and will purge His floor (the Church), and will gather together the grain (the just and the elect) into His granary (Paradise), and will cast the chaff to be burned in the fire that will never be quenched (hell).

The fame of these things was noised abroad throughout Judea, and there was no person who was not willing to be baptised of him. This was a striking manifestation of the providence of God who thus prepared men's minds to receive another baptism of far greater excellence, that of which the Baptist himself had spoken about, that which was on the point of being received by Jesus in His own person to make it a means of efficacious regeneration for us, as I will presently explain.

John had now been baptising a year, when one day Jesus, having come from Galilee, presents Himself before him at the

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river Jordan, and demands to be baptised by him. On hearing such a request, John was seized with terror, and although he knew through inspiration from above His infinite dignity, he said to Him: "What is this that I hear from Thee, O Lord? I ought to be baptised by Thee; wouldst Thou that I should baptise Thee, who art most holy?" Jesus answered: "Make no opposition, John; fulfil the office that I require of thee, for thus it becomes us to be the first to perform every duty, and to practise all justice."

Humility had to give way to obedience, and John, without further reply, baptised him with that faith and profound respect with which so great a Person inspired him, whose will it was to be baptised, not because of any sin, for of that He could not be suspected to have even a shadow, but in order that, having taken the form of a sinner, He might be the first to fulfil all that it behoved sinners to do. In that solemn moment the heavens were opened, and, out of joy, redoubled their splendour, and shed in all directions torrents of light. In that solemn moment, also, the Holy Spirit came down upon Jesus in a visible form, under the appearance of a dove, the most tender symbol of love and innocence, while a clear voice was heard from on high, and it was that of the Eternal Father, who said: "*Behold thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased.*" In that solemn moment, also, was instituted the Sacrament of Baptism, the first of them all, for it is the gate to the others, and, without doubt, the most profitable for us, since by means of it God takes us out of the power of darkness, and clothes us with the armour of light. In other words, divine grace is infused into us, which delivers from eternal death, restores us to the friendship of God, and imprints upon our souls that character, which, while it separates us from sin and from the devil, makes us living members of Jesus, renders us fit to receive from Him, our Head, that life-giving nourishment by which we are born again, spiritually, to eternal life.

Jesus Christ was baptised at the beginning of the thirtieth year of His age; the year in which He left His solitude and began to show Himself in public, and to enter upon His most high mission, of which we shall presently see the marvellous development.

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St. Felix of Cantalice.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Saints who at that time were living in the Eternal City entertained the greatest affection and veneration for Brother Felix. St. Charles Borromeo conversed with him whenever he visited Rome. St. Philip Neri seemed to have but one soul with him; when they met in the streets they would remain a few moments in one another's arms, and then separate without uttering a word, as is related of St. Lewis, king of France, and Brother Egidius; they read one another's hearts, and their souls spoke a language more intelligible than words. They were of the same age, the same gentle disposition, and God had called them both to Rome on the same mission. These two beautiful souls seeing themselves so honoured by all the world sought all the more to make themselves appear ridiculous, and to attract the scorn of the people. They would pretend to quarrel and cry out in the streets, and Philip would drink in public out of the flask of Brother Felix, and then, putting on him his own priest's hat, send him thus attired home to the convent. Our Saint on his part received every humiliation with joy, and was wont, in his deep self-annihilation, to call himself the "little ass of the Capuchins."

This humility, however, was accompanied by a simple frankness which enabled Felix to turn to good account, for the sanctification of Rome, as well the honours he received from men as the gifts of prophecy and miracles with which God favoured him, so that by his influence the excesses of the Carnival were considerably diminished; the Roman ladies were led to observe greater modesty in their dress, and many young men were reclaimed from their evil courses. The holy Brother possessed a wonderful power over the hearts of men, so that the most hardened sinners were moved by his words. But it was especially in preparing souls to appear before their Judge that he gave proofs of the marvellous unction by which he attracted and led these wandering sheep back to God. For the poor and unfortunate he had a heart tender as that of a mother, and he eagerly sought to obtain for them at the hands of the rich and powerful, justice or relief, according to the

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necessity of the case. In the sick he ever saw the Person of his suffering Jesus, and would seek them out in their own houses, or in the hospitals, serving them in the meanest offices, consoling them with gentle words, and bestowing upon them all the relief in his power, for which purpose he had obtained leave to give away a portion of the alms he had begged. Wherever he went he carried consolation, and in his own country, which he only revisited once, he appeared as an angel of peace, reconciling the inhabitants with the Sovereign Pontiff, by whom they had been excommunicated. Everything about him breathed forth purity, and this angelic virtue he guarded so jealously that it might have been said of him as of St. Odilone—"he was a modest virgin of a hundred years;" and Pope Paul V. applied to him the words of the Apostle—that he was "holy in body and in spirit." The two means he used to acquire and preserve this treasure of purity were, mortification of the senses and devotion to the Immaculate Virgin of virgins.

Felix observed all the Lents kept by his Seraphic Father St. Francis; and, whenever he could do so without being noticed, he took only a morsel of dry bread and a cup of water the whole day. During the forty years that he fulfilled the laborious office of questor, he always went about in a very old habit, with bare head and bare feet, which were often terribly cut and bruised in the stony streets. During the severest cold he never approached the fire, he girded himself with painful instruments of penance, he passed whole nights in prayer or in the cemetery taking a severe discipline, at the most he only slept two hours each night, and this short repose he took either on his knees, or lying on a hard board or a handful of straw.

In the time of sickness our Saint appeared the very personification of resignation, or rather of joy. The more his flesh suffered, the more his spirit rejoiced; and then he sang from his heart sweet hymns to his crucified Lord, which he composed in an ecstasy of divine love. In vain the brethren sought to alleviate his sufferings; he prevented them, saying, "Ah, my brothers! do not rob me of the flowers, the roses, with which my Saviour delights to encircle me." And when he was alone in his cell he broke forth in the most tender colloquies with his "Brother pain," which drew tears from all who overheard him. But whence came it that this old man of eighty, on the point of death, was overflowing with such

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celestial joy? From a wonderful favour which he had received from the Mother of God as a reward for the devotion and filial affection he had always shown her, for Mary ever recompenses superabundantly those who serve her lovingly.

One night during the festival of Christmas, Felix was engaged in contemplating the ineffable mystery contained in these words of St. John's Gospel: "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us," when suddenly a brilliant light surrounded him, and he was wrapt in a marvellous ecstasy. He beheld myriads of angels arranged in beautiful order, and in the midst of them their Queen, with the Incarnate Word in her arms. A solemn and mystic silence reigned around. Felix was at first quite stupefied by the beauty and brightness of the vision, but then his heart leapt up and beat so violently that it seemed as if it would burst from his body. His agitation and the ardour of his love kept on increasing till his frail body was lifted up in the air by the vehemence of his desires. The Blessed Virgin smiled, inclined her head, and then put the Divine Infant into the arms of the ecstatic Brother, while the angels in celestial harmony intoned the *Gloria in excelsis*.

This was for Felix a moment of Paradise. Absorbed in his Love, Whom he pressed to his heart, caressed and folded in his mantle, so great was the beatitude with which he was filled by the countenance of the Divine Infant that he quite forgot to give Him back to His Mother.

But this beautiful night passed away, and from that time Felix no longer felt any pleasure in life. With tears he constantly sang the Canticle of Simeon, *Nunc dimittis*, and frequently exclaimed with St. Paul, "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ," and he had recourse to Mary, whom he affectionately implored to aid him.

The sweet Mother of God heard from heaven the sighs of her servant, and came to him. A short time before she had brought Jesus to Felix, now she came to take Felix to Jesus. "Oh!" the holy Brother exclaimed, "Behold Blessed Mary, with a company of angels! Oh, Paradise! she invites me! I go; say, Brother, say once more with me, '*Deo Gratias*'!" Thus he expired. It was the 18th of May, in the year 1587. The flower of the Apennines was a flower of May, and the Queen of May plucked it and carried it with her to heaven.

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Explanation of the Little Office.

CHAPTER III.

THE Psalm, *Laudate Dominum*, which occupies the second place in the Vespers of the Little Office, is so clear as to require but little commentary. It is evidently an exhortation to praise God, on account of His Supreme Goodness. Whilst its similarity to the *Magnificat* points to one and the same authorship, that of the Holy Ghost, it naturally suggests to us the idea of taking it as an exhortation from Her whose Office we are reciting, by which she invites us to follow Her own example and give hearty thanks to our Heavenly Father for all that He has accomplished in our souls by means of his abundant graces. Thanksgiving, we know, is one of our most important duties, yet it is one we are apt to forget; it is well therefore for us to be reminded of our obligation of referring back to their Divine Author all the benefits we have received from His bountiful hands.

"Praise the Lord, O my children," we may then imagine our Blessed Mother exhorting us: "O my children"—first, because we say the Little Office as Her children and devout clients; and next, because She wishes to remind us of the necessity of humbling ourselves in all simplicity before the throne of God when we come to offer Him our thanks, according to the words of our Blessed Lord, "Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3).

No remark need be made on the succeeding verses until we come to the fifth, "Who is like the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, and looketh down on the lowly in Heaven and on earth?" The Latin version follows the order of the words as they stand in the Hebrew, and the English follows the Latin, but according to the Hebrew idiom, as Cardinal Bellarmine points out, the words "in Heaven" belong to the previous clause, and are to be understood "who dwelleth on high, that is, in Heaven." It would be inappropriate to speak of God regarding the humble in Heaven, for there all are humble, seeing their own unworthiness most clearly exhibited by the light of the Beatific Vision. But on earth, alas! it is very different. We can see ourselves but dimly, and the great majority take advantage of their imperfect knowledge to let their imagination run wild, attributing to themselves all manner of excellence, and making themselves absurd in the sight of God and His Angels. Therefore does He turn away His countenance from them, and direct it lovingly towards those who being truly humble, make no attempt to dress themselves in borrowed plumes, but constantly represent their poverty before Him as a plea for mercy. And to such alone it is given to "speak of victory" to praise the Lord, because He is merciful, "raising

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up the needy from the earth, and lifting up the poor out of the dunghill: That He may place him with princes, with the princes of His people," even with the angelic inhabitants of the Heavenly Jerusalem. For He "maketh a barren women to dwell in a house, the joyful mother of children"—that is, whilst of ourselves we are hopelessly barren in good works, and cannot, as St. Paul tells us, even "say 'the Lord Jesus,' but by the Holy Ghost," His Divine Grace is abundantly given to us when we ask for it in humility, and fertilizes our barrenness, so that we rejoice in many children—the good works we are thus enabled to perform.

The next Psalm, the 121st, *Lætatus sum in his*, exhibits to us in the form of a beautiful allegory, the joy which should be felt by Christians at the thought of Heaven. In the first Psalm we contemplated the Incarnation of the Son of God, and His glorious Ascension into Heaven which has opened to us the gates of bliss, in the second, we have listened to the warning not to trust ever so little in ourselves, and have gratefully referred all our graces back to their Almighty Giver, now therefore, in all simplicity we may be allowed to rejoice over our prospects of entering into eternal bliss.

But if the royal Psalmist felt so much delight at the thought of going up to visit the Temple of the Old Law, as to break forth in such a strain of joy, with how much more fervour ought we to repeat his words, seeing that we can apply them, not indeed to the earthly Jerusalem, the glories of which are departed, but to that celestial Temple of eternal happiness of which the Jewish Temple was but a figure?

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me, We shall go into the house of the Lord." These words probably apply to the time after the death of Absalom, when the men of Juda sent to David beyond the Jordan inviting him to return (2 Kings xix. 14). But where shall we look for a similar invitation, addressed to us poor exiles beyond the Jordan, in this valley of tears? We can find it in the Gospel of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if not, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you; and if I shall go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you to Myself, that where I am you also may be" (xiv. 1). These are words of consolation indeed, over which we may well break forth into transports of joy, and sing with King David, "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me."

"Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem." David had lived previously in Jerusalem, and could look back to the time with joy; but the courts of the heavenly Jerusalem are all unknown to us. Nevertheless, the words are very appropriate even to ourselves; for, in the person of our first parent Adam, we have all once stood in the courts of Jerusalem—in the Garden of Eden, which might well be called the vestibule of Paradise, since the passage from one to the other was to have been easy and natural, uninterrupted by the terrors of death.

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"Jerusalem, which is built as a city, the participation of which is unto itself." The Latin version "*cujus participatio ejus in idipsum*," presents some difficulty, on account of the redundancy of the word "*ejus*," copied from the Hebrew, but otherwise the meaning is sufficiently clear. In a few words, we may say that Jerusalem, especially the heavenly Jerusalem, is built like a complete and perfect city, which is sufficient for itself and divides its advantages amongst its inhabitants. We may well doubt whether the earthly Jerusalem ever deserved such exalted praise. No city upon earth can be expected to furnish such a verification of the idea of perfect citizenship, and though it may have been realised to a certain degree amongst Christian communities, which have had all things in common, we must be content to wait for the happy day when we shall see it fully embodied in the Heavenly City, which is so complete in itself that, as St. John tells us, it does not require even the light of the sun or the moon; and divides its advantages so perfectly amongst all its inhabitants, that the Blessed rejoice as much in one another's glory as in their own; whilst the light of the Beatific Vision, which constitutes supreme happiness, is common to all.

In verse 4, "the tribes of the Lord" may be interpreted to signify the whole body of the elect, which were seen by St. John under the form of the twelve thousand signed by the angel out of each tribe of the Children of Israel. "A testimony to Israel" signifies here, as in many other parts of Holy Scripture, a *command* given to Israel, referring, in the first place, to the precept given to the Israelites of going up to Jerusalem three times a year, and secondly, to the command laid upon us of working out our salvation.

"Because there seats have sat in judgment." This verse also has been made obscure by a too literal rendering of the original. The true meaning of "*sederunt*," is here, "have remained" or "have been fixed." The Israelites were ordered to repair to Jerusalem three times a year, "because there the seat of judgment is fixed"—"seats upon the house of David," since from the date of King David's reign judgment was to appertain only to his family, until the last King of that race, the Messias, should extend its sphere unto all nations, being Himself appointed the sole Judge of the living and the dead.

"Pray ye for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem; and abundance for them that love thee." We cannot pray for the peace of the heavenly Jerusalem, which is beyond all assaults; but we may well apply the term to the Church of God upon earth, and pray, as we are bound to do, for its welfare. The prayer of the Psalmist for Jerusalem begins in this verse, so that "and abundance" should be read "let there be abundance." It is continued in the next; and in the two last the royal Prophet explains the reasons of his love for the city—because of his brethren who dwelt there, and of the House of the Lord, which was soon to be built there by his son, Solomon.

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

VII.—*Continued.*

SUCH was the life led by our forefathers. When piracy ceased, these towers, some of no further use, were abandoned to the elements and to the destroying hand of time, which soon brought them to ruin; some were converted into coastguard stations, and those in the more solitary places became the peaceful asylums of birds of prey, where the falcon and the owl built their nests in safety. One, although damaged by time and corroded by the sea air, had been converted into the cemetery chapel; but before this transformation, besides the damages of wind and rain, it had suffered from the destructive sports of children. The entire staircase which led from the terrace was in ruins, and to ascend it it was necessary to climb the shattered walls with great risk of a dangerous fall among the rubbish and sharp rocks beneath. But children are careless of these things.

It was on the evening of the 1st November, the solemn Feast of All Saints, and Genesimo accompanied his mother to the Oratory to offer up the customary prayers for the dead; not liking to remain among the crowd in the church, he asked her permission to go out for a little while. Prisca, who was saying the rosary, without interrupting her prayers, made a sign of acquiescence, and in a moment the boy passed through the people and left the building.

Outside the chapel were assembled all the boys of the neighbourhood, divided into groups, many carrying the customary wax tapers, which they strove to keep alight by sheltering them with their hands, hats or caps, from a light wind which began to be felt. Suddenly some one proposed to collect wood on the top of the tower, and there to make a bonfire. The proposal was too pleasing not to be listened to and warmly applauded by all. "Yes, yes, let us make a bonfire," they cried with one voice, "let us make a bonfire, make haste, and before the end of the service there will be a splendid sight," and they began, with eager haste, to gather together plants, roots, branches, wood, anything that came to their hands, and carrying it to the top of the tower, heaped it up in the centre, those who had first suggested the idea standing gleefully round, applying the fire, while the others, a little way off, shouted and clapped their hands with unbridled delight.

Extreme pleasure is often allied to misfortune. The lads who had been the leaders of the mischief had never thought that, in raising the bonfire and increasing its fierceness, they would have no power to control the flames, and that the wind, which was rising fast, would drive the flames towards the old doorway of the staircase, thus closing the only means of exit from the place in which they had so incautiously enclosed themselves. When they saw

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their mistake it was too late to rectify it. The fire burnt furiously, and they began to feel its scorching heat. They mounted the parapet, but its height from the ground terrified them, and the smoke took away their breath. They called loudly for help, but no one came to succour them.

Their friends were all in the chapel, and the thick smoke prevented their companions seeing their danger. At last help came, but not a moment too soon. The people, leaving the chapel at the close of the Divine Office, at once perceived the fearful sight. They quickly brought a long ladder, by means of which they were rescued from the deadly peril, and brought down, one by one, in a state of terror and prostration easily imagined. Among them was the son of Prisca. Wine was brought to restore them, and every means used to bring back their strength, but they were obliged to be carried each to his own home, as fear had completely deprived them of the power of walking. There was, of course, a crowd of friends around them, each occupied with his own particular charge. Prisca was kneeling beside her boy, without uttering a word; fear had deprived her of speech, while Genesimo gazed at her with dismayed and wistful eyes. She attempted to carry him, but as she raised him from the ground, she felt some one pull her dress, and heard the voice of a person she knew, tell her to leave the child to his care. It was the friend who had held Genesimo at his Baptism.

"God bless you, Lacrimosa Valle, and reward you for your charity," said she when she saw him so near. "I am in great need of your help."

"Give way," said the good man; "leave him to me." And taking Genesimo in his arms, with many consoling words, he carried him home; where we will leave the mother and son, the one to lament her misfortunes, the other to express his penitence, while we make known to our readers this new personage, whom the series of adventures we are about to relate obliges us to introduce into our story.

Lacrimosa Valle was a tall man, about sixty years of age, with a long grey beard, which gave him a harsh aspect, although his heart was as tender as a mother's towards her children, easily moved by the sorrows of others, of high principles and firm faith. He was one of the most zealous of the Christian Brothers, who are charged with the duty of instructing in the first rudiments of religion those children who have not yet been permitted to receive the Holy Eucharist. His Baptismal name was Stephen, but for many years no one had called him by it; the children were even ignorant that he bore it.

To avoid the risk of uttering in haste profane or harsh words, which might cause scandal, his confessor, Father Joseph (with whom we are already acquainted), advised him, whenever he had occasion to correct some youthful chatterer, to say some few words which could not offend; and he had accustomed himself, when things went contrary to that which he believed to be right, to

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repeat those of the *Salve Regina*: "*In hac lacrimosa valle,*" words which expressed his resignation to whatever might befall. His frequent repetition of this phrase had caused him to be known, first by the children, afterwards by the neighbours, and at last through all the country, by the name of Lacrimosa Valle. He himself adopted it so completely that he called himself by no other, and when anyone expressed a doubt about it, he assumed a haughty air, and shaking his head so that his long beard waved over his breast, said, "When Lacrimosa Valle affirms anything, you may believe him." He was married, but had no children, which was his greatest affliction. He could not read, but he had great experience of the sea; he knew all the phases of the moon, the course of the stars, understood all the signs of the weather, and predicted storms as correctly as a barometer. If he said, "To-morrow it will rain," it was certain that rain would come; when he told the fishermen that the weather would be unfavourable for their occupation, they never ventured out to sea. In his voyages to the Levant he had seen many times the lights of St. Erasmus quivering on the yards of his vessel. "By the grace of God, and the protection of St. Erasmus, and of the holy souls in purgatory," he was in the habit of saying, "I have been saved from many dangers." Often he had contended hand to hand with the Greek pirates, and had fought valiantly. In his younger days he had been a pilot, but having by an unlucky fall broken his leg, and having unfortunately been unskilfully treated, he was rendered incapable of enduring the fatigue of his profession; he had since contented himself with the position of steward. And he succeeded well in his new vocation. He pleased the sailors by giving them good food, and the captains by being economical and allowing no waste. He was never without employment. All masters of ships were eager to have him, and they preferred his pupils in the art of cooking to all others. He had one fault, very perceptible on board ship, where all authority is centred in the captain—he was rather obstinate in holding to his own opinions, but his many good qualities made them overlook this trifling defect in his character. He was very fond of children, and when mothers recommended their boys to his care he watched carefully over them, not allowing them to frequent the forecastle, lest they should be scandalised by the language and manners of the sailors; he was solicitous that they should say their prayers, and in his leisure moments he taught them the Christian doctrine. When they reached the port he never allowed them to land without him, and at sea he kept them always under his own eye. His great kindness of heart made him very indulgent to them, but he knew how to punish judiciously. As may be supposed, a man of this character had great influence with his neighbours; he had many friends and many godchildren, among them were Prisca and Genesimo.

(*To be continued.*)

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Franciscan Chronicle.

NEW FRANCISCAN PRELATES.—The Holy Father has lately created—1. Cardinal Priest, Monsignore Luigi di Canossa, Bishop of Verona, a Tertiary of St. Francis; 2. Archbishop of Bologna, the zealous Tertiary, Monsignore Lucido Parocchi, translated from the See of Pavia; 3. Bishop of Gozo, the Very Reverend Doctor Pietro Pace, canon of the cathedral of Malta, and one of the first amongst the revived congregation of Tertiaries in that place; 4. Bishop of Pavia, Monsignore Agostino Riboldi, an illustrious *savant*, and the glory of the Milanese Tertiaries; 5. Bishop of Cariati, Monsignore Guiseppe Antonio Virdia, of the Minor Conventuals. We may also mention amongst the greatest living Prelates of the Third Order, his Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Secretary of State to the Holy See.

PROGRESS OF THE THIRD ORDER IN ITALY.—We give the following, from the *Annali Francescani*, as examples of the steady progress which the Third Order is making in Italy, waiting patiently for the happy time when we shall be able to make similar announcements respecting our own country. The Very Reverend Luigi Pini, Arch-priest of Alviano, writes:—"Having had the honour of being clothed in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, the 25th July, 1876, at the hands of the Very Reverend Father Bernardo, of Ceglie, I wished to introduce the said Order into my parish, knowing the great advantages which would be derived from it. Accordingly, on the 2nd February, to fulfil the pious wishes of my parishioners, the inauguration took place, and, to begin with, twenty-four persons, men and women, received the habit from the Rev. Father Eugenio, of Guardea. Thirty other persons have already signified their desire of receiving it, and notable profit already appears from it." Father Antonio Cuverà, also writes:—"I rejoice to inform you of the new conquest made by the Third Order in the parish of Visnà di Vazzola (Diocese of Ceneda). A person who had been admitted in March last year became, as it were, the fertile seed of many other receptions. In November, I gave the habit to fourteen brothers. But the long nights of winter were not wasted in this good parish. The Rule of the Third Order was so much studied and discussed, so great a desire was enkindled of entering it, that on the Feast of St. Joseph, I solemnly admitted forty-eight brothers, and the number would have been greater but for an unfortunate accident. The parish-priest is also a Tertiary, so that by his zeal and co-operation there can be no doubt of the number being greatly increased, or of the establishment of a congregation."

THE VENERABLE FELIX OF NICOSIA.—On the 6th April, the

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Sacred Congregation of Rites, under the presidency of Cardinal Panebianco, discussed two miracles in the cause of Beatification of the Ven. servant of God, Felix of Nicosia, a Capuchin.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF DOLOURS, PECKHAM.—The meeting of May 6th at this church saw ten novices admitted to profession, and four new members received, whilst that of April witnessed the unusual number of thirteen professions and five receptions. The numerous spectators attracted to the ceremonies testify to the great interest now taken in the progress of the Third Order. Previous to the professions on May 6th, the kind and zealous Director, Father William, delivered an impressive discourse, showing that the Rule of the Third Order did not require anything extraordinary, but only that the members should try to be real Christians, and keep the commandments of God with great fidelity. The General Absolution was afterwards given, and the whole closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the hymn to St. Francis, lately published in our pages, having been sung with great effect by the large number of Tertiaries present.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FRANCISCAN ANNALS."

DEAR SIR—A friend of mine, one of the Sydenham congregation of Tertiaries, writes to me from Italy, where she is now travelling, to enlist the sympathies of Franciscans in England in a work of great charity, which she has discovered in its infancy at Sorrento, near Naples, under the care of Franciscan sisters. It is their object to collect the destitute children of the *Marina Grande*—the fisherman's quarter—of Sorrento, and provide them with food both for soul and body. One hundred and forty children are now receiving gratuitous instruction, and a school is in progress, but at present the work is being carried on in two rooms only of a half-built house, and funds are sadly required even for the support of the work, to say nothing of the building. Three Masses each month are promised on behalf of subscribers. I shall be most happy to take charge of any contributions which the charity of your readers may prompt them to send me, at 23, Golden Square, W. and will take care to forward them without delay. I am, dear sir, yours truly in Christ,

SISTER CLARE (LETTS), Tertiary of St. Francis.

P.S.—P. O. Orders to be made payable to "Sophia Letts."

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Sentences of the Month.

POVERTY. *B. James of Strepa.—June* 1. He who wishes for temporal goods will never have devotion.

DETACHMENT. *B. Baptista Varani.—June* 2. He who wishes for anything but Christ, does not know what he wishes.

OBEDIENCE. *B. Andrew of Spello.—June* 3. To be really obedient we must obey without reasoning.

CUSTODY OF THE TONGUE. *B. Pacificus.—June* 5. To keep thy heart first look to thy tongue, for it is nearest to the door.

RESIGNATION. *S. Barnabas.—June* 11. "Lord as Thou wilt and as Thou knowest, have mercy upon me."

DESIRE OF HEAVEN. *B. Guy of Cortona.—June* 12. There is nothing good in this world, all is vanity.

CONFIDENCE IN PRAYER. *S. Antony of Padua.—June* 13. Whatever you ask, believing, you shall receive.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER. *B. Yoland.—June* 16. Let persons in the world make a temple of their houses.

FRATERNAL CHARITY. *B. Michelina.—June* 19. He who loveth not his neighbour whom he seeth, how shall he love God whom he seeth not?

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. *S. Juliana.—June* 22. Put Me as a seal upon thy heart, for love is strong as death.

MORTIFICATION OF THE SENSES. *S. John Baptist.—June* 24. They that are clad in soft garments are in the houses of kings.

HUMILITY. *B. Benvenuto of Gubbio.—June* 27.—As wax is melted by the fire, so is the soul's virtue by praise.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 7. JULY, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Hidden Sweetness of the Rule of the Third Order.

THE mystic roll or volume received in vision by the Prophet Ezechiel, which was sweet as honey in his mouth, though written within and without with lamentations and woe, may be taken as prefiguring the Rule of the Third Order. Viewed from the standpoint of worldly lusts and maxims, it teems with restrictions and austere prescriptions. As one of its commentators has said, it seems to be a garden producing but thorns piercing the fingers of those who would gather therefrom the fragrant flowers of virtue and of grace.

But such an appreciation betrays either a total ignorance of the spirit of St. Francis, or a failure to penetrate and understand it. True, if we consider but the letter of the Rule, we meet, on all sides, with fastings, abstinence, mortifications and penitential practices, but if going beneath the letter, we penetrate into its spirit and see the end at which it aims, we shall find but gentleness and condescension. The saintly lawgiver inspired by God to set forth this Rule, and fired with an anxious yearning for the salvation of mankind, prayed, like another Moses, that God would

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save sinners, or blot out his name from the Book of Life. As a living image of Jesus Christ, the love which made him yearn for the salvation of all men led him to set forth this Rule as a sure, sweet, and easy means of attaining life everlasting, and he planned it that it might serve as a mystic ark into which he would fain gather all, whatever their age, sex, or station. Hence he forbore to prescribe great austerities or severe penances, as that would either have repelled the greater number of those living in the world, who shrink from the very name of penance, or would have given them an excuse for regarding the Third Order as incompatible with their state of life.

To obviate results at once so perilous, and so opposed both to his spirit of charity and to the end he had in view in the establishment of the Third Order, he set down only what was easy of performance, even amid the cares and distractions of the world, provided only a little piety, a certain desire of salvation, and the goodwill to do violence to self be not wanting. Intending to reduce to practice the strict and indispensable obligation incumbent on all Christians, be they just or defiled by sin, of doing penance in order to enter the kingdom of Heaven, so as to bear about in their bodies the mortification of Jesus, and thus to become conformable with the "Man of Sorrows," he must needs prescribe austerities and penitential practices, such as abstinence, fasting, and the like; but while including them in his Rule, he seeks, for fear of alarming those he would win to God, to lighten their burden, by allowing such practices to be commuted into others better suited to the wants and circumstances of individuals. It might even be said that, at times, he leaves matters to the free choice and the goodwill of those that adopt the Rule. And the last chapter, wherein the Seraphic Lawgiver declares in express terms that the Rule, with all it contains, is of itself of mere counsel, in nowise binding under even venial sin, affords the most cogent proof of the meekness and mildness of his spirit.

Not so the rules drawn up by this saintly Patriarch for his First and Second Order, wherein a certain rigour is displayed. In his ardent and earnest zeal, he is there ever on the watch to keep privileges, explanations, and dispensations at a distance; he denounces all who would presume to comment upon the Rule, and

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thus to temper its holy severity. His zeal goes so far as to impose several precepts obligatory even under grievous sin, which have been sanctioned by the Church, in order that the dread of transgression might engage his disciples to an exact and steadfast obedience.

To the Rule of the Third Order he has followed a wholly different plan. We there behold in him a wise and indulgent father, filled with loving tenderness for his dear little ones, striving, as far as he may, to make everything light and easy to them, and even while leading them on to bear fruits worthy of penance, declaring that he in nowise intends to bind them under sin. Well may we marvel at his wisdom; according to his idea, love, not slavish fear, was to be the characteristic mark of his dear Tertiaries, the main motive of their actions, sustaining them in all their endeavours; mindful of the words of the Canticle of Solomon: "Love is as strong as death," he was convinced that love, rather than fear of sin and its consequences, would avail with the minds and hearts of his penitents, and ensure their faithful observance of the Rule laid down for them. We may further add that this gentle dealing of his may be viewed as a sacred bait whereby he would draw them on; for, to his mind, the readiness to grant dispensations from the rigours of the Rule would tend rather to awaken and spur on their loving willingness, than to lessen it, or to introduce laxity. And indeed, if we believe St. Augustine, love ignores every difficulty, it feels affronted at the mention thereof, it emboldens us to undertake what else might seem impossible.

Thus the indulgence St. Francis displays in his dealings with his Third Order is intended to encourage those who follow him to bear cheerfully the yoke of penance, to render this yoke light and even pleasant, and so to inspire them with the wish for a life stricter even than that prescribed. The event has fully proved that the Seraphic Patriarch judged aright, that the artifices, if so they may be called, of his wisdom and charity have succeeded, since his beloved children of the Third Order have not failed to be attracted by his gentle condescension to their fickleness and weakness.

The Seraphic Patriarch had the consolation to behold the earnestness wherewith those of his children who remained in the

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world kept the Rule, and went beyond its requirements. Nor have later ages proved them degenerate. Even in these days there is no Tertiary enlivened by the spirit of his Seraphic Father, but practises with fervour more than the Rule prescribes. The generous love that is the characteristic of their profession cannot rest satisfied; though doing much, they seem to themselves to be but beginners, nor can they believe that they are doing enough penance, even while they are bringing forth the worthiest fruits thereof, and hence, like certain noble souls, in their thirst for suffering they cry: "Yet more, O Lord, yet more."

And if at times the cares of the world or the violence of passion wean the heart of the genuine Tertiary from these delights to make him savour for awhile counterfeit pleasures, the memories of past happiness and the sense of the real bitterness worldly enjoyments leave after them, will, as it were, compel him to make a return upon himself, and to seek anew what he has forsaken. He will determine to lay aside vain thoughts, the carking cares and anxieties of the world, to return to God, as to the centre wherein he had a foretaste of the delights of heaven, from Whom he has parted, only to find disquiet and trouble—to Him Who so lovingly calls on all who labour and are heavily burdened to seek in Him comfort and refreshment.

For it is in Him alone the soul may find that rest which creatures can never afford; and a further powerful motive to induce us to this return is to be found in the benefits and advantages bestowed on us from above, by means of our holy Rule, not to speak of the miseries from which it has preserved us. "*Turn, my soul, to thy rest, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee,*" says the Psalmist. With this Rule, as with a strong and mighty hand, has He called us from the Egypt of the world, and led us into the desert of penance. Nor is this all; the miseries from which it has delivered us may not be compared with those to which the disorders of our past lives exposed us, for in preserving us from sin, it has closed against us the gates of everlasting death.

"Whoso shall follow this Rule, peace upon them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God (Gal. vi. 16).

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER VI.

After His baptism, Jesus retires into the desert, and fasts for forty days. The temptations of the devil having been overcome, the angels draw near and serve Him. He then returns to the banks of the Jordan, whilst the Baptist gives orders to those who were sent by the Jews to say that he is the Forerunner of Christ, not the Messias. John sees Jesus again and welcomes Him with the title of the Lamb of God. Andrew and Peter are the first amongst the disciples to become acquainted with Jesus, then Philip, who goes to announce Him to Nathaniel. After that, Jesus goes into Galilee, is present at the marriage of Cana, and changes the water into wine.

ST. MATTHEW iv. 1—11; St. Mark i. 12—13; St. Luke iv. 1—13. Directly after He was baptised, or a very short time after, Jesus was led by the Holy Spirit into a desert place, where He remained fasting for forty days. It was here that in one of those ways which we cannot understand, but are yet full of instruction for us, He permitted the devil, who was ignorant of His divinity (or he would not have done it), to tempt Him in various ways.

The first temptation took place as follows. The devil drew near to Jesus, and said to Him, "If Thou art the Son of God, command these stones to be made bread." Jesus answered him with these simple words: "It is written in the holy scriptures '*man does not live by bread alone.*'" That is, God is sufficiently strong and mighty enough to nourish men in different ways. He has done so already, many a time, and you might remember the forty years in which our fathers lived in the desert on manna only. *But that*, He added, *which man really needs, and which is his true food, which nourishes and strengthens him for eternal life, is the holy word of God.*

The devil did not yield, but persisting in his wicked intention, led Jesus to the holy city, Jerusalem, and placing him on the pinnacle of the temple, said to Him the second time, "Now, if thou art the Son of God, cast Thyself down. Thou hast nothing to fear, for it is written: *God has given His angels charge over thee, and that in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest perhaps thou dash thy foot against a stone.*" Jesus, with calm dignity, replied: "I say to thee, it is also written: Thou shalt

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not tempt the Lord thy God." By which he meant to say, "That is to pervert the scriptures, and to make a very bad application of them in the present case. If God has promised His protection to the just, who trust Him in time of danger, and walk in the observance of His divine law, He is still far from granting it to those, who either through presumption or vanity expose themselves without necessity to grave risks merely that they may be able to boast of being delivered by Him, as if He were a God to be played with."

Not even after this did the devil leave Jesus in peace, but carrying Him to a very high mountain, and showing Him the many kingdoms of the earth in all their magnificence and glory, said to Him, with an audacity worthy of himself, "All these will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." "Begone, Satan!" answered Jesus with divine majesty, "*It is written in the law: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.*" Solemn words, which mean; God alone is what He is, hence no creature can or ought to be adored. To put the creature in the place of God is the lowest degradation man can reach, nor is there a worse blindness than this. The devil abstained from any further temptation, and went away, feeling himself baffled and scorned.

If we have called it a mystery that our Lord allowed Himself to be tempted by the devil, it is nevertheless plain that by that very means He has been pleased to give us an example in Himself, having made Himself our model for the way in which we ought to behave ourselves in the battles in which the enemy of our souls in the course of our life so often engages us, and through which we so often find ourselves involved in a ruin which throws us into the most terrible desolation.

The devil tried Jesus with three sorts of temptation, and we may reduce all three of them to the temptation of pride and ambition, the chief sources of all our confusion. For by the two first he provoked Him to tempt God by a miracle, which is simply pride; by the third he urged Him by ambition, which is the first-born daughter of pride. Now pride is the great revolt of our soul against God, to whose will it opposes its own, man striving to gain a victory over God, so that he makes a god of himself. In other words, by pride he would degrade God, and drag Him down to human views and human whims. This revolt enters into all

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our moral disorders, by which we practically make our will prevail over God's will, which ought to be the only eternal rule of all our actions. Well then, when there is a conflict between earth and heaven, the Creator and the creature, when we are come to such a pass as to doubt whether God is to be obeyed or not, when eternal interests come into collision with earthly and fleeting ones—ah! then let us cast a look on *Jesus tempted*. Remember, then, that He conquered and confounded the devil by *the word of God*. That means that only in this way can we attain the triumph or the victory. Because the word of God is *the word of life*. He who makes it his own, he who submits himself to it with docility, with promptness and obedience, finds safety in it at once. In this lies hidden the key to our victory; there is no other. He who does not believe the word of God is lost.

During the forty days that Jesus abode in the desert, His strength was supported by no other food than that of heavenly communications; but at last, to prove that besides being God He was also man, Who had taken upon Himself all the weaknesses and infirmities of our nature, excepting sin, He felt the pangs of hunger. The angels then hastened down from heaven to offer Him their services, and to pay their homage to Him, Who was their King and Lord—that homage which Lucifer by an act of supreme pride claimed from Him, the God-man." St. John i. 28—57, ii. 1—11.

From the desert Jesus returned to the banks of the Jordan. Meanwhile the princes of the Jews, who formed the great council, and watched over the maintenance of religion, moved by the wonders that were told of John the Baptist, sent a messenger to ask him who he was, in whose name he exercised his mission, whether he were Elias or the Messias. The only answer which the Baptist sent them was this: "That he was not Elias or the Messias, but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, *Make straight the way of the Lord*, according to the prophecy of Isaias; that he baptised with water, but that One dwelt in the midst of them, Whom they did not know, Who before long would baptise them with the Holy Spirit; greater therefore than himself in every way, in dignity and power, yea, so much greater that he would not dare even to loosen the latchets of His shoes."

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These things befell John in Bethany, beyond the Jordan, where he continued to baptise; when, behold! the next day Jesus came again to meet him. From the great joy he felt on seeing Him he said of Him with tender affection before all, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. This is the innocent and holy victim, who shall be offered to God to appease His justice. This is He of whom I spoke to you, Who is infinitely greater than I, because God dwells in Him, although He appears to us in a form so humble and lowly. This is He Whose divine virtue revealed to me that I should know Him when after His baptism the heavens should open and the Holy Spirit should come down upon Him in the form of a dove, as in point of fact it happened. This, in fine, is the true Messias, not in the majesty of an earthly king, but I say again, under the form of a meek lamb, destined to offer in sacrifice the holiest of victims."

The next day John saw Jesus walking, and used the same language, with two of his disciples. These two, already smitten with love for Jesus through what they had heard of Him from their master, and full of anxiety to know him better, determined to follow Him. Jesus then asked them whom they were seeking and what they wanted of Him? They answered, in accordance with the desire that was in their hearts: "Master, deign to tell us where Thou dwellest?" Jesus answered them, "Come and see." He led them to His house, and they abode with Him nearly the whole day. This visit caused their hearts to overflow with joy, and they never afterwards forgot it, as the future history will prove.

One of these two disciples, who had followed Jesus, was Andrew the brother of Simon, and happening to meet him, he said to him, "We have found the Messias," and took him to Jesus. Jesus looking fondly upon him, said to him; "*Thou art Simon, son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas;*" a word signifying Peter (a rock), by which name he was afterwards called.

Jesus then, the next day, intending to return to Galilee, met with Philip, who was of the same town as Andrew and Peter, that is Bethsaida, and bade him follow Him. There was no need to tell him twice; on the contrary, he was joyful beyond measure at his happy lot, and ran to find Nathaniel, who is said to be the

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same as Bartholomew, saying to him, "Nathaniel, we have found the Messias, Jesus of Nazareth, son of Joseph, of whom Moses speaks in the law, Him who was foretold by the Prophets, and whom we have so long expected." Nathaniel answered, "What do you tell me, Philip? Can any good come out of so obscure and unknown a city as Nazareth?" "Come," said Philip, "and see with your own eyes whether I am right or not." And while Nathaniel was going with Philip towards Jesus, He with a loud voice, so that all could hear, said in reference to the former, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." This word of praise well described all the ingenuous candour of the character of Nathaniel, who in return ventured to say: "How didst Thou know me, O Master?" And Jesus, "I saw thee, Nathaniel, when thou wast under the fig-tree, before Philip called thee." It was the custom of the Jews to meditate under the shade of some tree in the open air. "I perceive, O Master," answered Nathaniel, "that Thou art truly the Son of God, and the King of Israel." Nathaniel spoke thus because Jesus had not seen him with the eyes of the body, but in a Divine fashion, although he was far distant from Him at the time. Jesus answered, "Dost thou believe, Nathaniel, because I saw thee under the fig-tree? Thou shalt see many other and greater things than these. My word shall not fail. A day will come in which all of you shall see the heavens opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." And thus the heart of Nathaniel, who with great faith had confessed the Divine origin of Jesus, was raised to a clear knowledge of His human nature as a man, of His having come into the world to restore it from its ruins, and to lead it back into the way of salvation, casting out every false idea with regard to His true character, which was not intended, as the Jews erroneously fancied, to reveal generally the splendour of His greatness and glory, but to express His self-annihilation, and obedience unto death.

This discourse with Nathaniel being over, Jesus went to Galilee, to the little town of Cana, where He was invited, with His disciples and His mother, to be present at a marriage feast. Whilst He was there, when the banquet was at its height, the wine failed, Then His mother, not being able to bear the idea that the spouse should suffer harm through such a failure, drew near to her Son

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and whispered to Him, "They have no wine." Jesus appeared to contradict her, for He answered her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? My hour is not yet come." However it was not so, for Mary, who understood the words of her Son, said to those who served at table, "Be ready to attend to His orders, and do whatever He shall command you."

There were standing there, ready for the usual washings and purifications, six large stone vessels, called water-pots, which contained each a hundred pounds of water and more, and they were empty. Jesus told the servants to fill them all with water, and when they had done so, He said to them, "Draw out now and carry it to the master of the house." The water had become wine!

The master of the house was amazed when he had tasted the wine, and not knowing what had taken place, or the change wrought by the divine virtue and power of Jesus, called the bridegroom, and said to him, "You have given us the most pleasing surprise. In every banquet it is customary to serve first the best wine that is to be had, and when the guests have well drank, then that which is worse. You, on the contrary, have kept the best wine until now."

This was the first miracle by which Jesus appeared in the world as the divine Redeemer, and it is worth while to stop a little to study its bearings. Jesus, from the answer he gave to Mary, "*Nondum venit hora mea: my hour is not yet come,*" shows us plainly, if I am not mistaken, that he had intended to put off till another time the revelation of His divine authority. But into the decree of God there entered the idea of the intercession of Mary, and Jesus will hasten the revelation of Himself if Mary interposes her prayer. And so it came to pass. Unless we understand it in this way, no one would be able to explain the words of Jesus, for they would have no sense. Certainly, if he had reserved the miracle for this occasion of the marriage, he could not have said, "*My hour is not yet come.* Or are we to limit this interval to the time that passed between the prayer of Mary and the moment of the change of the water into wine? We cannot think so, especially if we reflect on the grave tone in which Jesus uttered these words. The absolute decree pointed out another time, the conditional one that at which it really took place.

(*To be continued.*)

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Franciscan Legends.—No. 1.*

THE CALL OF BERNARDO.

WHEN holy Francis, for the love
Of Jesus meek and poor,
Around Assisi daily passed,
Begging from door to door.

A rich and learned nobleman—
Bernardo was his name—
Observed how cheerfully he bore
Derision, scoffs and shame.

Musing thereon, he thus resolved:
"Surely our God most High
Has granted him abundant grace
To suffer patiently.

"I will invite him to my house,
Observe his ways and mien,
When little he suspects, thereby
The truth I'll surely glean."

His invitation Francis took
In sweet simplicity,
Unconscious of the artifice
To test his sanctity.

Bernardo then another couch
Within his chamber spread,
Prepared a lamp, and feignèd sleep,
When both lay down in bed.

When in deep slumber—so it seemed—
Bernardo soundly slept,
Despising sleep, upon the floor,
Saint Francis softly crept.

* A metrical version of the *Fioretti di San Francesco.*

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And there he lifted up his arms
Cross-wise above his head;
"My God, my God!" he weeping cried,
No other words he said.

Enlightened by the Holy Ghost,
God's mercy infinite
In rapture thus he worshippèd
Throughout the silent night.

Immovably Bernardo watched
And caught the heavenly fire;
Already virtuous, now he felt
A call to something higher.

To holy Francis he disclosed
His thought at dawn of day;
"My brother, I would leave the world
And thy commands obey."

"Methinks that God Himself has touched
Thy heart, my brother dear,
Yet in a matter of such weight
To grant thy wish I fear.

"To the Cathedral let us go
The holy Mass to hear,
And silently in prayer remain
Till time of Terce draws near.

"The holy missal then to ope
The priest let us entreat,
The sacred words he finds will be
A lamp unto our feet.

"'Tis well!" Bernardo cried; to Mass
They both devoutly went;
After the Holy Sacrifice
Three hours in prayer they spent.

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And when the priest had oped for them
The missal's holy page,
He found the words addressed to one
With a large heritage:

"Go, sell thy goods—whate'er thou hast—
If perfect thou wouldst be;
Give all unto the needy, then
Come thou and follow Me!"

Again he openèd, and lo!
He found on their behalf:
"Take nothing with you by the way,
Nor bread, nor scrip, nor staff!"

Once more he openèd, and read:
"He that would follow Me,
Must self deny, take up his cross,
And bear it faithfully."

"Behold," said holy Francis, "here
Our doubts in mercy cleared;
Go quickly, sell thy goods, we'll do
Precisely as we've heard."

Gladly Bernardo went, at once
His property he sold,
And to the poor distributed,
With Francis' help, the gold.

Whilst thus engaged, Silvestro came,
And when the gold he eyed,
His avarice enkindled much,
To holy Francis cried:

"Too little hast thou paid me, friend,
For stone to thee I sold;
Now thou hast money, 'twere not well
The balance to withhold."

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Though holy Francis wondered much,
His claim he'd not deny:
"Take then a handful of this gold,
Thyself to satisfy!"

That night, Silvestro grieving much,
Reflected ere he slept
Upon his guilty avarice,
And bitterly he wept.

In sleep Saint Francis he beheld,
A cross came from his mouth
Extending up to heav'n, its arms
Stretched wide from north to south.

Thereon he changed his life, his goods
Dividing to the poor;
Nor would he ever look at gold
Thenceforth for evermore.

Soon holy Francis he besought,
In deep humility,
His fault to pardon, and admit
Him to his company.

In poverty and lowliness
The path to Life he trod,
In meekness and humility
He communed aye with God.

Yet Francis most Bernardo loved;
A holy man was he,
Whom the great Father recognised
First of his family.

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Humility, the Foundation of the Christian Life.

TO all who ardently wish to love and serve God, our Blessed Lord addresses this precious lesson: "Deny yourselves, take up your cross daily, and follow Me." Let us try then, with the help of the Holy Ghost, to understand, as far as our weakness will permit us, these words which seem so brief, and yet contain an infinite meaning. Let us begin where Jesus Himself begins, at denying ourselves, our own will, and our natural pride.

Humility is the foundation of the Christian life. As St. Bernard says, if the more than angelical purity of Mary, and the chastity of the Queen of Virgins were most pleasing to God, yet it was the infinite abyss of Her humility which attracted to Her the abyss of the Divinity, enclosed, for our sake, in mortal flesh. Humility alone permits Jesus to live and operate in our souls, transforming them into Himself, and Himself developing in them the plenitude of perfection. The obstacle, the only obstacle, which arrests Him in the harmonious development of the designs which His mercy has conceived for our salvation, is our attachment to ourselves, and to our perverse nature, in short, our pride.

In the language of spiritual writers, we may say that the proud man is attached to his own sense, is inflated and full of himself. If so attached, how can he feel the sweet movement of Divine Grace—that heavenly attraction which secretly charms our liberty, yet without forcing it? He is so full of himself that there is no room in his heart for Jesus. Humility removes this inflation, and breaks this attachment, leaving room for Jesus to enter. There was found on this earth one perfectly humble creature, and it was in Her womb that the Word was made flesh. She possessed Him perfectly, in proportion to Her humility, which was perfect.

In this sense is humility the foundation of the Christian life; there are in the infinite depths of the Divine Mercy fountains of living water, springing up unto life, and only a humble heart may receive them. It is thus a necessary condition for the development of a Christian life, since our very birth into that life is a gratuitous gift of the Divine Mercy, against which pride closes the door.

"Learn of Me sweetness and humility," says the Saviour of our souls, "and your hearts shall enjoy rest and peace." Now peace, as St. Augustine says, is but the repose of order. If reason govern your sense, and faith govern your reason, you shall have peace. You shall have peace, when instead of allowing flesh and blood to govern you, you shall keep them subject to the spirit and to grace—when you may say, in a certain sense, I live, but not of my natural life, for Christ liveth in me.

Therefore at all costs we must be humble. Oh! how earnestly did our dear Saviour Jesus desire that we should be well

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persuaded of this truth! For us He came down from Heaven and put Himself before our eyes of faith as the model and perfect type of perfection. Nay, the Incarnation by itself is a work of such humility, that to characterise it rightly the Holy Ghost found but a word which appals our intellect, the word *annihilation!* And this word is applied to God, the infinite Being—what a mystery of humility! The infinite Being makes Himself a nothing! *Exinanivit semetipsum*, He emptied Himself! This is how the Holy Ghost expresses the Incarnation of the Word! And to this first act of humility how many others succeeded! To say nothing of the thirty years of obscurity passed at Nazareth—a mystery of humility so dear to interior souls—nor of the humiliations which He sought and embraced with so much ardour and joy in His public life, nor yet of the immense humility displayed in His Passion, in His Death, and in His Burial, the same Spirit Who gave us the true character of the Incarnation in the word "annihilation," has also summed up for us the Redemption by applying the word *sin* to the infinite Holiness of God! "Him that knew no sin, for us He hath made sin" (2 Cor. v. 21).

The Word, having annihilated Himself in human flesh, *was made sin for us!* He willed to bear in His flesh the mark of circumcision, the mark of sin; He willed to suffer in His soul the pains, the agonies, and the tortures which sin deserves; He willed to appear before God, and before all men, as the only guilty one, and the only one responsible for sin, which He had never known; He willed to bear Himself the weight of His Father's Justice punishing sin, and thus to feel sorrow and contrition for all the sins of the world, together with the most dreadful of the punishments of hell, abandonment by God; He willed, in fine, to endure the agony of death, to taste death, the horrible fruit of sin. . . . O mystery of love! O mystery of holiness! O mystery for ever to be adored, for ever admirable, for ever incomprehensible—the mystery of the humility of a God!

But if all ought to love and practise humility, how much more the children of the Seraphic Father! It would be superfluous to collect here all the proofs attainable that our Father St. Francis loved and practised so necessary a virtue. The early fruits of his Christian virtues, the fulness with which he possessed Jesus Christ—a fulness superabundantly proved by the impression of the sacred Stigmata—his poverty, above all, and the ardour with which he sought humiliations of every kind, all go to prove that he esteemed, loved, and practised humility. Neither could it be otherwise. St. Francis, as the Church sings in her prayer for the Feast of his Stigmata, was given to the world to rekindle in the hearts of men the fire of Divine Love which was almost extinct. If so, he must have been given to the world as an example of humility, and his work was to rekindle in the world the love of humility. Since Jesus can only be loved by a humble heart, humility must evidently have been his characteristic.

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Chronicle of the Franciscan Order in England.

INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE relating the history of the first arrival of the Franciscans in England, of the adventures that befell them, and of the work they undertook, we must briefly glance at the life of their father and founder, at the first planting of the tree that so rapidly spread its fruitful branches over the whole earth.

St. Francis was born in the year 1182, at Assisi, in the duchy of Spoleto, in Italy. His father was a rich merchant, and he gave his son a good education that he might, when of age to do so, assist him in his business, and help him to heap up riches and treasures for this world. God, however, had other designs for Francis: He too would educate this young man of rich possessions, that he might gain precious treasure, not for this world, but for eternity; and this more important education began when Francis was twenty-two years of age. At that time he was attacked by a dangerous illness, which brought him so near the borderland of the unseen world that he caught one never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of eternity. When he rose from his bed of sickness "old things had passed away, and all things had become new." Poverty was to him henceforth more to be coveted than riches, the lowest estate more honourable than the highest, the society of lepers and outcasts more pleasing than that of dainty youths and high-born maidens.

Francis, the leader of joyous revels, flung away his purple and fine linen, girded round him the coarse garb of a peasant, and took his sweet smiles and buoyant nature to soothe the leper's loneliness and the outcast's misery. He left the threshold of his father's house, and knew no more any earthly home, nor any parent save his Father in heaven.

Many saints have thus left all for God, but few have chosen the lot of poverty and reproach with the child-like joy and exuberant delight that radiated from St. Francis.

It was a gift God gave him for his special work, for it needed all his winning sweetness and enthusiastic love to attract men

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from the absorbing spirit of worldliness that prevailed at the time, to rekindle the dying embers of faith in an age when men's hearts had grown cold and their ears deaf to the voice of God, whilst the love of pomp and wealth had crept even into the sanctuary, and was eating away the very life of the Church. The startling contrast St. Francis presented to the surprised gaze of the luxurious world compelled attention to his mission, and his zeal and enthusiasm drew men after him as with magnetic attraction. For those who followed him he drew up a rule closely corresponding with the one our Lord gave to His first Evangelists when He sent them forth to preach without "purse, or scrip, or money for their journey."

The disciples of St. Francis must possess neither house, nor land, nor substance, nor anything at all," but must live as strangers and pilgrims upon earth. They must wear but one rough habit girded about them with a hempen cord, and only sandals on their feet; and thus they must go forth to preach both by word and example against the vice and luxury of the age.

If we glance at the history of the period, we shall see how great a need existed for this special work of preaching and rousing up souls. There indeed, was the beautiful ritual of the Church before men's eyes, with its symbolic forms. The Holy Sacrifice was offered, the rich treasure of the Sacraments was within reach of all; but a blight rested on the holy ground. The flock gathered in the churches at the summons of the bell, yet the voice of the shepherd was silent; they worshipped round the altar in the old form, but the light had died out of their hearts, and religion had lost its hold upon their lives. Preaching and teaching were neglected by the secular clergy, whilst the monastic orders remained in their perpetual seclusion, perfecting their own souls, but cut off in great measure from any influence on their generation.

St. Francis conceived the loftier idea of combining personal humility and mortification, and the perfecting of his own soul, with the work of saving the souls of others by uniting the neglected offices of preaching and teaching.

The various heresies that were springing up were propagated at this time by the eager preaching of their founders and pro-

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moters, so that there was doubly need for the Church's voice to be heard.

The first follower of St. Francis was a man from his own former rank, a rich merchant named Bernard, of Quintavalle, who, struck by this living instance of one obeying literally the counsel of our Saviour, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give it to the poor, and come and follow Me," left all his possessions to join the "Poor Man of Assisi." The next was a beneficed clergyman, Peter Catanea, who renounced his canonry, bestowed his goods on the poor, and received the penitential habit with Bernard, in the year 1209. On the 16th April of this same year St. Francis, with his companions, made their solemn profession in the hands of Pope Innocent III., promising to observe the evangelical rule of life approved by his Holiness, and thus the new Order was begun.

So rapidly did the number of its members increase that at the second General Chapter convened in the year 1219, at the little church of our Lady of the Angels, near the town of Assisi, there were five thousand brethren assembled, who encamped on the ground round about, and were fed for several days by people from the neighbouring towns and hamlets, who crowded round them with provisions sufficient for their wants. St. Francis, full of apostolic zeal and rejoicing over his children, saw with his far-gazing eyes the multitudes over all the earth fainting for the Bread of Life, and resolved to send forth his disciples both to Pagan and Christian lands, that the former might be brought to the Faith of Jesus Christ, and the latter restored to the fervour and piety of the first professors of Christianity. With this view and in this spirit, he sent several of his friars into different nations; amongst which he seems to have had a particular regard for England, at that time miserably oppressed and harassed with a tedious civil war between the King and his barons.

To this country, therefore, he sent B. Agnellus, of Pisa and others, constituting him the first Minister Provincial of his order in England, by his letters patent in the following form:

"I, Brother Francis of Assisium, Minister General, command thee, Brother Agnellus of Pisa, in virtue of obedience, to go to England, and there do the office of Minister Provincial. Farewell."

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Thus St. Francis himself laid the groundwork of a community, and in effect erected the Franciscan Province of England, as may be seen more fully in the Register of the Order and in the Series of its General Chapters.

As a memorial of this institution there was preserved for some time, and probably still exists, in the Convent of Mount Alverna a picture of B. Agnellus receiving the said patents from S. Francis and holding them, written in large characters, in his hands.

The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

VIII.

"HEAVINESS may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." These words of Holy Writ teach us that the afflictions with which Almighty God tries His servants are but of short duration, and that in His infinite mercy He does not lay upon us a burden heavier than we are able to bear. Imagination often exaggerates our misfortunes, making us bend under them, and murmur at their weight; small trials appear great evils, bringing great calamities in their train. But by the help of Providence these fanciful terrors soon disappear, and we wake happily from our dream of sorrow. This was deeply felt by Prisca, when, on the following morning, she found her son free of all the sad consequences she had anticipated from his folly of the night before. With heartfelt joy she embraced him affectionately, and turning her eyes towards the crucifix which hung at the head of the bed, she fervently thanked God for His great mercy. At first she could scarcely believe that Genesimo had received no injury, but when she found that no harm had happened to him, she renewed her thankful prayers, and desiring him to remain in bed, hastened to the church, as she would not on any account omit to hear Mass on a day of such solemnity. For some days Genesimo appeared so confused and melancholy that his mother began to fear lest the shock he had received might in some way have affected his intellect; but this anxiety passed away, as he soon became as light-hearted and active as before. We cannot wait to see if this last misfortune was an efficacious lesson to him to keep out of mischief; we must pass over a whole year of his life, during which no remarkable change occurred, except that he became more obedient to his mother, who had no other ambition for him than that he should be trained in piety and a holy fear of God. She took him regularly to church, and on every solemn occasion he participated with her in the sacraments. She was an example

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to the mothers of the neighbourhood, who all desired no better for their sons than that they should resemble hers. So this year was for Prisca a year of such tranquil happiness that her life seemed without a cross. This, she was told by the parish priest, was not a good sign for a Christian. Brought up in the hard school of endurance, she patiently endured all the ordinary troubles of this world, and by this short respite from suffering, God prepared her for meeting with humble submission the new trials rapidly approaching.

When Genesimo was twelve years of age, his mother began to think of giving him some trade or business which would enable him to gain a living for himself, and to assist her when old age should overtake her.

The unfortunate death of her husband had given her a great dread of the sea, and she secretly feared that Genesimo might wish to follow his father's profession. For this reason she tried to keep him from all amusements which might engender a liking for a seafaring life, and encouraged him in pursuing such as would assist him in understanding those arts by the knowledge of which he might be enabled to gain his living at home. She impressed upon him that there was no necessity for him to leave his country, "For," said she to herself, "many children who leave their homes angels, return from their travels entirely changed." She earnestly urged upon him the advantages of remaining in his native place, reminding him of the unfortunate death of his father, of the many shipwrecks, of the hardships endured by sailors, of all that her maternal affection could suggest, to keep him from the temptation of seeking his livelihood upon the ocean. But her words made little impression, his heart was for the sea. "Is there not equal danger upon the land?" he would ask; "if all gave way to such fears, there would be no sailors at all." "But the soul, my son," his mother would reply in a tone of awe, "the soul. If we die on land, we have the priest at our bedside, with all the help the Church can give; but at sea—God alone knows how we die—the soul is lost," and she shuddered with terror. Genesimo made no reply; not because he was convinced, for it seemed to him that the soul might be saved even if people died at sea. He remembered that his mother herself taught him to pray every night for the soul of his father, who had perished in a wreck, and his good sense made him draw from this fact a conclusion favourable to his opinion. But as he did not like to contradict his mother, he remained silent, leaving to some other opportunity the clearing up of the question, and he soon found means of making inquiries of one better able to explain it than she could.

The 2nd of August, the feast of Our Lady of the Angels, when visiting the church in order to gain the Indulgence of the Portiuncula before leaving the confessional, he asked the priest, with ingenuous simplicity, "If a sailor had any chance of saving his soul?"

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"Why not?" said the Father; "if sailors could not save their souls, how could they follow their profession? Did not our Lord make sailors His companions? Were not the apostles fishermen? Look at the picture of St. Peter in the church, and you will see that he is in a ship. Have you never remarked it? Certainly, if they are good and fear God, they can be saved like others. Try, my dear Genesimo, and be a good Christian like your father, whom may God receive in glory! See now, I knew him when he was a child like you; he grew up under my eyes, he was obedient and good, and never offended any one. You resemble him in many ways; when I see and hear you it seems as if he was still kneeling where you now are. Go," he added, "and gain the Indulgence, first for yourself, and then for your father." But Genesimo did not move. "Go, my son, and give place to others. Have you anything else to say?"

"Yes, Father," replied the boy; "I want to know if, when a sailor dies at sea, without a priest and without help from the Church, if his soul can be saved?"

"What has put this idea into your head?" said the Father. "Do you wish to be a sailor?"

"Yes," frankly replied the boy.

"Well then, I tell you that even dying in such a manner, you might yet find salvation, as I trust your father found it. Some other time I will explain to you what means to use under such circumstances; we will speak more about this; at present it is enough for you to know that you could die a holy death even at sea."

If F. Joseph had known Prisca's feeling upon the subject, perhaps he would not have replied so readily and so decidedly to the questions of Genesimo, who asked no more, but, kissing the hand of the old priest, and receiving his benediction, quitted the church quite satisfied, no longer trembling at the solemn words of his mother, "But the soul, my son!" words which warred with his wishes and his hopes, and had caused him deep sadness. A bright and cloudless future displayed itself before him, and, continuing his visits to the church, he prayed with a fervour and tranquillity of spirit he had never before experienced.

Franciscan Chronicle.

THE THIRD ORDER AT NAZARETH.—To hear that Nazareth, even in these degenerate days, is still a home of sanctity will be probably an unexpected pleasure to our readers, and as the Tertiaries of that city set an example of devotion to the Passion of our Lord, which is truly edifying, we abbreviate here a portion of a letter addressed by F. Jerome A. Lopez, O.S.F., to the *Revista Franciscana* of Barcelona.

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"The Third Order has existed in the East since a time previous to the fifteenth century, which cannot be exactly ascertained. The most ancient document in existence relating to the congregation of Nazareth is dated 1764. It reckons at present about seventy Brothers, who, besides the ordinary monthly meetings, assemble in Lent and Advent for certain penitential exercises which it will be edifying to describe.

"At those seasons the Brothers assemble every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in the parish church, where the instruments of the Passion and a skull are prepared and placed upon the altar. The priest begins with the *Asperges*, and some devout aspirations to the Holy Ghost, followed by the *Confiteor*, with the usual absolution, after which a preparatory meditation is read aloud. The master of ceremonies then invites two of the Brethren to represent the first step of the Passion, for which purpose they kneel before the altar during the first decade of the Franciscan crown, in reciting which the Brothers meditate on the Agony in the Garden, and the arrival of Judas. During the second decade, which is devoted to the memory of the ill-treatment experienced by our Lord in the tribunals, of His scourging, and of the crowning with thorns, one of the Brothers places a rope round his neck and a crown of thorns on his head, and kneels with a reed in his hand before the Cross, the others meanwhile striking their breasts with great devotion.

The third step of the Passion is the Way of the Cross, to recall which the priest takes a cross upon his shoulders, and passes barefoot round the congregation, representing the three falls which were endured by our Lord, at each of which the Brothers prostrate themselves, imploring mercy and pardon, and to venerate Jesus in His minister, humbly kiss his feet. In the fourth they contemplate the Nailing to the Cross, two of the Brothers standing before the altar with their arms extended in the form of a cross.

"During the fifth decade, in which they contemplate the Raising of the Cross, two of the Brothers take the skull and the crucifix, and having received the blessing of the priest, present them to each of the others to remind them of death and life. He who presents the skull says to each, 'Remember, man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return;' and the other, presenting the crucifix, says, 'I am the life; he that believeth in Me, even if he were dead, shall live, and every one that believeth in Me shall not die for ever,' to which each Brother, making an act of faith, answers '*Credo*.' The sixth decade commemorates the Three Hours' Agony, during which two of the Brothers go round to kiss the feet of the others. The last decade is devoted to the Descent from the Cross and the Burial, and all recite it prostrate on the ground.

"The exercise concludes with prayers for the faithful departed, but on the Wednesdays in March they also take the discipline."

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Sentences of the Month.

RECOLLECTION. *B. Archangel.—July* 5. We should have much peace, if we thought nothing about our neighbours.

VIGILANCE. *B. Lawrence of Brindisi.—July* 7. He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.

MEEKNESS. *S. Elizabeth of Portugal.—July* 8. Peace dwelleth ever with the humble, but the proud are frequently indignant.

PRAYER. *S. Veronica Giuliani.—July* 9. He who knows how to pray well, knows how to live well.

DEVOTION TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. *S. Bonaventure.—July* 14.

While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes,
For those who wrong Him most!

HUMILITY. *B. Angelina.—July* 15. We are all frail, but do thou consider no one more frail than thyself.

PERSEVERANCE.—*B. Simon of Lypnica.—July* 18. We should always fix on some particular fault, and persevere in our struggle against it.

PENANCE. *S. Mary Magdalene.—July* 22. Heal my soul, O Lord, for I have sinned against Thee!

MORTIFICATION. *S. Francis Solano.—July* 24. If thou dost not overcome thyself in small things, when wilt thou do it in great?

ZEAL FOR GOD'S GLORY. *S. James.—July* 25.

The fairest graces spring,
In hearts that ever sing,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

SILENCE. *S. Anne.—July* 26. It is easier to remain silent, than not to offend in speaking.

DILIGENCE. *S. Ignatius Loyola.—July* 31. He does much, who does anything well.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 8. AUGUST, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Explanation of the Rule of the Third Order.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE EXAMINATION OF THOSE DESIROUS OF ENTERING THE ORDER.

"If any shall be desirous of embracing this mode of life, and should be accepted with this end, before their reception let them be diligently examined concerning the Catholic Faith and obedience to the Church. If they profess it firmly, and believe in truth, they may safely be received. Care must be taken that no heretic, nor any one suspected of heresy, nor yet any one of evil reputation be on any account admitted. And if such an one should have been received by mistake, let him, as soon as possible, be handed over to the authorities for punishment."

LIKE the wise man of the Gospel parable, St. Francis would have his followers lay the foundations of their perfection on the solid rock, on the immovable ground-work of the Word of Truth freely and lovingly accepted and adhered to, on the Faith once delivered to the Saints. In common with all who have been like-minded with Christ he realised, with the most vivid intensity, the necessity of a loyal, unquestioning Faith, at once the source and sustenance of every grace, and of every supernatural gift and virtue, the well-spring of life everlasting, apart from which, there may be high and generous aspirations, noble deeds, social virtues, even heroic self-sacrifice, (as we are in

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nowise concerned to deny), but there can be no supernatural life, and hence, no Christian virtue, or claim to that which is its crown and compliment. To state the same view, but in other words, Christ only is the source of grace, of the gift unspeakable, which freeing us from the bondage of sin and corruption completes its work in us by transforming us into the likeness of the Divine glory, but we have no lot or part in Him or His redemption, unless we be joined to Him by Faith and loving obedience. It is on Him, the Truth and Wisdom of God, our faith rests; we believe, for He hath spoken. We hear the Church, we hearken to the voice of those who bear rule in her, solely for that she is the chosen organ of His Divine utterances, or to speak more truly, the dwelling, the sanctuary of His abiding presence working amongst us. The paramount, the essential necessity of faith and of Catholic fellowship is but an aspect of the truth no Christian will be found to question, viz., that Christ is the only Saviour of mankind.

But to our text; what for too many of us is a merely intellectual result, the outcome of thought or reasoning, was for St. Francis a principle, deeply, ineradicably ingrained in the very substance of his soul, and shaping his every thought and action. Nor is it to be wondered that his keen insight into the hidden significance of the facts of nature and of social life, which enabled him to discern God everywhere, to recognise Christ in his least brethren, should have noted His permanent and energising indwelling in His Holy and Catholic Church. Hence does he, at the outset, require of the aspirants to the Third Order, a purity of faith, a loyalty to the Church above suspicion.

Nor is this preamble void of instruction and warning to us, in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Our occupations, amusements, studies, and especially desultory reading bring us into close contact with the sceptical scoffing of the times, and, unless we are on our guard, may dim within us the light of faith, and cool the fervour of Catholic loyalty. Our faith to resist these constant disintegrating influences must be enlightened, not indeed in the sense that we are to make our puny reason, our half knowledge, our prejudices and ignorances, as is so often the case, the measure of all things human and Divine, but that we should, in the measure of our opportunities, study our religion in order to

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a clear and accurate knowledge of its teachings and requirements; it should frequently form the subject matter of our serious reflection, the more so, as it is intended not only to regulate our thoughts, but to be the law of our lives and actions.

But the Church is not only the depository of the Revelation of God in Christ Jesus, she has further received from him a legislative power, which claims our willing obedience. He that teaches in and by her, in virtue of His Divine mission, warns us against courses either sinful in themselves, or in their tendencies. The spirit of loyal obedience will help to foster in us a reverential sympathy for all who are invested with rule in the Church, for our pastors and spiritual guides, in whose persons Christ Himself ministers unto us, by whom He instructs, warns and consoles us. It may be urged that they are but men like ourselves, and that their frequent faults and shortcomings will not permit us to forget it. But the faults of a few prove but against themselves and cannot be pleaded against the claim, the virtues and self-devotedness of the many upon our respect and esteem. Waiving this, the reverence which the instinct of Catholic piety prompts us to pay to our pastors, centres not in them, nor their personal qualities, but in the gift they bear within them, in that priesthood of the Great "High Priest of our profession," in which they have been chosen to share. It is but a special form of that charity, which rooted in faith combines in itself the beauty and fragrance of every Christian grace and virtue. Like Him, whose best and choicest gift it is, it looks not to the outward man, but to the heart, in which it discerns the image of God after which man is made, the evidences of the Redeeming love claiming brotherhood with the lowest, the least, of our guilty fallen race. In a word, it discerns in man the Divine work, the Divine gift, witnessing in turn to a love whose depths may not be fathomed by the ken even of angelic minds. This is the goal to which the Rule of the Third Order is meant to lead us, but charity, love Divine, presupposes light and knowledge, such as is afforded by the dim radiance of faith, till the dawn of that day which knows no sunset, till the morning star arise in our hearts.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER VII.

" Jesus goes to keep the Pasch at Jerusalem, and casts the traffickers out of the Temple. Nicodemus, one of the chief men amongst the Jews, comes to Him by night and converses with Him. Leaving Jerusalem He passes through Judea with some of His disciples, and baptises them by their means; John also still baptises, but taking occasion from the emulation of his disciples, bears witness again to Jesus, declaring Him to be much greater than himself. Some time after John is cast into prison by Herod.

ST. JOHN, ii. 13—19. Jesus went from Cana with His mother, His kindred, and His disciples to Capharnaum, where He remained some days. For the feast of the Pasch being near, He resolved to celebrate it in Jerusalem, for the first time in His public life. Having entered the Temple, finding that the house of God had been turned into a market, when He saw the honour and glory of His heavenly Father outraged, He laid aside His accustomed meekness, and showed himself grave and severe, not being able to restrain the force of the zeal which was enkindled in Him. Having made a scourge of small cords, a ray of His divine majesty shone forth from His face, and He began to cast out of the Temple the cattle and the doves, as well as the money-changers sitting at their desks, saying: "Take these things hence, and make not my Father's house a place of merchandise."

The disciples present at this solemn event remembered that the holy prophet David had already predicted of Him, "the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." The Jews, however, marvelled greatly at it, and being unable to object to this divine behaviour of Jesus (who thus instructed us with what zeal we should act against those who go to the temple to draw upon themselves not the blessing of heaven, but the anger of God for their irreverent talking, and the many shameless ways in which they behave there), soon began to show their ill-will against Him, and to ask by what authority He did this, demanding also that He should show them a *sign* to convince them that He had the power to do it. Jesus at once answered in mysterious words: "the sign that I give you is this: Destroy this temple, and in three days' time I will build it up again." The Jews did not understand Him, and applying His words, not in that sense which He attached to them, *to His*

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own future resurrection, but in a sense which was altogether material, replied to Him: "What! in three days you will build up again this temple, when it has taken forty years to make it what it now is, and it is not even yet finished?" But not even did His disciples understand the deep meaning of His words, until after three days in the tomb He rose again in glory, through His own might.

Jesus wrought many miracles during His sojourn in Jerusalem for the feast of the Pasch, and they were the cause of many believing in Him. The evangelist St. John adds here a profound reflection, which throws great light on the character of the Jews, and the lot that awaited our Blessed Lord. He says that Jesus, who knew their secret thoughts, and who as God searches the heart, was aware of what man is capable, and how great is his malice in resisting the sweet attractions of grace and truth, *did not trust Himself to them*. How well that is expressed! It would be impossible better to describe in one short sentence the ungrateful return they would one day make to Him.

St. John iii. 1—36. Whilst He was still in Jerusalem a certain Nicodemus came by night to Jesus. He was a man of a docile and frank disposition, one of the chief men of the Jews, of the sect of the Pharisees, but altogether unlike them in their perversity of heart and obstinacy, which was so great as to make them close their eyes to the light, and deny even the existence of the sun. Having entered the house and saluted Jesus, a conversation took place between them, of so sublime character that I must do my best to bring it out in its leading features. Nicodemus began thus: "Master, from all I have seen wrought by Thee of late, I am fully convinced Thou art not an ordinary man like others, but that Thou art certainly sent to us by God, for were it not so, no one could have done the marvellous things which Thou hast done." In reply Jesus only confirmed Nicodemus in the high opinion he had formed of Him, by proposing to him a doctrine, which on account of the promises it contained, God alone could have revealed. "Nicodemus, dost thou believe in Me? In the Name then of the same God by whom, as thou rightly thinkest, I have been sent, I declare to thee (and mark well what I say), that no one can enter the kingdom of God, unless he be first born again.

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Nicodemus did not understand at all the spiritual sense of these Divine words, which alluded to baptism, the true source of our spiritual regeneration, by which we are led back to God, but, taking them in a material and carnal sense, he answered immediately: "And how can this be that a man already born, and advanced in years, should again enter the womb of his mother, and be born again?" Jesus, far from diminishing, was pleased rather to add fresh force to what He had already said, and placing it in a new light, replied: "I tell thee again, Nicodemus, positively and without qualification, that unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Spirit, it is impossible for him to enter into the kingdom of heaven. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, can be nothing but flesh, and leads to the flesh, that is to corruption and decay; in this sense it is true that no one can be born twice. But if the breath of God should breathe upon this flesh—upon this vile clay of the earth—if this Divine virtue should enter into it, and pour into it sweetness and grace, then wilt thou not marvel that what is born of the Spirit should be spirit, and *a new life, a salutary and blessed regeneration*, necessary for your restoration to the favour of God, which you have lost through sin. I know that the things that I am revealing to thee excite thy admiration by their lofty nature and their profound mystery; nevertheless, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, and passes over all regions without hindrance, and thou knowest not whence it cometh or whither it goeth, that is, thou neither seest it, nor knowest the place of its birth, so is it with him that is born of the Spirit: this birth is indeed unknown to thee, for it is to be understood by faith, not by sight." Nicodemus, wondering more than ever, but still far from believing that he was speaking with God, who was unfolding to him the infinite depths of His mercy, answered again: "It seems to me impossible, O Master, that what Thou announcest so solemnly should be true, or at least I am altogether ignorant of it." Jesus replied, "Art thou a master in Israel, Nicodemus, and *knowest not these things?*" Hast thou forgotten the Scriptures, which in many places allude to the mystery which I have pointed out to thee? It is clear that he who speaks of a thing knows it, otherwise he could not speak of it, and how is it that thou showest thyself so slow to believe Me? If, in order to raise thy mind to understand the

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sublime things I have declared to thee, I have made use of earthly images, and yet thou canst not bring thyself to have faith in Me, how would it be if I made use of other images more exalted, and therefore more spiritual and profound? In any case, Nicodemus, faith is absolutely necessary, for no one knows the things of God, and no one would dare to announce them seriously in His name, unless he proceeded from God. Such is exactly My case, and thou hast thyself already partly confessed it. Take a step further, and believe that I, the Son of Man, am that same Son who is in heaven, the very Son of God. But that is not enough, I will reveal to thee yet greater things. Even as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the desert, by looking on which all were cured who had been poisoned by the real serpents, so is it necessary for the Son of Man to be lifted up upon the cross, whence it will infallibly come to pass that whoever believes in Him—not in word only, but by a living and practical faith—will not only escape destruction, but will have eternal life for his reward. Behold, Nicodemus, the immense charity and mercy of God! He so loved the world, that He gave for it His own only-begotten Son, through whom alone can men escape eternal death, and attain everlasting salvation. From this thou canst plainly gather what are God's intentions, whether, that is, He has sent His Son to condemn the world, or to save it through Him. So it truly is, Nicodemus, and if the contrary should come to pass, that is, if the world should be condemned after all, it will be entirely through its own fault, because the light having come to enlighten it, it has refused it, choosing rather to remain buried in darkness and in its own vices, than to accept the light which would have saved it. Hence, every one that doeth evil, hateth the light and feareth to approach it, lest he should be reproved for his deeds, but he who doeth good, and worketh according to the truth, doth not at all hate the light; on the contrary he loveth it, because he knoweth his works are done in God, and he is pleased that they should be made manifest to His glory."

Most happy was the impression this discourse left on the mind of Nicodemus, who, because he sought the truth in good faith, and not in the spirit of contradiction, from that moment never swerved in his affection for Jesus, and though he feared the anger of the

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Pharisees, was not afraid to take His part, as we shall see in the course of this history.

Jesus having thus instructed Nicodemus, left Jerusalem with His disciples, and went to Judea, where He abode with them, and baptised by their means. John still went on baptising in Enon, near to Salim, which was on the banks of the Jordan. Meanwhile a dispute arose between the disciples of John and the Jews about baptism, and they told John that Jesus also baptised, and that all were flocking to Him. John, who knew he had been sent not to announce himself as the true light, but only to bear witness to Christ, checked their short-sighted zeal, and answered them much as follows: "No one ought to claim for himself that which he does not possess, and what God has not given him. You yourselves are my witnesses that I have already told you I am not the Christ, and that I have no other mission but that of going before Him, to prepare His way; He is called the Bridegroom that hath the Bride, but the friend of the bridegroom who stands and listens leaps for joy when he hears His voice. This is exactly what has happened to me. Jesus is the Bridegroom of whom I speak to you, the people whom He is to save are His Bride, and I, who have announced this to you, am His friend, and on that account I am filled with the greatest joy. But he is to increase, I am to decrease, that is I shall die before Him. In every way, however, He is my superior, for I am no more than a man, though I am His messenger; but He comes to us directly from God, and is Himself very God. Hence in Him resides the infinite richness of the Divine wisdom, adorned with grace, not by measure, as in the prophets and in His messengers, but to overflowing, as beseems the Only-begotten Son of the heavenly Father, who loves Him with an infinite love, to whom He has committed all His treasures. Yet very many will not believe in Him! But as he who does believe in Him shall be blessed, and shall have for his reward eternal life, so he who will not believe in Him shall be eternally miserable, for that the anger of God hangs every moment over his head."

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Blessed are they that Mourn.

ALONE, before my crucifix,
I never feel alone,
For shadowy forms that with me mix,
Making their prayers my own.

I hear the tempest of their sighs,
The torrent of their tears,
Pouring in solemn symphonies
Through eighteen hundred years.

I hear, like pebbles in the surge,
The awful disciplines
Of Saints, lamenting with the scourge
Their own and others' sins.

I hear the sobs of souls chastised—
The world's gay paths they trod—
It took the loss of all they prized
To bring them to their God.

Oh! youths and maids of sunny smile,
Who fain that smile would keep,
Come to the Cross, sweet hearts, awhile,
You, too, must learn to weep!

See, where our Jesus bleeding hangs,
And read His Heart within,
How many souls those bitter pangs
Never may hope to win.

Promise Him, 'mid the tears that burn,
For His sweet Passion's sake,
Never His tender love to spurn,
Never His Heart to break!

Oh! tell me, since you first were born,
Knew you a joy like this?
Children, the souls with Christ that mourn
Are partners in His bliss!

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Explanation of the Little Office.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fourth Psalm, *Nisi Dominus,* is an exhortation or warning addressed by King David, in the first place, to his son Solomon, who was to build the Temple, not to trust to his own powers for the due accomplishment of the work, and secondly, to ourselves, not to rely upon our own exertions in attempting to build up the edifice of Christian perfection. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," that is, of ourselves we are powerless to do any good work, but it is the Lord, who by His grace, as St. Paul tells us, "works in us both to will and to accomplish."

Even when the edifice has been so far raised, that it may be compared to a city, being formed out of many virtues, representing the various buildings comprised in a city, we cannot of ourselves protect it from the assaults of our enemies, but must constantly pray with humility for the graces necessary to preserve it. "Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain who keepeth it."

"In vain do ye rise before the light; rise after ye have slept, ye that eat the bread of labour." In this verse the Psalmist warns us against the precipitation often found in those who desire ardently to advance in perfection, but are not content to do so gradually, wishing to become saints, as it were, at a bound. We may, and indeed ought, to set before ourselves a high ideal at which to aim, but it is in vain for us to "rise before the light," that is, to anticipate the workings of Divine Grace by endeavouring, through ambition, to effect what is as yet beyond our power.

In the next verse the word "sleep" is used to signify the peace and repose which the Royal Prophet foresaw in the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon earth. "When he giveth his beloved sleep, behold the inheritance of the Lord, his sons, the reward of the fruit of the womb." The Jewish dispensation, owing to the sins of the Israelites, was seldom a dispensation of peace, and even the Church of Christ has generally had to contend with the spirits of darkness. Yet the Prophet was, most probably, looking forward to the time of Constantine, when after three centuries of persecution the Church should come forth from the Catacombs and commence her peaceful era. Then it became manifest how the inheritance of the Lord consists in His sons, for the Church came forth as a compact body of men and women, the servants of God, and they were the reward, or the harvest, of "the fruit of the womb" of Mary, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who had purchased them for Himself with His most Precious Blood.

"Like arrows in the hand of the mighty, so are the children of them that have been shaken." The Christians of the time of Constantine were truly "the children of them that had been

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shaken," that is of generations of martyrs whose faith had been put to the severest tests, and when it pleased God to make use of them they went forth, or rather were shot forth like arrows, from Peter's Chair, the centre of unity, to strike the hearts of the heathen, and make them captives to Christ.

"Blessed is the man," the Son of man, "who hath filled his desire from them," that is, Blessed art Thou, O Lord Jesus, who hast not chosen Thy servants from the mighty of this earth, but hast prepared them to serve Thee faithfully by the fire of tribulation. "He shall not be confounded when he shall speak to his enemies in the gate"—at the last day when He shall dispense justice before His enemies the devils, the Son of Man will have no reason to be ashamed of those whom he takes up with Him to heaven to fill the vacant thrones of the rebel angels.

The last half of the psalm turns upon the words *filii excussorum*, the sons of them that have been shaken, and its connection with the first part becomes evident, when we reflect that the psalm was primarily addressed to Solomon by his father David, who was certainly one "that had been shaken." We see how the glory of the reign of Solomon was thus earned by the tribulations of his father, and how, in the same way, the future triumph of the Church was to be purchased by the blood of martyrs. The general purpose of the psalm is to exhort us to place ourselves with confidence in the hands of God, whether it pleases him to excite us by His grace to the performance of good works, or simply to purify our souls by suffering, which will bring forth its fruit in due season.

Having thus learnt that our sanctification is entirely in the hands of God, we find in the next psalm, *Lauda Jerusalem*, a sketch of the methods employed by Him to bring a soul to perfection. In many other places of the Sacred Scriptures, as here also, the term "Jerusalem" is used to signify a faithful soul. But Sion was the holy mountain of Jerusalem, its principal part, and should therefore be taken to represent a soul of extraordinary sanctity. "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Sion." There is a special meaning in the difference between "the Lord," and "thy God" which deserves to be remarked. The ordinary Christian or servant of God is invited only to praise God as *the Lord*, because those who do not advance far towards perfection are not generally enlightened to see in Him more than their Lord and Master. But the more perfect are raised to contemplation of the Divine Perfections, and may well be invited to praise *their God*.

Let us now follow the Royal Psalmist in his description of the steps by which a soul of the latter class has been led onwards to perfection, and is now invited to praise her God for His merciful providence in her regard. We have first: "Because he hath strengthened the bolts of thy gates." The gates of the soul are the senses, through which if the sensual appetite is allowed to break forth, the soul becomes defiled with the guilt of grievous sin. The

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first step, therefore, towards perfection, is to strengthen the bolts by which the soul closes her gates against her passions, and prevents them from breaking forth into mortal sin.

"He hath blessed thy children within thee, He hath given peace in thy territory, and filled thee with the fat of wheat." When the soul receives grace to abstain from mortal sin, her children, that is her thoughts, are blessed, they are turned away from earthly pleasures and directed towards God. Hence follows true peace, the peace of those who are not disturbed by worldly desires, and such souls turn quickly to the Blessed Eucharist, where their desires are satisfied, and where, by frequent communion, they are constantly filled with "the fat of wheat," the abundance of the graces given to them by Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament under the form of bread.

"He sendeth forth His speech to the earth, His word runneth swiftly." When the soul is thus brought under the influence of Holy Communion, she is speedily aroused to undertake good works, the word of God comes to her swiftly, and she rises in haste to obey it. But sanctification without tribulation is impossible, as we have learned in the previous psalm, therefore we must not be surprised to find in the next verse that God damps the ardour of the soul that has begun to serve Him by a shower of snow. Yet, though a fall of snow is at first cold and disagreeable, we know that as it lies upon the ground it preserves the warmth of the earth as perfectly as a coating of wool, and accordingly we read: "He giveth snow like wool and scattereth mist like ashes." In these words we find a picture of the lesser kinds of tribulation by which God begins to try the fidelity of His servants. First He sends them the snow of difficulties which seem to obstruct their progress, yet really serve to preserve their fervour, and then a mist like ashes, a mist which prevents them from seeing whether they are making progress in virtue, and annoys them like a shower of dust, getting into their eyes at the most awkward moments. But after these lesser tribulations come more serious trials "He sendeth His hail in lumps, who shall stand before the face of His cold?" Tribulations of all kinds come pouring like hail upon the soul that has made progress in virtue, and when she has learned to bear them patiently, she is at last subjected to the greatest trial of all, that spiritual desolation of which we read in the lives of the Saints, which causes us to exclaim "Who can stand before the face of His cold!"

Yet tribulation has its appointed course, and is always succeeded by hitherto unimagined consolation. "He shall send forth His word and shall melt them, His spirit shall blow, and the waters shall run." After a soul has passed through the desert of desolation, Jesus, the Incarnate Word, comes to her as to St. Antony in Egypt, to melt her inmost soul with ardent love; His Spirit flows into her, and the waters of consolation fill her with gladness inexpressible.

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This is a slight sketch of the dealings of God with His [Saints In the next two verses the Psalmist warns us that such treatment is reserved for those who have been specially selected for perfection. "He declareth His word to Jacob, and His judgments to Israel." Jacob and Israel are names belonging to the same person; their juxtaposition recalls to our mind the occasion when the name of Israel was given to Jacob by the angel with whom he had wrestled the whole night, and the reason of its bestowal: "Thy name shall not be called Jacob, but Israel: for if thou hast been strong against God, how much more shalt thou prevail against men?" In like manner, the Psalmist would warn us that the blessings mentioned in the seventh verse are only granted to those who have been "strong against God," that is, who, with the secret assistance of His grace have borne His tribulations manfully. "He hath not done so to every nation, nor hath He manifested His judgments to them." Not to every soul does He so manifest His judgments, or teach them to understand His ways, though it is easy to see how He has done so to our Blessed Lady, to whom this psalm should be applied.

Chronicle of the Franciscan Order in England.

CHAPTER I.

IN this nineteenth century, when the most trivial events in the remotest corners of the earth are flashed into publicity, when men can scarcely say their thoughts are their own, and whatever occurs in England, from the opening of Parliament down to the sufferings of a stray cat is known and talked over in Italy in the course of a few hours, we can scarcely realise the slow-moving life of the thirteenth century, when a journey from London to Rome took three months instead of five days, when there were no newspapers nor busy "own correspondents," when even writing-paper was not invented, and a letter was the event of a lifetime. Instead of the ceaseless stream of correspondence that now keeps so many hands and heads busy day and night, at rare intervals in those days a vast document, laboriously written out in a small cramped hand on parchment, in the Latin language, found its way by the hand of a private messenger, or was conveyed by some trader to its destination, and it might happen that a dynasty was overthrown in some country and another reigning in its place, months before the event was known abroad.

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When we think of this we may well wonder how it was that St. Francis in his sunny Italy, turned with such loving interest to this distant, mist-shrouded island, and that he was so eager to send hither some of his earliest and best disciples; but then Rome was in those days the centre and home of the Christian world, and from north and south, from east and west, messengers were constantly arriving to lay before the common Father and Judge of the Faithful, the affairs of kingdoms, the disputes of princes and nobles, and the complaints of the oppressed, so that in the Holy City and the surrounding country more than in any other part of the known world, was the state of the various nations known and discussed; and in those fierce and turbulent times in which the youth of St. Francis was passed, when not only sovereigns were at war, but the nobles of the same land were in a perpetual state of feud with each other, the appeals to the Holy See were more numerous than could be heard in a lifetime. France and England were almost equally torn and distracted. In the former country the crusade against the Albigenses had devastated some of its fairest provinces, and caused great misery and suffering to the innocent as well as to the guilty, for in those days fire and sword were the arguments most frequently used by the defender of the Faith, as well as by the heretic and infidel, and the track of the Christian army was too often marked by ruin and devastation, unburied corpses, and a famine-stricken land. In England, where heresy had as yet found no root amongst the people, one of the obstinate conflicts between the temporal and spiritual power had brought the darkness of an interdict over the land.

King John, one of the vilest and most unprincipled monarchs who ever disgraced a throne, whose character is handed down to us as so utterly debased that no modern historian ever has been found to throw a halo of interest round it, (though probably, had he not in his latter years made his submission to the Pope, this might have been done for him as well as for Henry VIII.), had stretched out his rapacious hand to the See of Canterbury, which he desired to bestow as a reward on one of his favourites, and obstinately refused to acknowledge as archbishop Cardinal Langton, who was chosen by the monks and appointed by the Holy See. He even drove the monks out of the kingdom and seized their property, insulted the Pontifical Legate, and set at defiance all law, human and divine, to such an extent that, after long forbearance, the awful sentence was pronounced by the Pope, and England laid under an interdict. The churches were closed, the bells silent, the holy sacrifice ceased to be offered up, the sacraments were no longer administered, and the blackness of despair hung over the land. At last the King himself was excommunicated, and the sentence of deposition pronounced against him.

King Philip of France came forward to claim the forfeited crown, and the invasion of a foreign enemy was added to the evils under which the unhappy country was labouring. But when John

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found the foe at his gates his spirit began to quail, and he hastened to throw himself at the feet of the Pope, to crave forgiveness, offering to submit to his decision, and to hold his kingdom as a vassal of the Holy See; no sooner had he done this than his much tried Barons rose in revolt against him, and succeeded in wresting from him the royal assent, seal, and signature, to the famous Magna Charta, the origin of the present English constitutional government, and the foundation of our civil liberties.

The reign of this lawless and treacherous monarch came to an end in the year 1216, when St. Francis was thirty-four years of age, and three years before the second General Chapter of his Order. We can form but a faint idea of the sufferings of the people during those years of anarchy and terror, and it is probable that St. Francis had heard many a tale of wrong and cruelty—many a description of spiritual and temporal misery from the lips of the traders and merchants who visited his father's house during his youth, as well as from the rumours spread abroad in the country from the messengers who came so frequently to the Court of Rome. At the time when five thousand disciples of St. Francis encamped in the fields around Assisi, Henry, the eldest son of John, a boy of tender years, had just succeeded to his father's throne. The fierce barons, touched by his youth and innocence, had returned to their allegiance, and there was hope that the down-trodden nation might rise from its cruel depression, but there was urgent need of the love and zeal of St. Francis and his sons to revive the spirit of religion, to bring comfort to the harassed, famine-stricken serf, and to teach gentleness, justice, and charity to the haughty, reckless barons, the overbearing lords of the soil. Amongst those who gathered round the Saint in those early days of his Order was an Englishman, Brother William of England, as he was called, distinguished even amongst those fervent followers of the Cross for his piety and the sanctity of his life; and we may imagine how the sight of the fair English face amid the sun-burnt Italians, aroused in St. Francis the desire—felt long before by another great Saint—to send a message of love and peace to the Island of the West, and raise her harassed, long-suffering people to the fellowship of the angels. Brother William, no doubt, pleaded earnestly the cause of his countrymen, and the great tender heart of the Saint, yearning over the oppressed, and longing to house them safely in the fold, lost no time in sending out labourers to the distant field. Brother Agnellus of Pisa and eight companions were chosen for this work, and from the very birth-place and cradle of his Order St. Francis issued the decree which we have already quoted He thus laid the ground-work of the first community in this country, and constituted it a Franciscan Province.

Brother Agnellus and his companions arrived in England in the month of May, 1220. They landed at Dover, and proceeded thence to Canterbury to present themselves before the King, who was at that time holding his Court there; for when the ruler of a

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land is Catholic, it is the custom of the Church, if any new Order or Institute desire to settle therein, besides the approbation of such Order by the Holy See and lawful mission from their superiors, they shall also have the free consent of the prince or magistrates of the country. For this reason, Brother Agnellus, immediately after his arrival in England, humbly presented his commission or obedience to the King, who received him graciously; not only out of reverence for St. Francis, then living, and famous throughout the world, and for the purity and dignity of the Evangelical rule and life professed by these Friars, but also for his regard to the Pope's recommendatory letters, which they brought along with them, the tenor whereof was as follows:

"Honorius Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to all Christian Princes, and to our well-beloved Brethren, Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and other Prelates of the Church, health and Apostolical benediction.

"Whereas our well-beloved sons, Brother Francis of Assisium and his companions of the Institute and Order of Minors, despising the vanities of the world, have made choice of a way of life deservedly approved by the Holy Church, that, after the example of the Apostles, they may travel through divers nations to sow the seed of the Word of God: we entreat you all, and exhort you in the Lord, and, moreover, command you by our Apostolical letters, that whensoever the bearers of these presents shall think fit to come to you, you receive them as Catholics and true believers, and that for the honour of God, whose true servants they are, and for the respect you owe to us, you show them favour and courtesy.

"Given, &c., on the third of the Ides of June, in the third year of the Popedom of Honorius the Third."

This writing was signed by the Cardinal-Protector of the Order and other Cardinals in the Pope's name, and by his special command. Thus, with all due authorisation, mission, and jurisdiction, Brother Agnellus and his eight companions came to their work in England, and from that day to this present time the links of the chain have never quite been broken; there have always been Franciscans to labour or pray or die for England. At one time the grey Friar was a most familiar sight in the streets of the city and in the peaceful country places, teaching in the universities, preaching from the altars, reconciling the fierce barons, ameliorating the lot of the much-enduring serf. In times of persecucution, he seemed to vanish away, but only to reappear at the bed-side of the sick and dying to administer to them the last Sacrament and pilot the weary soul into the haven of rest, or, when he could do no more, to offer his life for the flock, and pass from the fire of martyrdom to join the "white-robed army" that ever pleads before the Eternal Throne for the conversion of England.

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

IX.

OUR readers being now well acquainted with the character of F. Joseph and with the great influence he exercised over his flock, as well as the high estimation in which his opinions were held by all, and the respect with which his advice was sought, will readily understand the purpose for which, on the vigil of the Assumption, Genesimo knocked at the door of the Convent. We will follow him into the cloister, and listen to the conversation which took place after his confession:

"You are then determined to follow the profession of your father," said the priest.

"Yes, father," replied Genesimo, reverently kissing the hand of F. Joseph.

"And your mother, is she willing that you should do so?"

"My mother hesitates about it—she thinks of my soul—she fears my faith may be endangered, and this thought afflicts her much."

"My son, if the soul should be lost, all is lost! We are sent into this world only to become worthy of Heaven; time is given to all, both rich and poor, to work out their salvation. The world, believe me, is like the port of Genoa, where vessels continually come and go! each moment there are arrivals and departures; for it is certain that all who are born must die. When the time comes, we must go, and that quickly, without taking with us any of this world's goods. We *must* go, but whither? to a land from whence there is no return! We know that we have before us an eternity of happiness, or an eternity of sorrow; we must spend our lives in trying to attain the first and avoid the second. In this world we may enjoy many things, but we cannot do so long, or take them with us; in the world to come we have but one thing given to us, and we keep it for ever—perfect happiness! Thank God, my son, for having given you so good a mother, whose first thought is for your eternal good." At these words, Genesimo's heart began to beat and his eyes to fill with tears; but the good priest, taking another tone, tried to comfort him. "For the rest," he added, "be assured that, wherever you may be, you may find the way to Heaven. Only one thing can come between the Christian and his God—mortal sin. A Christian may die, far from all human aid, and yet be accepted by our Divine Lord and received into Heaven. Cannot a Christian, by the help of God, which is never withheld from those who ask it, live without mortal sin on board a ship as well as on land? Do you know how this help is to be obtained? Before commencing a voyage you must make a good confession, and free your soul from sin, and if you are watchful over yourself, and careful to do your duty well, you

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will soon find that all trials and sufferings are easy to bear, and temptations not difficult to resist. I assure you, that a sailor who acts like this, may acquire more merit in the eyes of our dear Lord, although he may die without a priest near him, than we who frequent the Church daily, and may die a more holy death than many who have all the help which religion can give. How much poor sailors suffer! *We* enjoy the produce of the land and the sweet pleasures of the seasons surrounded by friends, we are assisted in our labours, and consoled in our afflictions, while *they* are far from all, exposed to many dangers, suffering hunger and pain, whilst sometimes even water, the bounteous gift so necessary to life, is not within their reach. But if they bear all this patiently for love of God and His Blessed Mother, they may become martyrs; yet, too often they lose their merit by their besetting sin, the terrible and too easily-acquired sin of blasphemy. You, then, my son, must try to keep always in the grace of God, by being fervent in prayer, and by leaving yourself entirely in His loving hands, and do not fear, doing this, but that, even if you should be wrecked and lost, He will receive your soul. Are you satisfied?"

"But if I should remember to have committed a mortal sin, and know myself to be guilty before God, then I should be lost."

"No, my son, even this may be forgiven; there is a remedy for all: God is good and infinitely merciful, He will pardon those who truly repent; and a sinner may repent at all times and in all places. Do you not think so?"

"Yes," said Genesimo, "but he should confess it; in a ship that would be impossible, for where would be the priest?"

"Gently," said the father, "you are entangling yourself in difficulties which, with a word, I will scatter. Listen; it is certain that faith will save all, and it is equally certain that God asks no more of us than faith in Him, and that He does not require us to do that which is impossible, and when it is *impossible* to confess, we may be sure that He does not require us to do so actually, but will accept our desire instead. Do you understand? Be sure that God wishes to save all, and will save all who keep His commandments, whether they die with the priest at their side, or far away at sea without human assistance. Go, Genesimo, bear in mind what I have said, and remember that all sailors do not die at sea. Is the time for your departure yet fixed?"

"No, father. When may I see you again?"

"I will soon come to your home," said F. Joseph, and, again kissing the hand of the good priest, Genesimo returned to his mother to console her by repeating all that he had heard.

And now we must follow our young Tertiary in his voyages and witness his adventures. Prisca, although not without much suffering and fear, became resigned to his departure.

She besought his godfather, Lacrimosa Valle, to take Genesimo with him, and he willingly granted her request, asking the captain to receive him as cabin-boy, that being the first step towards becoming a sailor. The ship was a brigantine of 2500 tons burden

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(a large vessel for that period), called the *S. Georgio*, bound to Taganrog, a Russian city on the Sea of Azof. Sea voyages were then both difficult and dangerous, owing to the little known of navigation and the want of nautical experience. She was to start in ten days, during which Prisca prepared with all care and attention the outfit of her son, and provided him with what she thought necessary for the voyage. In those days only the sailors were allowed to take chests on board, the cabin-boys being restricted to a small mattress and a bag which would hold all that belonged to them.

It was the pious custom of our sailors in those days, before commencing a voyage, to visit one of the shrines of Our Lady, which were very numerous on the mountains round Genoa, to implore her protection, and, on their return, to bring some offering in token of gratitude for their safety. The narrow and winding roads of Liguria were often crowded with sailors, who, with their wives, mothers, and children, came to visit these holy places. Sometimes scenes of most earnest and affecting piety might be witnessed. There might be seen sailors, young and old, distinguished officers and obscure men, without fear of human respect, ascending, barefooted, the sides of the mountains, amongst stones, briars, and rocks, bearing in their hands crowns and other votive offerings, and when, exhausted but joyful, they reached the door of the little sanctuary, falling on their knees, weeping tears of happiness, and pressing warm kisses on the floor. Prisca, before the departure of her son, took him with her to one of these holy places, the Chapel of Our Lady of Monte Allegro, situated on one of the mountains towards the city of Rapallo. Genesimo there received Holy Communion with his mother, and did not leave the sanctuary without imploring the protection of the Blessed Virgin during his voyage, and pledging himself to come and thank her on his return. Although these promises and petitions were made by the boy almost mechanically, yet, when uttered by pure lips and a soul free from sin, such prayers are always accepted by God and the Blessed Virgin; because the prayers of a Christian family are like the prayers of young children, which, even when not understood by them, bring a blessing on those for whom they are said. Yes, the merciful Lady of Monte Allegro graciously heard the promises of Genesimo, and we may hope to see their good effects.

The day of departure was drawing very near, and with its rapid approach, Prisca's grief at the separation from her son increased almost insupportably. All her resolution, all her firm determination, all her spirit of self-sacrifice, seemed to give way; and when Lacrimosa Valle took the boy by the hand, and, without daring to disengage him from his mother's embrace, spoke words of comfort and hope, she remained for a moment immovable, and then releasing her hold, with failing heart and eyes blinded with tears, sunk down at the cottage door, remaining for a long time in silence, almost insensible with sorrow. Genesimo and his protector hastened their steps, and in less than an hour reached Genoa, gained the port,

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and were on board the brigantine. Towards midday the anchors were raised, the sails spread to the breeze, and the voyage commenced. As they quitted the port they ran up their flag, the sailor's customary last adieu to their friends, and soon gained the open sea. Before night closed in the *S. Georgio* had disappeared from view.

Now we will leave Prisca praying for the safe return of her son whilst we accompany him on his voyage. His grief at leaving her was very great, but he was supported by his religious feeling, and was at an age when wounds heal easily. In a ship everything has its place and its name, each one's duty is appointed, and all must attend strictly to it. That of the cabin-boy is to keep the cabin and himself clean, to put all in order every day, to wait on the captain and the passengers, make the beds, light the lamps, serve the table, obey quickly every order, assist the cook, take care of the pantry, and do many other things; he has nothing to do with the people in the fore-cabin, and does not keep the night watches. For some days Genesimo found himself sufficiently confused by his various employments and numerous duties. We cannot say how many times he lost his balance through the rolling of the ship, and stumbled upon the deck, scattering the viands and smashing the plates, or fell down the stairs, carrying confusion, and sometimes, worse mischief, into the cabin. These things happen to all on their first experience of the sea, but the young sailor must be courageous, and all these vexations and troubles will quickly vanish. Yet truly it is a hard novitiate. Many lose heart and give up; but Genesimo did not repent his choice. Directed by Lacrimosa Valle, who taught him all the duties of the cabin and the pantry, he soon understood his position, and performed all that was required of him to the perfect satisfaction of the captain, who even appeared to feel some affection for him.

SAYINGS OF BROTHER GILES.—III.

Blessed is the man who knows and accounts himself to be vile in the eyes of God, and also in the sight of men.

Blessed is he who always judges himself and condemns himself, and none but himself; for he shall not be condemned in that last and terrible eternal judgment.

Blessed is he who shall submit himself wholly to the yoke of obedience and the judgment of others, as the holy Apostles before and after they received the Holy Ghost.

Holy humility loves not to talk, nor the holy fear of God to use many words.

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Franciscan Chronicle.

THE INDULGENCE OF PORTIUNCULA.—We think it well to remind our readers that the 2nd of August will be the Feast of the Dedication of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels at Assisi, on which day the great indulgence may be gained in all Franciscan churches, as also in all the churches where the Third Order is established. The origin of this indulgence is thus described in the Franciscan Breviary: "Though St. Francis had throughout his life great affection for all churches, and used to pay them great respect, yet he entertained special devotion and respect for that little church near Assisi which bears the name of 'St. Mary of the Angels' and 'The Portiuncula,' and that for many reasons. First, on account of his marvellous devotion to the most Blessed Mother of God, and his very great reverence for the Holy Angels. Next, because he had not only learnt from others that the sweet harmony of the angelic choirs was often to be heard there, from which miracle the name of the church is supposed to have been derived, but had himself listened to it, enjoying the immense consolation of seeing them and conversing with them. Lastly, because that was the church so long prepared for him by the Lord, in which to commence his Order, which church he desired should be called also by the name of 'Portiuncula' (the little portion) because it was to be the future mother and the head of his little flock of Friars Minor. Wherefore he was exceedingly anxious that it should be held by all in the greatest reverence.

"Accordingly, as he was praying one night in his cell, near the above-mentioned church, he received an intimation from Heaven that the Lord Jesus and His most Holy Mother, with an immense multitude of angels, were present there. At this news he rose immediately in marvellous joy, and entering the church with great reverence, as soon as he beheld the ineffable Glory and Majesty of the Son of God, he fell prostrate before Him, and adored Him with the greatest humility and devotion. Then the Lord, addressing him with the greatest benignity, admonished him to ask for some favour for the salvation of men. Whereupon, assisted by the Divine Mother, whose aid he had besought, he humbly begged that all who should enter that church might obtain pardon and indulgence for all the sins which they should confess to a priest. The Lord replied that the request was pleasing to Him, and bade him go to His Vicar, to ask for the indulgence in His own Name.

"Next morning, therefore, St. Francis set out with Brother Masseo for Perugia, where the Pope, Honorius III., was at the time. To him he explained the command which he had received, begging him not to be displeased with that which was pleasing to Christ, whose place and authority he held upon earth. At first the request was not received with favour by the Pope, both because the indulgence was to be without the usual offerings, and

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because it seemed to be a very great favour and was demanded in perpetuity. It was necessary, he said, that any one who desired to obtain full remission of the consequences of his sins, should do something to merit it, whilst it was contrary to the custom of the Roman Court to grant an indulgence of the kind required. The Cardinals also who were present opposed the demand, saying that if it were granted the indulgences of the Holy Land and of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul would be neglected. But at last the Pope, understanding that it was in accordance with the Divine Will, granted to St. Francis the indulgence, both plenary and free (from offerings), limiting it, however, to the term of one natural day in each year, that is from the Vespers of the 1st of August to the Vespers of the following day, which is the anniversary of the consecration of the above-mentioned church. Then he offered a diploma, but St. Francis replied that his word would be sufficient, for the Lord would by His own means publish and glorify His own work, which prediction has been marvellously fulfilled."

In course of time the successors of Honorius III. have found less and less difficulty in granting plenary indulgences, so that the privilege which was at first limited to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels at Assisi has been since extended to all Franciscan churches, and even to the chapels of the Third Order. Vespers are usually said at 2 p.m., from which time on the 1st of August until 2 p.m. on August 2nd the indulgence may be gained in the places above mentioned by any of the faithful, either for themselves or the faithful departed, on the following conditions: Confession, Communion, and a visit to the church. The Communion may be made either on the 1st or 2nd, in the latter case the indulgences for the visits made on the 1st will take effect at the time of receiving Communion on the 2nd. The Communion may be made in any church, but the visits can only be made to the churches specified. A "visit" implies the offering of some prayers for the intention of the Pope, but to distinguish one visit from another, and thereby to gain a fresh indulgence (the number of which is unlimited, except by the time at our disposal), it is only necessary to go outside the door of the church and re-enter it.

ANOTHER TERTIARY CARDINAL. — The zealous Tertiary of Pavia, Monsignore Lucido Parocchi, whose translation to the Archbishopric of Bologna we announced in our number for June, has been lately created a Cardinal by his Holiness, in the Consistory of June 22. Considering the short time which has elapsed since the revival of the Third Order commenced in Italy, it is wonderful to observe how many of the ablest amongst the Italian clergy have entered its ranks, and this fact alone bears significant testimony to the immense importance of the revival in the nineteenth century.

THE THIRD ORDER AMONGST THE FRENCH CLERGY.—The sanctifying influence of the Third Order upon the clergy is now exhibited in France in a remarkable manner. In spite of all the

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difficulties which prevent priests burdened with the cure of souls from meeting together frequently for practices of piety, the Tertiary priests of the dioceses of Mans and of Laval have determined to hold regular conferences in order to preserve their fervour in the practice of their Rule, and the spirit of the Order. It is obviously impossible for parish priests to attend monthly meetings with as much regularity as the laity, if we consider only the greater distance they will have to traverse. The priests above mentioned have accordingly arranged to hold a general congregation once a year in the higher seminaries of their dioceses, supplemented by quarterly, or even in some places, monthly meetings, under the guidance of specially chosen directors. The results already thus attained are most edifying, and will doubtless tend much to the sanctification of the people entrusted to the care of such fervent pastors. In France, most of the higher seminaries are thankful to possess many Tertiaries amongst the students, and the directors find that, far from creating difficulties, the Rule of the Third Order assists them wonderfully in the formation of good priests.

Obituary.

MONTEITH.—Sister Mary (Monteith), a pious member of the Third Order, died at Peckham, July 1, at the age of 75. Her long and exemplary life was terminated by a most peaceful and happy death, full time having been given for the administration of the Sacraments. On Thursday, July 5th (the coffin having been previously carried into the Church), a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. F. William, Director of the Third Order, the *Dies Iræ* and other parts of the service being sung by the Brothers and Sisters. R.I.P.

NOTICE.—The pamphlet of the Rev. Angelo Mariano Cisco, Franciscan Tertiary of Venice, entitled "*Il Terz' Ordine di S. Francesco d'Assisi*," has been translated into English, and may be had of T. Nugent, 20, Mawbey Road, Old Kent Road, S.E., under the title of "Thoughts of a Secular Priest," price *2d.* It contains in addition the Catechism of the Rule which appeared in our first number, and will be very useful for explaining the advantages of the Third Order to those who are unacquainted with it. We hope therefore that many will provide themselves with copies for distribution, with a view to which we have reduced the price per dozen to *1s. 6d.*

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Sentences of the Month.

DETACHMENT. *S. Dominic.—August* 4. God does not wish to deprive us of pleasure, but to give us perfect pleasure.

POVERTY. *S. Clare.—August* 12. Be not helpful to thyself, for he who helpeth himself much will not be helped by God.

ZEAL FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS. *B. Peter of Mogliano.—August* 13. Wouldst thou be of use to others? Turn away from all creatures, and converse with the Lord in prayer.

MEEKNESS. *B. Sanctès of Montefeltro.—August* 14. Be not wroth with any one till he trieth to pluck out thy right eye.

RECOLLECTION. *S. Roch.—August* 16. When the gardener is abroad, ill weeds thrive apace.

PATIENCE. *B. Clare of Montefalco.—August* 18. If thou art sick, rejoice thereat, for God has been mindful of thee.

PERSEVERANCE. *S. Louis, Bishop.—August* 19. A man must suffer great humiliations if he is to arrive at perfection.

CUSTODY OF THE SOUL. *S. Jane Frances de Chantal.—August* 21. He who has much intercourse with the world receives many wounds in his soul.

PENANCE. *S. Philip Benizi.—August* 23. Let us take revenge on ourselves and so we shall appease our Judge.

FORTITUDE. *S. Louis, King.—August* 25. If thou art sick, do not ascribe it to thy fasts, for those also fall sick who do not fast.

VIGILANCE. *S. Augustin.—August* 28. A man should never lose sight of himself, lest nature should run away.

CHASTITY. *S. Rose of Lima.—August* 30. Resist beginnings, and stop the serpent by the head.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 9. SEPTEMBER, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Explanation of the Rule of the Third Order.

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

ST. FRANCIS earnestly desired that all his children should be true believers. The true believer not only submits his intellect entirely (as we have already seen) to all the dogmas of the Faith, but holds to it so tenaciously that nothing can shake his assent. Such, in the desire of our holy Legislator, should be the faith of his children in the Third Order. Wherefore, after having ordained at the outset of his Rule that those who seek to be received into the Order should first be diligently examined concerning the Catholic Faith, and obedience to the Church, he continues: "If they profess it firmly, and believe in truth, they may safely be received." Not content, therefore, with an entire faith, he demands from them also a *firm* faith, that is, a faith which allows no vacillation, and is never shaken by any temptation, whether it proceed from the malice of the devil, the suggestions of free-thinkers, or the involuntary revolt of human reason. Such a faith the members of the Third Order will have no difficulty in maintaining if they but keep steadily before their eyes the motive of their belief.

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The Catholic Faith is not a human, but a divine belief. We believe, neither because others believe, nor because we have been born in the bosom of the Faith, nor yet because it approves itself to our intellect, and meets all the wants of our hearts; not as a matter of human persuasion, but solely because God has revealed the Faith to Holy Church, and through her to ourselves. This Divine testimony and authority, which is the principle of the unity and integrity of our faith, is also the cause of its firmness. For, seeing that our faith rests on such unquestionable authority, how can it admit for a moment of doubt or vacillation? We have all heard of the "*ipse dixit*" ("he has said it") of the disciples of Pythagoras. It was sufficient for them to know that their master had spoken, to rest secure on his opinion, and their faith was founded upon their esteem of his virtue and learning. A similar esteem is so much the foundation of all faith, that all who endeavour to delude the public begin, like Apollonius of Tyana, Paracelsus, or Cagliostro, by pretending to be endowed with great virtue and knowledge.

But if the testimony of men who are, or are thought to be, thus endowed, is sufficient to obtain undoubted evidence for their mere assertions, shall we not be content with the testimony and authority of God? Is God to be less considered than men? Is it not He alone who knoweth all things, penetrates and seeth all things? Whose sight reaches to the farthest bounds of the universe! He is Wisdom itself, the very Truth, which sees things as they really are, infinite Holiness, Goodness itself. And being thus the very Truth, Wisdom, and Sanctity, does He not deserve from us an infinite faith, and unbounded confidence?

This is the reason why the true believer stands firm and resolute in his faith—because he knows that what he believes has been revealed by a God who is Truth and Sanctity itself. He may see it assailed with mockery and derision; he may be forced to listen to the crowd of discordant infidels, each one trying to substitute for it his own particular absurdity; he laments before God over such miserable folly, but never does it occur to him to withdraw on the smallest point from the faith which shines clear in his mind, being based on the testimony and authority of God Himself. At times the devil may succeed in putting before his mind a thou-

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sand doubts and difficulties, but by the grace of God he sees instantly from whence they arise, and instead of troubling himself to unravel their insidious intricacy he turns to God, and clings still closer to Him, crying out with the distressed father in the Gospel, "I believe, O Lord, help Thou my unbelief." In fine, he is so secure in his faith that he may well apply to it the words of St. Paul concerning charity, and say boldly, "I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any creature shall be able to separate us" from the faith we have received.

In point of fact faith, which rests on the authority of God Himself, is infinitely more certain than any human science. For other sciences derive their certainty from the natural light of human reason, which is liable to error, whilst faith receives its certainty from the light of Divine Omniscience, to which error is impossible. Let the man of natural science appeal to Plato or Aristotle, Descartes or Voltaire; the man of faith may exclaim with St. John, "The Only-Begotten Son, Who is in the Bosom of the Father, He hath declared" to me the Truth, which is Himself. He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," by clinging to Him only can I hope for eternal happiness.

Such then is the certainty of our faith. And oh! what comfort and consolation for the faithful to know for certain that what they believe is Truth itself!—that they cannot be deceived! What pleasure have infidels and free-thinkers, the proud children of this world, that can be compared to the comfort and joy, the sweet consolation of the true believer, who, without a cloud of doubt to disturb his mind, prostrates himself before the Tabernacle, supremely certain that within it reposes his own Jesus, the sweet Shepherd of our souls, our dearest Saviour, the pledge of our salvation! Can the vain men of science find a joy more sincere than that of the devout believer who lifts up his eyes to heaven, and exclaims: "Behold my true country! There I shall enjoy God for ever, there I shall sing with the angels the praises of my Saviour!"

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Franciscan Legends.—No. ii.

BERNARDO AT BOLOGNA.

WITH brethren twelve St. Francis now
Began to serve the Lord;
These in great fervour he despatched
To preach His saving word.

Bologna to Bernardo fell;
Thither he went in joy,
And in that town exhibited
Patience without alloy.

The people, to his garb unused
Reviled him where he stood;
The children playing in the street
Threw stones into his hood.

Still all on fire with ardent love,
He sought the market-place,
When roughly handled, greatly pleased
To share his Lord's disgrace.

Day after day he constantly
Such insults would endure,
Whilst joy divine his countenance
Illumin'd more and more.

"Now patience is a perfect work,
Of virtue rare the test,"
So thought a doctor of the law,
And straight the Saint addressed.

"What is thy name? Whence comest thou?"
Bernardo meekly drew
Forth from his bosom Francis' rule
And held it to his view.

Admiringly the doctor read
These words of living power,
"Leave all for Christ, thyself subdue,
His cross shall be thy dower."

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Then turning to the citizens,
He spoke with mien severe:
"A Saint of God you here behold,
At whom you scoff and jeer!

"He comes to you in charity,
His Master's words to preach,
And by his patient gentleness
The heavenward road to teach."

Then bending to the humble friar,
"Good brother, turn aside;
Your every need, for Christ's dear love,
I gladly will provide.

"Wouldst thou a convent found? the means
I'll cheerfully supply;
Thy prayers shall merit for my soul
To grow in charity."

The convent founded, things were changed,
And those who scoffed before
Knelt humbly at Bernardo's feet,
His blessing to implore.

Thereat he trembled, lest perchance
He might to pride give way,
Returning to St. Francis, there
No longer would he stay.

"I'd pray thee, Father, others send,
If good to thee it seemed;
No longer any use am I
By this vain world esteemed."

Now may we from this humble friar
A useful lesson learn—
To welcome shame for Christ's dear sake,
And worldly honours spurn.

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Humility is Truth.

WHAT is humility? Nothing but the truth; yet the truth understood not by the cold light of speculation, but with the willing accompaniment of the heart. The intellect may be clearly convinced of the great truth that in ourselves we are nothing, and yet pride may reign supreme in our hearts. But the soul which has learnt to love humility as exhibited to us in the Person of the Incarnate Son of God, and in the Saints, to whom He has imparted it, will not be content with a dry intellectual conviction; she will make it her study to impress the certainty of her nothingness upon every movement of her heart, so that it may exercise a powerful yet sweet influence, upon all her thoughts, upon all her feelings, and upon every aspiration of her will.

To be humble is the same thing as to entertain habitually a true appreciation of ourselves. "We are neither more nor less," said the humble St. Francis, "than what we are in the sight of God." The humble soul therefore makes it her constant practice to try to see herself as God sees her, so as to bring her ideas into accordance with absolute Truth, which is God Himself.

If we wish to see how we stand in the sight of God, we must first make a distinction between nature and grace, we must see how much in us is due to the action of God as our Creator, and for what we are indebted to Him as our Redeemer. By creation we are men, by redemption Christians.

What is a man in the eyes of God? A creature drawn out of nothingness by His own creative power, which would fall back again into its original nothingness if for a moment He should withdraw His supporting hand, and therefore of itself nothing. A creature cannot say for itself so much as the simple words "I am." For God Himself, speaking to Moses, was content to sum up His Majesty in this single phrase, "I am Who am. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, *He Who is* hath sent me to you." He alone Who exists of Himself, and owes His Being to no one, has a right to say "I am." Much less therefore can a creature say with truth, "I am good," "I am rich," "I am wise." God alone is good, rich, and wise; creatures may derive from Him some small measure of goodness, of riches, or of wisdom, and may say, "I have this or that from the hands of God." They can say no more.

Of what then can I be proud? Of my strength, or my beauty, of my intelligence, or of the power of my will? Poor little drops of water, hardly visible without the magnifying-glass of self-love, which have fallen upon my nothingness from the infinite ocean of the Divine perfections! Of my birth or my fortune? These are but gifts of God, of which I shall soon be despoiled, and to tell the truth, they neither raise nor lower me in His eyes, though they add to my responsibility.

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Can a book, a picture, or a statue boast of its perfection? Whatever goodness it possesses belongs to him who made it. Still less then can a man glory in any good quality. For the artist and the sculptor work upon materials which were previously existing, and the matter remains, though it has received a new form from the artist, but man has been made by God out of nothing—absolutely nothing. And being made from nothing he tends to nothing. Whilst God is ever working in him to build him up to conformity with the perfection of His Divine Ideal, his free-will is constantly working in the opposite direction, to pull down what God is building up.

If we look at ourselves, even forgetting how for our very existence we are indebted entirely to God, what do we find? A body fashioned out of clay, in some points superior, but in many inferior, to the brutes. Man has neither the strength of the horse nor the speed of the deer. He can but gaze in envy upon the smallest bird which takes its flight through the air. Scarcely has his body reached its full development when it begins to decay, and after a few years of ineffectual resistance, decay triumphs over it in the tomb. But what of the soul? The soul of man is indeed the noblest being of which we have any experience on this earth, but, after all, it is but the lowest of all spiritual beings. Its natural activity is fettered and degraded by its close alliance with a body of clay. It cannot so much as think the simplest thought unless the fibres of the brain are in a fit state to co-operate with it. Hence, even the strongest intellects are liable to error; no diligence or study can give infallibility to poor human reason. And if his intellectual powers are subject to such grave defects, what are we to say of his will? Its weakness and instability are such that in our day there are not wanting philosophers, short-sighted though they be, who pretend that it cannot be really free. Not only the poor infidel, without any assistance from Divine grace, feels that whilst he is aiming at the better things, he cannot help doing what his intellect disapproves; but even the greatest of Saints, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, find it difficult to maintain perfect command over their inferior appetites, and cry out, "I see another law in my members, which is contrary to the law of my mind, so that I do not the things which I would!"

It is easy, then, to perceive our frailty. We cannot hide it from ourselves without shutting our eyes to the light. But if we desire to obtain true humility, we must not be content with simply recognising it. We must learn to love the thought of it, disagreeable though it be; we must seek, with Brother Giles, to find "some great heavy weight to tie around our necks, so as to draw us down to earth, and force us to humble ourselves;" and for this we must earnestly beseech the assistance of our Heavenly Father, without whom we can do nothing.

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Chronicle of the Franciscan Order in England.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN we hear of St. Francis and his disciples adopting the peasant's garb and the lot of misery, and identifying themselves with the lowest class of the community, we cannot realise the change in their worldly position unless we bring before our minds the condition of those with whom they assimilated themselves. The peasants and labourers of the thirteenth century bore small relation to that very important and irrepressible individual, the ideal "working man" of the present day, who toils so long as it pleases him, and then having paralysed the whole country by a "strike," folds his arms and looks on with a grim smile at the consternation he has caused, whilst excited newspaper correspondents fire off leading articles with highly coloured accounts of his wrongs, and subscriptions pour in to maintain him in his proud position of defender of "the rights of labour." The working-man of St. Francis' day was a meek and unobtrusive character, feeling no wrongs in his lot, because unconscious of his rights; yet, probably, with all his hardships, he was happier and less unsatisfied than his restless successor. He tilled the land and tended the cattle, save when he had for a time to leave his quiet fields, and fight under the banner of his lord the baron with the bow and arrows and short sword, which were the only weapons he was allowed to carry; and to this lord and baron of his he entirely belonged, as much as one of his own cattle. If the land was sold or passed into other hands, the serf passed with it to another owner, and knew no change of place or occupation. Utterly untaught, with no ambition for himself or his family, no desire to rise to any other position, hemmed in by the narrow circle of his own hamlet, with no ideas beyond his yearly round of ploughing and planting, sowing and reaping, he was looked upon much in the same light as one of the beasts he tended; but he was, at any rate, cared for and housed as well as they were, which is more than can be said of some labourers of this nineteenth century in England, who, out of range of the prying vision of newspaper correspondents and the keen scent of sanitary inspectors, are beasts of burden, indeed; and would feel that an elysium had

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come, if they were so well cared for by the beasts of prey—their masters—as the African slave or the Saxon serf were by their owners. This poor serf stood on a far higher level moreover, for he had the calm rest of the true Faith, and in those grey old churches which the traveller sees so thickly scattered over our green England, noble and peasant alike knelt before the one Altar, and were brethren in the House of their one Father. There the weary sons of labour paused awhile, folded their toil-hardened hands and raised their patient eyes to the land where is "no more labour nor sorrow," to the rest which is their very own inheritance, the kingdom of the poor and the free land of the slave. What did it matter that, for a few years, they were hardly fed and poorly clad, when their souls were nourished with heavenly manna, the prelude to the royal banquet and wedding garments of their eternal Home? There were, too, exceptions in the peasants' lot. When the land belonged to a bishop or to a monastery, the motherly care of Holy Church ameliorated the condition of the serfs who toiled upon it. The peasants, instead of being trodden down and oppressed, were fed and clothed, and taught the best modes of tillage, and the youths of greater piety and abilities were admitted into the cloister and received an education which enabled them to become priests, and thus men of humble birth often rose to eminence in Church and State. Neither were these Church vassals, as they were called, required to take arms except on occasion of a foreign invasion, when even my lord abbot himself would ride forth at their head to strike a blow for king and country.

There were in those days none of the finely-shaded gradations of rank we have now. In the country a man was either noble or serf, lord or slave, whilst in the towns a new and distinct class of traders and manufacturers (literally *manu*-facturers in those days) had arisen. Each city or town had its own municipal government, and the magistrates and council were elected by their fellow-citizens. All the artificers or craftsmen of each trade were bound together in guilds or brotherhoods mutually to assist each other, and the observances and rules of these guilds were as sacred to them as the laws of chivalry were to the noble. The towns owned the king of their country as chief head and ruler, and were usually in a state of feud with the nobles, who looked

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upon the craftsmen and traders with supreme contempt; yet these were generally the more loyal subjects of the two, and king and cities were more frequently arrayed against the nobles, than king and nobles against the cities. Into these sharply-defined classes the people of those days were divided, and it was the rank of the lowest and most despised that St. Francis chose for himself and his disciples. With the peasant's garb and bearing the nine friars sent hither by their Father entered England. We may imagine what reception such poor men, in rough, travel-stained garments, with bare feet and uncovered heads, would receive were they to present themselves at the gate of a royal palace now. Little would it avail them to show credentials from the Pope; they would in a dignified manner be handed over to the tender mercies of half a dozen policemen, and safely stowed away in the work-house or a lunatic asylum. The Mohammedan Shah of Persia, the many-hued Japanese, the Chinese idolater in strange attire, are received with welcome and an exuberance of honour, but the Franciscan habit, with its tacit protest against the world, the flesh, and the devil, might not hope for a glimpse within the palace doors. The friars, however, came to our land in the age of Faith, before men thought of denying that God was their Father, or tracing up their genealogy to the ape, or cleverly striking out new fashions in worship as in costumes; there was the one religion, and it was a living fact, an integral part of the social life; no man dreamt of denying or doubting it, and whether he lived up to it or no, king and noble, burgher and serf, paid due reverence and respect to its ministers. However far apart the different classes of the community were in other respects, they were linked together in one common brotherhood of faith, and the traveller from distant lands found in every church a home, and before every altar the sweet welcome of his one Father and Lord. When the friars reached Canterbury, where the Court was held at that time, they found no difficulty in gaining audience of the monarch, who received them with the reverence and honour due to the ambassadors of the Great King. We may picture to ourselves the dimly-lighted hall, with its narrow, deeply-splayed windows, where the fair boy king sat in the midst of the haughty barons who had wrested Magna Charta from his father, the grave

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and stately Cardinal Langton, his true friend and guide, the good Earl Pembroke, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, whose passionate heart once beat with such love for Holy Church that his wrath waxed fierce and his hand cruel against her foes. There they stood, holding court with such pomp and circumstance as a lull of peace during the harass and strife of the times would permit, and though the floor was covered but with rushes, the royal robes were splendid in purple and crimson and shining gems; the scarlet mantle of the Cardinal glowed in the dim light which gleamed also from the nobles' coats of mail, as the lowly friars with their brown Italian faces, rude garb, and bare feet entered the royal presence, their souls too accustomed to contemplate the glories of the heavenly court for their eyes to be dazzled by the splendours of an earthly one. Doubtless both king and cardinal, earl and baron, bent the knee and craved a blessing from the hands that had been grasped in that of God's chosen Saint, whose name, even then, was spread as a sweet odour over all the earth.

After this interview with the king, they were received and kindly entertained by the Benedictine Monks in the Priory of the Holy Trinity, for the Sons of St. Benedict from that day to this have ever shown an indulgent and paternal kindness to the sons of St. Francis, drawn to them perhaps, not only by the reverence which holy men instinctively feel for each other, but by the very force of contrast. In the thoughtful brow of the Benedictine, and even in the perpendicular lines of his black robe, there is the calm austerity of one who has reached such heights of holy contemplation that the shadow and sunshine of earth lie chequered far below his feet, while but faint echoes of the tossing tumult of the world reach him who has gone up into the mount to speak with God. His home is in the cloister, amid memories of the past and hopes of the future, or in the lofty cathedral chanting his office to the wailing cadences of Gregorian tones, whilst the Franciscan is equally at home in the cloister or in the crowd, in the palace or the cottage, or the mountain cave; the saint is dear to him as a brother, but for the sinner he has a mother's tenderness and a shepherd's care, and ever the passionate yearning of a lover to win souls to God. He has intense sympathy with all living things that bear the impress of His

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Father's hand; every crease and fold of his habit tells of ready adaptability to each state and circumstance in which he finds himself, an innocent jest seems to lurk in every corner, and its warm, kindly texture gives token of a human heart beneath, ever ready to be glad with those who rejoice, and to mourn with those who weep.

After the kind welcome of the good Benedictines, the friars were housed in a certain building called "the Poor Priest's Hospital," until a portion of the school attached to their house was fitted up for their reception. Here they remained until after the Ember days of September, 1220, edifying and instructing the boys by their pious discourse, and we may well suppose that these youths would ever afterwards retain the impression made on their minds by these holy men in the first fervour of their Apostleship, whose ambition craved depths of poverty, and whose desire was to be despised by the world.

At Ember-tide B. Agnellus, who was only a deacon when chosen by St. Francis to be the leader of the first English mission, was ordained Priest by Cardinal Langton, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who at the same time admitted B. Richard, of Devon, to be sub-deacon. When their turn came to receive the Sacrament of Holy Order, the officiating Archdeacon called in a loud voice, "Draw near, ye Brothers of the Order of the Apostles," and for many years afterwards the Friars Minor received the honoured title of "Brothers of the Order of the Apostles," so fitting for those the rule of whose Order was for the most part the same as that delivered by our Lord to His first Apostles.

SAYINGS OF BROTHER GILES.—IV.

He who fears nothing, shows that he has nothing to lose. The holy fear of God orders, governs, and rules the soul, and prepares it to receive His grace.

If a man possesses any grace or divine virtue, it is holy fear which preserves it in him.

And he who has not acquired grace or virtue, acquires it by means of holy fear.

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St. Joseph of Leonissa.

ST. JOSEPH was born at Leonissa, in the Abruzzi, in the year 1556. His parents—John Desideri and Frances Paulini—were no less remarkable for their high rank than for their great virtue. They had several children besides our Saint, who received at his baptism the name of Euphrene. As soon as he could speak, they taught him to pronounce the holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and under their pious care he increased daily in virtue and the love of God. He was endowed with great talents and an excellent understanding, and his docility, mildness, and modesty gained all hearts. Hardly had he reached the age of seven years, when he began to practise the most incredible austerities, and was accustomed to spend a great part of the night in prayer. His charity to the poor was no less remarkable; he often deprived himself of his own meals to relieve their wants.

About the age of twelve Euphrene lost his good parents. His uncle, Baptist Desideri, a priest of distinguished merit, living at Viterbo, undertook the education of his nephew, who well repaid his care by his rapid progress in virtue and learning. When he was grown up, a gentleman of Viterbo, who was charmed with the young man's talents, offered him his daughter in marriage.

Euphrene's uncle, who was acquainted with the excellent qualities of the young lady, urged his nephew to consent to the proposal. But Euphrene steadily refused, saying that he had long consecrated himself to God, and had resolved to remain faithful to Him alone. His uncle thought it best to desist from his solicitations for the time, hoping that his nephew would change his mind, and afterwards returned to the charge, urgently pressing him to consent to an alliance which would be of such advantage to him. He added that, as he held towards him the place of a father, he expected him to repay all his affection and tenderness by yielding to his solicitations.

Euphrene was so much distressed by his uncle's importunities that he fell dangerously ill. Baptist now bitterly reproached himself for his severity towards Euphrene, whose life was despaired

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of. However, a favourable crisis ensued, and the physicians pronounced him to be out of danger; and when he was convalescent they advised him to seek his native air, as the best means of complete recovery. As soon as Euphrene reached Leonissa he began to recover his strength, and he thanked God that he was removed from the dangerous solicitations of his uncle.

He now made a resolution to leave the world and enter religion. After mature consideration, he chose the Order of the Capuchins, who had a convent at Leonissa. He presented himself to the Provincial of the Order, who was then at Leonissa, and begged to be admitted to the habit. The Provincial received him favourably, and sent him to make his noviciate in the convent at Assisi. Euphrene was at this time seventeen years of age. He received the name of Joseph in religion, and soon became a model of every religious virtue, being distinguished among the other novices for his piety, obedience, and admirable humility.

Meanwhile, his relations, who were much displeased at his choice, resolved to take every measure to make the young novice desist from his design. Celius Hercolani, one of his cousins, went to Assisi, entered the convent by force, and requested that Joseph should be forthwith delivered up to him.

The Guardian answered his insolent demand with mildness and modesty, and, sending for Joseph, he said, "Your cousin is not detained here by force; as he was free to enter, so he is free to depart. Here he is; speak to him yourself." Then turning to Joseph, he said, "And you, brother Joseph, take care not to show yourself unworthy of the gifts of God, and resist not the Holy Spirit."

Hercolani, being left alone with Joseph, employed every persuasion to move him, but in vain. He then had recourse to violence, and seizing him by the arm, he dragged him to the door of the convent, and beat him unmercifully. At the cries of Joseph the religious ran to the spot, when Hercolani, mortified and ashamed at his ill-success, thought it better to leave his victim and depart.

After this victory Joseph was inflamed to still greater fervour in his vocation, and made his profession with the greatest joy. As

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soon as his theological studies were completed he was ordained priest. He was then employed in preaching to the poor, and instructing children. He displayed a wonderful talent for announcing the Word of God, and it soon pleased God to open a wider field to his zeal. He conceived a strong desire to devote himself to the conversion of the Christian slaves at Constantinople, and a favourable opportunity soon presented itself.

In 1587 Father Giacomo Mercato, General of the Order, was preparing to send some religious to Constantinople when Joseph entreated that he might be one of the number. His request was granted by the General, who, however, died soon afterwards; and his successor, Jerome di Polizzi, was not favourable to Joseph's desire. He chose three other Fathers for the mission, viz., Peter de la Croix, Giles de St. Marie, and Denis of Rome. On the day of their departure an unforeseen obstacle detained Brother Giles, and the two others having set out on their journey, Joseph received an order from the General to leave for Constantinople, taking with him Brother Gregory of Leonissa.

Joseph was at that time in the thirtieth year of his age, and he was so overjoyed at the news that he seemed to begin a new life. In a few days he reached Venice with his companion, where they embarked on board a merchant-vessel bound to the Levant. After some days' voyage a storm arising, the vessel was in danger of shipwreck, when Joseph betook himself to prayer, offering himself as a victim to God; on a sudden the wind ceased, but the vessel was so much injured by the storm that they were obliged to return to Venice. Joseph now applied to the captain of another vessel going to Constantinople, and was received on board with his companion. The provisions failing, the Saint blessed a little bread which he had with him, and it was so multiplied in his hands, that it afforded nourishment to all on board until they reached land. The vessel put in at a port some distance from Constantinople, and Joseph continued his journey by land. As soon as he reached Constantinople he went and cast himself at the feet of Father Peter de la Croix, Prefect of the Mission, begging him to give him his orders, and send him to begin his new labours for God. It was no small consolation to the Prefect to see Joseph, with whose excellent qualities he was well ac-

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quainted. The following day he took him to visit one of the dreadful prisons where the Christian slaves were kept in chains; and on that same day Joseph began to exercise his mission of charity.

Joseph appeared like an angel of God in this dismal abode, to alleviate the sufferings of these unfortunate Christians. He made a most moving discourse to them on their happiness in suffering for and with Christ. He offered to render them every service in his power, and to be the inseparable companion of their chains. "If any one amongst you is ill," said he, "I will try to procure for him all the necessary assistance. If he is weak and afflicted, I will try to console him. My own life is less dear to me than yours; and if I could buy your liberty at the price of my own, you should soon be set free. For your sakes I have braved the dangers of the sea, shipwreck and storms. I only left my country to have the merit of serving you; dispose of me as of your best friend." This discourse won the confidence of the prisoners; they could not but admire and reverence so holy a man, above all when they learned that he had offered to ransom one of them, by taking his place in the prison. The zealous missioner spent several days in the prison, without taking any other food than some worm-eaten biscuits, and hardly allowing himself any repose. His whole employment was to dress the wounds of the sick, and console the aged and infirm, soothing their pains with words of the sweetest consolation. After he had gained their confidence, he found no difficulty in bringing them to sentiments of sincere piety, and in preparing them to receive the Sacraments. The greater number of them went to confession, and the conversion was so general that in a short time the prison was, as it were, changed into a monastery, where the captives sang the divine praises at certain hours of the day and night; and in a place where blasphemies and profane words used to resound, nothing was now heard but prayers and words of blessing. The poor prisoners learned to bear their sufferings with wonderful patience, and many of them kissed their chains, and would have refused to purchase their liberty at the expense of the smallest untruth.

One evening as St. Joseph was leaving the prison to visit the hospital, he found it necessary to cross the Seraglio; he was per-

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ceived by the guard of soldiers, who attacked him with swords and staves. Taking him for a spy, they loaded him with chains, beat him violently, and dragged him off to prison. The Grand Vizier, on hearing of this, ordered that he should be closely imprisoned and narrowly watched, in order to force him to acknowledge his crime. His death was the more certain, as it was a capital offence for any Christian to be seen by night in the streets of Constantinople.

The Prefect of the Mission having heard of the matter, went to the French and Venetian ambassadors to excite their compassion in favour of the Saint, begging them to use all their influence with the Grand Vizier in order to save him from death. The ambassadors promised to do all that lay in their power; a whole month, however, elapsed before they could obtain his pardon from the Vizier, who at length set him free, and declared him absolved of his pretended crime.

Shortly after the plague broke out among the unfortunate captives; St. Joseph displayed the most heroic zeal and charity, and devoted himself entirely to their wants, both spiritual and corporal. He and all the other missioners who were employed in assisting the sick caught the terrible disease. Father Joseph alone recovered in the most wonderful manner, and hardly had he regained his strength than he devoted himself anew to the service of the plague-stricken, having with him only Brother Gregory of Leonissa, his faithful companion.

At length it pleased God to abate this terrible scourge, and Father Joseph, who was moved with compassion at seeing so many infidels dying without salvation, resolved to instruct the survivors at the risk of his life. His efforts were not in vain, and he had the consolation of bringing many Turks to the knowledge of the Gospel and to the practice of the Christian religion.

Meanwhile the holy man heard that a Greek archbishop, who had lately come to Constantinople, had abjured the faith, adopted the turban, and made open profession of Mahometanism. This news caused him the deepest affliction, and he resolved to try every means in his power to bring him back to the Church.

The Archbishop was still agitated with the most poignant remorse for his apostasy, and while in this state of mind he received

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a visit from the holy man. They spoke together for some time on religion, and on parting they agreed to resume their conversation at another period. On the appointed day, Father Joseph again visited the Archbishop, and spoke to him in the following words:

"My lord, permit me once more to accost you by that sacred title which you have dishonoured: you feel deeply the enormity of your crime, and your conscience reproaches you continually for an apostasy the more horrible, as by it you have profaned that sacred character which rendered you the minister of God's Word, and the dispenser of His graces and sacraments.

These words touched the Archbishop to the heart and he burst into a flood of tears.

"Ah, my dear Father," he replied, "say no more; I feel the depth of my iniquity, it overpowers me, and I can hardly bear it; I fear to consummate my reprobation by a horrible despair."

"God's mercy is greater than your crime," replied Father Joseph; "your sin is not so bad as that of Judas, and he would have obtained pardon had he repented. You have denied Christ like St. Peter; like him you must weep for your sin, and be converted to God. His voice calls you to repentance, and since I am, though unworthy, the instrument of His mercy, accept the help of my ministry."

"Willingly," replied the Archbishop, "I cast myself into your arms, but be careful not to speak publicly of my conversion. You know the severe laws of the sect of Mahometanism; let us try not to incur them. Do not, however, think that any human respect will deter me; all the riches of the Seraglio would not tempt me. I look with indifference on the dignity of Pasha, with which my apostasy was rewarded, the only thing I desire is absolution from my crimes and from the censures I have incurred."

"How happy would you be, my lord," answered Joseph, "if you had the courage to repair the scandal you have given by an open profession of the Christian Faith, a few moments of shame would work in you an exceeding weight of glory; and you would efface the guilt of your crime by a glorious martyrdom. But I see that you wish to perform a long penance for your sin, and you wish to live longer in order to deplore your fall. May the Father

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of Mercies finish in you the work He has so happily begun. I shall soon be going to Rome, and I will conduct you to the sovereign Pontiff, who will receive you with the tenderness of a father, and treat you with that honour and respect which you deserve by your sincere return to the Faith."

Thus ended the conversation, and soon after the Archbishop went to Rome with the holy man who had brought him back to the bosom of the true Church.

Meanwhile, St. Joseph undertook another enterprise which he had much at heart. He had long been persuaded that if he could succeed in converting the Grand Signior, it would be the means of bringing numbers to the Faith. For a long time he offered up prayers and fasts for this intention. Animated with apostolic zeal, he one day met the monarch when he was on his way to a mosque, preceded by his guards. But no sooner had the Janissaries perceived the holy man than they drove him away with blows, dragged him along the ground by his beard, and trampled him under their feet. This injurious treatment did not damp his courage, and soon after he went to the palace, and casting himself at the feet of the Aga of the Janissaries, he begged him to procure him an audience of the Grand Signior, as he had affairs of great importance to communicate to him.

(*To be continued.*)

The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

X.

ABOUT a month after the commencement of the voyage, the manner of the captain towards Genesimo underwent a singular change. He looked coldly on the boy, and sometimes reproved him severely without just cause, wounding him deeply by biting sarcasms or stinging words of contempt; it seemed as though he could scarcely endure his presence.

Lacrimosa Valle, who observed it all, and was much grieved by it, endeavoured to discover the reason for this strange alteration, which was the more surprising, as the captain was neither an austere, perverse, or hard-hearted man; but usually kind, affable, and indulgent. Yet he dared not ask an explanation; prudence demanded that he should wait for an opportunity of introducing the subject on some occasion of familiar conversation, and in the

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meantime watch carefully over Genesimo, trusting that the harsh manner and angry words of the captain would be changed to his former kind and considerate behaviour.

One day the captain told Genesimo that he wished he had never taken him on board his ship. These words were accidentally heard by Lacrimosa Valle, as he was arranging the pantry, and he concluded that the time had arrived for him to speak. He waited until Genesimo had quitted the cabin, and then approached the captain, and, controlling his anger, respectfully asked him why he so mistreated a lad who, in his opinion, was of unequalled industry and good conduct. The captain angrily exclaimed that, in his view, the boy was of a bad disposition, a glutton, a liar, a thief, and a hypocrite. "You," he continued, "think well of this youngster, and consider him a saint, because he is always ready to echo your prayers, and knows how to clasp his hands; but I can assure you that under this pretence of piety he conceals very bad faults—he employs these supplicating hands of his in another way. I feel obliged to tell you that sometimes the meat is not as it was when it left the table the last time; the cheese and other things the same; wine is taken from the bottles. Who can be the thief but Genesimo? No one else enters the pantry, so that it must be he. Do you understand now? You see what this lad is, of whom you are as careful as of a relic. I fear you will be scandalised through him. Oh, he is a great acquisition, certainly. If he does not mend his ways, I will send him forward, and forbid him to approach the cabin at all."

This accusation fell like a blow upon the good Lacrimosa Valle; he could not think so ill of Genesimo, nor dared he contradict the captain; he was silent. For the first time in his life words failed him; he was beside himself. With his left hand he grasped and pulled his long beard, while he passed his right across his forehead. His brain was confused, his heart beat, shame and humiliation appeared in his face. At last, letting both arms fall by his side, he answered in a low voice:

"What you say is true; I have remarked these things myself, but I never for a moment suspected Genesimo; I thought it was yourself or the mate; I have even questioned the boy about it, but he always protested that he never touched anything, and I did not suppose he would tell me a falsehood."

"Pooh," cried the captain. "You think he tells no falsehoods; then I suppose the wine evaporates, or perhaps ghosts drink it."

"I do not say that," said Lacrimosa Valle, "but that Genesimo drinks it I do not believe."

"Who does drink it then?"

"Ah!"

"Your *Ah* is not enough for me. You are responsible for the conduct of the boy, and for the stores in the pantry."

"Calm yourself," replied Lacrimosa Valle, suppressing the anger which burnt in his breast. "Calm yourself; give me ten days, and I will undertake to find the culprit, I promise you this;

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from the quarter-deck to the forecastle is not a long distance. Do not speak to any one of what has happened. If you will keep silence I hope to catch the wolf in a trap. Leave Genesimo where he is, I will answer for him; leave him to me; with liars and with thieves I am inexorable, I shall be doubly so with him."

While this conversation passed between the captain and the steward, Genesimo was preparing the table for supper; he had heard nothing but an indistinct murmur, and Lacrimosa Valle had the consolation of knowing that his secret was unsuspected. He retired to his cabin with a troubled spirit, and in sad uncertainty, studiously avoiding to look in the face of Genesimo, as he knew not whether to regard him with eyes of tender compassion or bitter anger. What he had heard had made an impression on his mind unfavourable to the boy, but his heart struggled against this feeling. The doubt and fear inspired by the captain's accusation, wounded him to the soul. He had pledged his word to find the culprit, and he was not a man to turn from any duty he had undertaken.

From that moment he applied his whole mind and used all his sagacity to devise some means of convicting the unknown thief. He thought of many plans, but to all there was some objection. He wished to preserve the guilty one from public disgrace, and at last contrived a very simple plan, but to carry it into effect he was obliged to wait an opportunity.

Contrary winds had obliged our brigantine to remain some days near the Dardanelles, and soon after a calm detained them for a time in the sea of Marmora, so that it was on the last day of July that our sailors first saw the golden minarets of the many mosques of Constantinople; and on the first of August they found themselves anchored in the Bosphorus. Those who have not seen this lovely place can form no idea of the picturesque beauty of its shores. It was spring-time when our sailors moored their vessel there, and soon, refreshed by a meal more luxurious than usual, they were all, not excluding the captain, seated on the deck, repairing a sail which an unexpected gust of wind had the day before torn to ribbons. Lacrimosa Valle chose this moment to put his plan into execution. When Genesimo had cleared the table and was attending to his duties in the pantry, he went into the cabin, and taking the bottle of wine covered the mouth of it with grease, and lamp-black, and when Genesimo returned he sent him, under the pretext that he should learn to mend the sails, to join the others at this work.

Now mending sails is a rather tiresome work, and soon wearies those who do it, so it was but natural that the sailors soon began, some on one pretence, and some on another, to leave the deck and descend below. Lacrimosa Valle watched each one as he returned, but no one bore the expected stain on hand or lips; all returned as they went. "So my fine scheme has failed," said he to himself. There only remained one, the cabin-boy of the forecastle, a lad of sixteen, a favourite of the pilot, as he was not only

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distantly related to him but was the son of an old comrade. His only fault was an enormous appetite, which could have fed upon stones if nothing else was to be had. He was called Damiano. Often, when his work in the forecastle was over, he went, by the pilot's permission, to assist Genesimo in the cabin. This he gladly did, as he knew that Lacrimosa Valle would always reward him with some choice morsel; no one disputed the privilege with him, as all were aware of his voracity, and sometimes jeered him about it, calling him "lick-platter." The captain, when the salt meat was harder than usual, would sometimes say, "For this we should have the teeth and the stomach of Damiano."

Our readers now know who was the culprit. Poor Damiano! his appetite was the cause of his fall. When his turn came to visit the deck, he did not return as he went. "Here he is," said Lacrimosa Valle to himself. "This time the wolf is taken!" He could not conceal what he had done, for the poor fellow's lips were deeply stained with the treacherous mixture. All the sailors burst into laughter when they saw his blackened face. The captain asked if he had been licking the saucepans. Damiano passed his hand across his mouth, and when he withdrew it and saw it all black he became as pale as death.

"It is tar," said one.

"It is soot," said another.

"I declare," cried a third, "he has been rubbing his nose with the handspike I painted yesterday!"

All jested upon his appearance, but no one thought of accusing him of anything. In all this clamour Lacrimosa Valle took no part. Who would believe it? Instead of rejoicing in his triumph, he experienced a feeling of remorse for what he had done, and was tormented by a new uncertainty; he almost regretted that he had discovered what he sought. He thought of the lost character of poor Damiano, the punishment he would have to bear, the shame he would feel when his fault should be made known; the mortification of the captain at the mistake he had made; the pain of the pilot at the disgrace of his relation. He returned to the deck, and took counsel with his guardian angel. How bitterly he felt being compelled to choose a part fatal either to honour or to innocence, to justice or to mercy. Genesimo followed him to say that he had finished his work in the kitchen. At this moment the captain came on deck; his presence made Lacrimosa Valle tremble. Seeing him so unusually disturbed, the captain addressed him, asking him several times if anything was the matter. At first he did not answer, then muttered a few indistinct words; but when the captain angrily demanded a reply, he started, and said, "I am thinking whether I should expose the thief or not, whose depredations you have charged upon that poor cabin-boy, who has had nothing to do with them—who is innocent as a baby."

"Oh, then you are still irresolute? Is it not your strict duty to do so? Have you not given your word? Is it not on your

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conscience? What have you discovered? Tell me at once, I will know! It is but right I should do so. Speak! I will have no mysteries—do you understand?"

At these words, uttered in a fierce and angry tone, the poor man was obliged to yield, and with great reluctance and in a stifled voice he half uttered the name of Damiano. And to make the astonished captain understand, and to convince him of the truth of his story, he narrated the experiment he had made with the bottle and its result. And then he begged pardon for the delinquent, holding up his good qualities to view, dwelling upon his youth, the continual craving for food which so unfortunately beset him, his many and severe labours, and many other reasons, to induce the captain to promise that he would spare Damiano further punishment.

"You will free me from a great remorse," said he, "and I shall thank you most gratefully for it. Do nothing in this matter. Leave to me the sad task of correction. I promise you it shall be firm yet gentle, so that Damiano will always keep his affection for you, and his confidence in you; he will have no motive, not fearing your anger, to deceive you again, and he will have no feeling against me for having exposed him to you. The punishment should amend the fault; so our good F. Joseph has often said to us both; and when the punishment can be administered without debasing the culprit and without inflicting excessive pain, it is our duty to spare him unnecessary suffering."

"I see," said the captain with a smile; "you have always F. Joseph with you. You will soon be sending me to him to learn navigation."

So the conversation ended as Lacrimosa Valle wished, as the captain did not care to dispute longer with one, with whom he knew he could not contend or bring to adopt any one's opinion but his own.

Franciscan Chronicle.

A New Glory of the Third Order.—Monsignore Domenico Agostini, Bishop of Chioggia, and a Tertiary of St. Francis, was translated by his Holiness, on the 22nd of June, to the Patriarchal See of Venice.

The Third Order at Erith.—Under the zealous guidance of the Rev. F. Cherubino, who has been lately appointed to the charge of the mission at Erith, the Tertiaries of that place have begun to assemble in congregation, according to the Rule. The next meeting will take place September 2nd.

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Sentences of the Month.

SACRIFICE. *B. Isabella.—September* 1. The heart of a Saint is an altar for the gold of charity, the incense of prayer, and the myrrh of mortification.

DISTRUST OF SELF. *B.B. John and Peter.—September* 2. Self-love is a dragon with seven heads.

SUFFERING. *S. Rose of Viterbo.—September* 4. We are highly honoured when allowed to follow Jesus to Calvary.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER. *B. Gentilis.—September* 5. To preserve the fruit of prayer we must continue lovingly in the presence of God.

DETACHMENT. *B. Vincent.—September* 6. Happy the man who detaches himself from his own pleasure, his own will, and his own understanding.

MEEKNESS. *B. Seraphina.—September* 9. The servant of God who is not crucified with Jesus, what is he?

CONFIDENCE IN GOD. *B. Bernard of Offido.—September* 11. The way to sanctity is to walk trustingly, like a child beside its father.

PURITY OF INTENTION. *S. Joseph of Cupertino.—September* 18. To be Saints all our actions must be done purely for God.

MORTIFICATION. *S. Francis.—September* 17. Wouldst thou be a delicate member under a Head crowned with thorns?

FRATERNAL CHARITY. *S. Pacificus.—September* 25. Succour the poor lovingly, for they bear the image of Christ.

HUMILITY. *B. Lucy.—September* 26. O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!

DESIRE OF HEAVEN. *B. Bernardine.—September* 28. The true servant of God acknowledges no other country but Heaven.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—No. 10. OCTOBER, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Explanation of the Rule of the Third Order.

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

IN the opening chapter of the Rule, the seraphic Lawgiver requires that the Faith of his sons be entire and steadfast; nor is this all: he further demands that it be perfect: "And if they believe in truth," says the Rule. But how ensure the due fulfilment of this requirement? By combining with the qualities already mentioned, *humility*, *learning*, and *practice*. Besides being entire and steadfast, the faith of the Tertiary must be humble, enlightened, and active.

To speak but of humility. Many are there even among the devout, who believe the doctrines of Faith, but are too apt to dispute, and to form to themselves systems on one or the other revealed mystery. How conciliate the simple unity of the Divine Nature with the distinction of Persons? How can the Body and Blood of Christ exist under the sacramental species? The origin of the universe, the existence of sin and of the woes it brings in its train, not to mention a few others, will exercise a certain class of minds. The doubts and perplexities, which swarm in upon them, they strive to solve by reasonings. Eschewing the lowly obedience of Faith, they set themselves the impossible task of establishing

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the *intrinsic* evidences of the Divine oracle. They scruple not to make their perplexities, their crude attempts at explanation, a topic of common desultory talk. Truly, they have a strange notion of Faith. For what Faith is it that would pry into the secrets of God, and submit His utterances to the test of private judgment? In matters God has abandoned to the disputes of men, we may freely argue and investigate, not so when His Word is concerned. He claims the humble obedience of Faith, which silences the contention of reason, and bows down the soul in devout adoration of the unfathomable depths of His mysteries. "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unfathomable His judgments, and how unsearchable His paths" (Romans xi. 34). The Divine Scriptures frequently call attention to this humility as to a quality apart from which our Faith can never be acceptable. "Unless ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 2, 3).

But how become thus childlike? The holy doctors and commentators answer, by imitating the humility and candid simplicity, wherewith children rely on a parent's word. We must, therefore, receive the mysterious teachings of religion with unquestioning belief, without curiously searching into the "how" and "why" thereof, adhering to the Divine Word with a pure and simple Faith. The Fathers of the Church, our masters and teachers in the Faith, lay special stress on this lowly and simple obedience of the mind, whenever they treat of Faith. Before his lamentable falling away, Tertullian said, "Let curiosity give place to Faith," (Prescript. Hæretic, n. 14). In the thirty-sixth sermon on the words of our Lord, attributed by some to St. Augustine, we read, "Curiosity in matters of Faith results from pride. Faith is in nowise the heritage of the haughty, but the possession of the lowly." Not to mention others, St. Bernard of Clairvaux (Epistle to Haymeric) says, "In order to believe as befits a Christian, no need of disputing; simple Faith is alone required." If then we would, as our Rule presupposes, be "true and genuine believers," we must lay aside all bootless discussion, and curious prying into God's secrets. The teachings of Faith are beset with difficulties, arising, for the most part, from our ignorance and mental feeble-

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ness; they may all be met by the simple reply the early Christians were wont to give to such as questioned them concerning their religion, "*I believe.*"

The spirit of the age, in its empty pride, will scoff at such *blind* and *unreasonable* submission; it will repeat the taunt of the apostate Emperor Julian to the Christians of his day: "Ignorance is *your* portion; all your philosophy may be summed up in the stupid repetition of the word, 'I believe.'" Nor were it far wrong if our Faith were grounded on no motive, if we were not assured that the teachings we cling to are Divine. But as our standpoint is, we have proof irrefragable that they have been revealed of God, nought is more reasonable than a humble submission to His Word, for our reason tells us that God cannot err, and that it were the height of folly to pry into mysteries so deep and so sublime, hence it remains for us but to accept them with unquestioning obedience. As Pascal says, "Nothing is more conformable with reason, than to refuse to allow it to meddle with 'the truths of Faith.'" We are an enigma to ourselves, and yet we would fathom the things of God! The substance and nature of the forces working in the visible world around us, the reasons of the natural phenomena we daily behold, are beyond the grasp of our minds, and yet we must strive to find out how God can be three Persons while absolutely One in nature; we would explain the sacramental presence of the Saviour in the most precious of His gifts; or conciliate God's sovereign rule with the freedom of the created will! The dust at our feet presents us with more than one insoluble problem, yet must we set about fathoming the counsels of God! The unquestioning obedience of Faith is, therefore, a most reasonable act of submission on our part, since, on the one hand, we are assured of the authority and truth of Him Who has deigned to reveal them to us, and, on the other, religious teachings, for the most part, are, of their own nature, far beyond the ken of our weak and limited mental powers.

To this may be added that it is written: "God withstands the proud, and gives His grace to the lowly." And assuredly it is pride to fancy we can fathom God's unsearchable ways, and to measure by the standard of reason what, on this side of the grave, may be viewed but in the dim twilight of faith. God resists, there-

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fore, such as would attempt this; He gradually withdraws from them His special gifts, allows them to be entangled in countless perplexities, which but too often land them in error. Would we trace to their starting-point the wanderings of so many heretics and infidels, we shall find it in this pride, this restless spirit of inquiry, which led them to pry into what claims but unquestioning faith. With those who take their stand on the rock of a humble faith, God's dealings are far other: He imparts to them from time to time the heavenly light He withholds from the proud, in accordance with that prayer of Incarnate Wisdom: "I give Thee thanks for that Thou hast withheld these truths from the wise and prudent of this world, and hast revealed them to little ones" (Mat. xi. 23). This is why so many simple and lowly souls are enabled to discourse on Divine things with such clearness and conviction as to show that their minds are enlightened from above, and that the spirit of wisdom and of understanding speaks by their mouths. Hence it is that in the lives of the Saints we meet with many who, though unlettered or nearly so, are accounted, both by the Church and the world, shining lights of knowledge and wisdom. Such were St. Antony of Egypt, St. Martin of Tours, St. Brigid, SS. Pasqual Baylon, Felix, B. Crispin of Viterbo (a Capuchin friar), etc. Without culture, but in reward of their humility and purity, they gave proof of so deep a knowledge of supernatural truth as to confound the wise ones of this world, and to astonish even those whose whole lives had been spent in the study of the sacred science. Needless to instance our own holy Founder, whose humility and simple faith are as well known of all as is the super-abundance of heavenly light poured down upon him in reward thereof. Following him, may we too bow humbly before the depths of the Divine Word, and rebut all suggestions, questionings, and doubts, with the simple protestation of our faith. Thus may we hope, ere faith vanishes into vision, seeing face to face, to enjoy even here the peace and joy in store for the meek and lowly of heart.

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S. Francis, the Great Peace-Maker.

RECONCILIATION and peace, union and fraternal charity —these are the special fruits of all the mysteries of the life of Jesus Christ, Who for that reason had been long before proclaimed by Isaias, "The Prince of Peace." He who has reconciled men with God by His Passion and Death, has left us in the Blessed Eucharist a sensible bond of love to unite the hearts of men in perfect charity, by bringing them together in His own Heart. The chief desire of that most tender Heart, as manifested in His prayer to the Father when taking leave of the world at His Last Supper, was for the union and the mutual charity of His children, that they might be but one heart and one soul. "Holy Father, keep those whom Thou hast given to Me in Thy name, that they may be one, even as We are one."

That the same evangelical spirit of charity ought to be specially exhibited by the Tertiaries of St. Francis is evident from the briefest glimpse at the life of their Founder, whose example has been set before them for their imitation, and each time that his Feast comes round to us, we cannot do better than animate ourselves to a more fervent practice of fraternal charity, by studying it afresh in the life of our holy Father.

Even from his childhood, Francis knew how to give clear proofs of special affection, generous and compassionate charity for his neighbours, so that very early in life he was proclaimed the greatest peace-maker of the world, and has been compared by St. Bonaventure to the rainbow, which, after the Deluge, God set in the clouds, as a sign of His alliance with men. His father wished him to follow the trade of a merchant, but the young Francis, after a dangerous illness, gave himself entirely to God, and wished to join in a Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Places. He was prevented from so doing by a celestial voice, which plainly told him, "Thou art destined to combat with vice, not with the Saracens." Thereupon he returned, and betook himself to a solitary place, to gain by prayer and mortification the strength necessary to enable him to be of advantage to his neighbour.

The mysterious voice said to him again, "Francis, thou must now love what thou hast hitherto dreaded, take unto thee now all that seems disgusting to thy nature." Accordingly, meeting a leper on the plain near Assisi, Francis dismounted from his horse, and overcoming his natural repugnance, embraced the poor creature, and even kissed his sores! How wonderful the power of Divine charity! Jesus Himself had been announced by the prophet Isaias as a leper, "we have thought Him a leper." When Mary Magdalene came to seek Him, she found Him in the house of a leper; and since then He has often appeared under the form of a leper to His Saints, as was probably the case in this instance, to invite them to triumph by means of the celestial charity which He

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Himself at the same time infused into their hearts, over the weakness of their flesh, by conquering the natural repugnance of human nature in its most violent form.

The kiss which Francis gave to the leper enkindled, in fact, in his breast so ardent a flame of charity, that he abandoned himself to it for some moments in a sweet ecstasy of love, after which, moved by special workings of Divine grace, he began immediately to preach charity and fraternal concord, in simple and touching accents, beginning always with the salutation, "May God give you His peace!" So successfully did he preach as to make a lively and salutary impression upon the people, at that time very destitute of spiritual instruction. At the sound of his sweet voice anger was stilled, ancient enmities abandoned, dark suspicions fled away, and those who before refused to recognise each other as fellow-citizens embraced with the affection of brothers. Yet, alas! not only in Umbria, but throughout the whole of Europe, was there the same need for his preaching, the same ignorance of the sublime lessons of the Gospel, and in consequence, the same melancholy spectacle of Christians living in constant enmity with one another, hating each other so intensely that they could scarcely meet in the streets without drawing their swords. Francis, therefore, still acting under Divine inspiration, invited others to join with him in his work of charity, and succeeded so marvellously in communicating to them the flame of his own ardent zeal, that from all parts of Europe men rushed to enrol themselves under his banner, and in a few years' time he was able to assemble a general chapter of more than 5000 of his sons, a noble army who spread themselves again over the whole Continent, and brought back celestial peace to the hearts of men.

We know well how the same work has been perpetuated to the present day, and what success has everywhere attended the labours of the Fathers of the First Order in preaching fraternal charity. Let us only remark now, that our own Order was specially instituted by St. Francis to preserve the fruits of his preaching, and by uniting Christians in a pious brotherhood to prevent the possibility of a recurrence of those frequent enmities by which the devil had previously enthralled them. Knowing well the impotence of human nature to resist the assaults of the devil, unless fortified by assistance from on high, to be secured only by prayer and mortification, he drew up for them the Rule, in which he carefully accommodated these holy practices to the opportunities and requirements of each one, whatever his occupation in the world. Seeing then that fraternal charity holds so important a place in the intentions of our Father, let us try day by day to render it more perfect, so that we may all have, indeed, but one heart and one soul.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Baptist having been cast into prison, Jesus goes from Judea into Galilee. Before passing through Samaria, He converts near Sichem, the Samaritan woman, with many others of her fellow-townsmen. Then He returns into Cana, and heals in his absence the son of a ruler, who dwelt in Capharnaum. Then turning aside from His own country, He settles Himself in Capharnaum, from whence He comes and goes, passing through Galilee. Peter and Andrew, James and John, are finally chosen as His disciples.

ALL that has hitherto been related of Jesus may be considered rather as a preparation than as an actual part of His divine mission, for, as long as John prophesied, Jesus, as is clear from the mission of the former, had no need to exercise the public office of preaching. But when the Baptist was put in prison, and in him was closed the mouth of the prophets and of the law, then only that which was prophesied had to come to pass, and thus the Gospel of Jesus Christ was to appear in its own proper light.

Jesus then, as soon as He had heard of the imprisonment of His forerunner John, began to unfold the grand drama of His own preaching, and to work all the miracles which, though but few of them have come down to us, are so magnificent, so consoling, and so salutary, that not only have they filled the world with their fame, but have formed in all time and will for ever form the hope and delight of every Christian—like a torch that dispels the darkness and enlightens every mind which seeks the truth in good faith. Let us, therefore, follow Him with confidence, and return to the place where we left Him, in Judea.

St. John iv. 1—54. In this neighbourhood, from what we have said above, it was not His Will to remain any longer, having stayed there about seven months after the first Pasch, and He therefore resolved to go again into Galilee, passing through the city of Samaria, once the capital, after the division of the twelve tribes, of the kingdom of Israel. Having arrived at the town of Sichem, near the piece of land that the patriarch Jacob had left to his son Joseph, and not far from Samaria, wearied with His journey, which He was wont always to make on foot, He sat down by a well whence the inhabitants used to draw water. The dis-

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ciples who were with Him went at once into the town to buy food, and Jesus, who had so ordered it in His Divine Wisdom, remained behind alone. At this moment a woman of the country came to draw water. As she drew near to the well, Jesus said to her, "Woman, give Me to drink." The Samaritan woman, who, either from His appearance or from His dress, knew Him to be a native of Judea, marvelling that by such a request He should break through the ancient custom and the enmity that existed between the two, answered, "Either I am much mistaken, or thou art a Jew, but if so, how is it thou askest to drink of me, a Samaritan woman? Hast thou all at once forgotten the emnity there is between us?" Jesus said to her, "O woman, if thou didst but know the gift that God offereth to thee at this moment, and who He is that asketh thee for water, thou wouldst without doubt have asked of Him, and He would have given thee water to last for ever."

The Samaritan did not understand these mysterious words, which alluded to Himself—the fountain of eternal life, of eternal grace and truth—and therefore answered Him at once, in words as simple as they were ingenuous, "But, as far as I can see, thou hast no means of drawing water, and the well is very deep. Whence then hast thou the living water of which thou speakest? Art thou, forsooth, greater than our father Jacob, who had enough of this water for himself, his sons, and his flocks, and also for us to whom he left it as an inheritance?" Jesus answered, "Woman, whosoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again, but it is not so with the living water I will give. Whoever drinks of that shall never thirst again, because its source is not here on earth but in Heaven, and to Heaven it will lead him who drinks of it; there its freshness is eternal with ever new delight." "Why then," she rejoined, "dost thou not give me, sir, this water, so that when I thirst I shall not have to come hither to draw?" Jesus said, "Go first and call thy husband, and then return." The woman answered, "Sir, I have no husband." Jesus said, "I know it; thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband. In this thou hast spoken truly." Then the Samaritan woman, seized with wonder, said, "Sir, I see clearly thou art a prophet, since thou knowest the secrets of my heart. I am happy in that, for thou canst take from me the doubts that came into my

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head just now when I heard thee speak. I cannot understand how you, who are Jews, say that only in Jerusalem we ought to worship God, whilst our fathers have worshipped Him on this mountain" (and she pointed to Gerizim, that was not far distant), "or how they were wrong in worshipping Him there?" Jesus answered, "There is no doubt, since the Law clearly commands it, that in the Temple of Jerusalem only God ought to be worshipped, to say nothing of the alterations your fathers made in the Divine service, disfiguring and corrupting it. But, however it may have been in times past, I declare to thee, O woman, that the time has now come when God the Father shall no longer be worshipped exclusively either in this mountain of yours or in Jerusalem, but He shall be worshipped everywhere, in every corner of the earth. Nevertheless, salvation has to come forth from Judea, and the worship of which I speak to thee shall no longer consist, as heretofore, in the shadows and figures of ceremonies and of many legal sacrifices, but shall consist chiefly in spirit and in truth, in faith, that is, and in interior justice. For God being Himself a Spirit, He ought to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Thus the necessity for that figurative worship has come to an end, to give place to that other of which I speak to thee, and which expresses alone all its reality. Now wilt thou understand that from this interior worship of truth and faith only can the exterior be sanctified, which of itself could not please God, and evidently would be without meaning and without life, that is, without spirit and without truth."

The Samaritan woman, though she was struck with this way of speaking, so wholly new to her, yet being still far from comprehending who it was that discoursed thus with her, answered, "We have a lively hope of the coming of the Messias. Well, when He shall come, and it cannot be long first, then we shall be fully instructed by Him." The sublime answer that Jesus gave her was this: "Woman, I, who speak to thee, am He." At these words, the Samaritan woman, having her mind full of all the things that Jesus had said to her, enamoured too doubtless with the grace and wisdom that shone forth in Him, and, we may add, enlightened by that Divine Light that illuminates and inflames our hearts and leads them back to God, leaving there her water-pot upon the

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well, without thinking of anything else ran to the town, and said to all whom she met, "Come and see the Man that has revealed to me all the secrets of my life. Surely He must be the Messias, whom we have been so long expecting." And a crowd of people went out with her to see Him.

While the Samaritan woman was yet speaking with Jesus, the disciples returned from the town; and though they marvelled to see Him speaking with a woman, knowing His reserved manner and incomparable modesty towards that sex, still they did not dare to ask Him, What seekest Thou, O Master, or of what wert Thou talking to her? They asked Him instead to take some food, and refresh Himself. And they received from Him an answer which, on the one hand, surprised them; and, on the other, made known to them the joy Jesus found in having brought back to God an unhappy woman, who had gone astray. He said to them: "You ask Me to refresh Myself with food, but I have a food that is not earthly but heavenly, not corruptible but immortal; and that food is *that I do fully do the Will of Him who hath sent Me*, and accomplish the great work He has given Me. Behold I say unto you, although there are still four months to the harvest, behold there are other fields which are available for reaping; behold the people that are already ripe for My doctrine, the rumour of an immediate Redemption is spread everywhere. You are destined to reap that which you have not sown; but both he who sows and he who reaps shall receive their wages from the Lord of the harvest. I am the Lord of the harvest, that is, the whole world, given into My charge by the Father. The Patriarchs, the Prophets, and John the Baptist, have sown it; I Myself have brought it to maturity by My coming; you and your successors are destined to gather the fruit of it, which shall be for eternal life."

The Samaritans, or rather the Sichemites, who had come to see Him, invited Him to go into their city and to stay with them; and He remained there two days. Many persons believed in Him, and told the woman that it was not so much from what she had made known to them of Him that they believed in Jesus, as from what they themselves had seen and heard; affirming and exclaiming that He was truly the Messias and Saviour of the world.

The ways of God are unsearchable; but none can fail to admire

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His infinite wisdom in obtaining His ends, which often run counter to human thoughts. The Samaritan woman is a lively example ot this, since we see that her conversion was the chief object ot Christ's journey. After He had left Sichem and passed through Samaria, He directed His steps to Cana, which had witnessed the change of water into wine. There was great rejoicing wherever He passed; because the fame of Him was spread abroad, and many had seen with their own eyes the marvels and prodigies He had wrought at Jerusalem during the solemn feast of the Pasch. This time also Cana had the good fortune to behold the power that dwelt in Jesus. For to it there came from Capharnaum a certain ruler (some say he belonged to the court of Herod Antipas, governor of Galilee), who had a son at the point of death. He, having heard of the fame of Jesus, and that He was in Cana or somewhere near it, went in haste to pray Him earnestly that He would vouchsafe to come to his house to heal his son. Jesus, to give a lively proof of His power by putting it in force even from a distance, did not think it well to grant his request; but told him to return home, and that he should see with his own eyes the might of His Word—Omnipotent as His Will.

The ruler believed, and went away; and having nearly reached his house, behold, his servants come and tell him that his son is perfectly cured! Asking them at what hour the miracle had taken place, he found it was at the very moment in which Jesus had said to him: "Go, thy son liveth." All the family shared in the joy of the father, and believed in Jesus together with him.

This event teaches us that our best way of behaving to our Divine Redeemer is to put full and certain confidence in Him. When we shall be raised to this exalted faith we shall see God present in everything, and shall find Him in all our thoughts and affections; nothing will be any longer difficult for us. We shall have compassion for the unbeliever who opposes us; more than that, we shall pray for him, but shall not disturb ourselves at all about his doctrines, which are *absurd*, because they deny to God His almighty power; *ridiculous*, because they would have us deny even the most certain and evident things—for example, history of the greatest credit, and the best proved facts; *discouraging*, because they make us leave the right path, which the wisest me

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in the world have followed, to cast ourselves into an abyss of vileness through which we shall come to sacrifice honour, virtue, wealth, and talent; *desolating*, because depriving us of God they deprive us of all that gives support to the weaknesses, the infirmities, and the adversities with which our life is strewn, even of that Divine relief which we feel when we say from the heart, *Thy holy Will, O Lord, be done!* Hence, as the result of such a state, we shall always find despair, the source of a thousand other crimes, the last of which is self-murder.

St. Math. iv. 13, etc.; St. Mark i. 15.; St. Luke v. 1, etc. Jesus, turning aside from His own country of Nazareth, with regard to which He had made use of the common proverb, "A prophet is not without honour except in his own country," came from Cana to dwell at Capharnaum, a town which, from His having been so often there, may be called His second home. From hence He went to and fro, passing meanwhile over all Galilee, and preaching everywhere the kingdom of God; and one while He preached in the synagogue, which was a kind of temple where the Jews were wont to meet to pray and read the divine books; at another in the open air, especially when the multitude was great, as was the case on the occasion of which I am going to speak.

Being one day near the lake of Gennesareth, called also the sea of Tiberias, because upon its banks was the site of the city to which that name had been given, in honour of the Emperor Tiberius, behold the people came about Him in crowds, to listen to the word of God. Not being able to preach on the shore, and seeing there were two boats near the shores of the lake, out of which the fishermen had gone to wash their nets, Jesus entered that which belonged to Simon Peter, one of the first disciples whose lot it was to know Him. And from thence He began to preach and instruct the crowds who flocked to Him upon the shore, who, when satisfied with the bread of the Divine word, went away wondering, and giving thanks to God that He had at last sent the longed-for Prophet.

Being left alone, Jesus ordered Simon to launch out into the sea, and let down his nets for a draught. Simon answered Him: "Master, if I did not know who Thou art, I should tell Thee it would be to no purpose, for we have toiled all the night and have

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taken nothing; but trusting to Thy words I obey, and at once cast in the net." Behold the marvellous effect of his faith! In an instant the nets were so full of fish that they could scarcely hold them without breaking. Then Peter, as those in the boat with him were not sufficient, began to call out to those who were in the other, and with their help they filled both the boats so full of fish that they were almost sinking through their great weight. On seeing such a miracle Peter was struck with terror, and casting himself at the feet of Jesus, full of agitation, said to Him, "Depart from me, Lord; how can I, who am so great a sinner, remain with Thee?" The others also, Andrew his brother, and his companions James and John, the sons of Zebedee, could hardly recover from the astonishment they felt at such a large draught of fishes. Therefore Jesus, turning to Peter, and in him speaking also to the others, to comfort him, and to make known to him the sublime vocation to which he called him, said: "Fear not, Peter, from henceforth, instead of fish thou shalt catch men. Come, follow Me with thy companions." He had but to say the word, for drawing in their nets they left all without a thought for anything else, with sublime enthusiasm and courageous faith.

This generous promptitude of Peter and his companions in following Jesus is beyond measure pleasing. But what force and power of attraction must there have been in Jesus, if it had so great a hold upon them as to make them give up in an instant home, relations, friends, house, and all, and *that upon His word alone.* Can this be explained naturally? I boldly assert that it cannot. We know what man is, and that it is not like him to decide upon great sacrifices without great prospects; and what prospects had Peter and his companions before their eyes to be fishers of men, being, as they were, simple, ignorant, unlearned people? Are men to be caught as fishes are? By no means. The most illustrious and greatest philosophers in the world, such men as were Plato and Socrates, have failed in this. They wrote, they preached they talked and acted; but they did not fish men for the end at which Jesus aimed—to withdraw them from the slavery of sin and from the tyranny of their passions, to lead them back to God, into the true liberty of His children, which consists in the mastery of the spirit over the senses, and in subjection to the Divine Will.

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Chronicle of the Franciscan Order in England.

CHAPTER III.

THE welcome received by the Friars, first from the young king and his court, and then from the good monks of St. Benedict, was a prelude to the warmth and fervour of their reception by the other inhabitants of Canterbury, who greatly rejoiced that these holy men had come amongst them. A piece of ground was speedily made over to them, and a house, with chapel or oratory, built thereon for their use, by one Alexander, the provost or master of the "poor priest's hospital" where they were first lodged. This was the first monastery of the Friars Minor in England, and was held in trust for them by the corporation of Canterbury, since according to their strict rule of poverty they could not possess house or lands, or anything at all, but must be as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, with but a temporary resting-place here and there, and no sure and settled home.

The spiritual beauty of the life of these true disciples of the Son of Man, in the midst of their utter poverty and low estate, attracted friends and benefactors in those days when glimpses of the unseen world that folds us round were caught through many a golden rift and silvery shining in the clouds that now lie thick and heavy on the horizon of men's lives; and hearts were moved and hands were ready to aid in building up the house and chapel, and to assist with worldly wealth and wisdom those who were so poor and simple in worldly matters and so rich with the treasures of the world to come. In this monastery the Friars lived in great esteem of all men, increasing almost daily in numbers and reputation; many young men of rank and riches flinging away, as St. Francis had done, their bright worldly prospects for love of the Bride Poverty, with her stern, sweet face and eyes shining with the patient light of Bethlehem. From this first cradle of Franciscans in England, Brother Agnellus sent forth his disciples, two and two, after the evangelical pattern. Two went on their way to London, and two were to proceed to Oxford.

The former having, after some days' journey, reached the city, were as warmly received there as they and their brethren had been at Canterbury. A house on Cornhill was given for their use by a good citizen, John Freur by name, who, with the assistance of some friends, caused it to be fitted up conveniently for them. So great, however, was the zeal and devotion of the people to the Friars, and so munificent their charity towards them, that they soon removed them to, what was then a more open and airy neighbourhood, the market-place of St. Nicolas, in Farringdon-Ward-within, where the citizens built them a famous convent, the chief founder whereof was a good citizen named Irwin, who, after he had thus helped and aided the Friars, became a Brother of the Order.

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Brother Agnellus, making his first visitation, came from Canterbury to London a little before Christmas, 1220, and there saw the foundation of the new monastery laid. It took about five years to complete it, many wealthy citizens uniting in the good work; thus the choir of the church was built by one William Joyner, the nave or main body of the church by William Walleys; William Porter, alderman, built the chapter-house; George Bokesley, the dormitory; Bartholemew de Castello, the refectory; Peter de Haliland, the infirmary; and Roger Bond, Herald King of Arms, the library.

Brother Henry de Cervise, a lay brother, was appointed first guardian of the new monastery, which he governed with so much zeal and prudence, that many persons of rank and learning, renouncing all worldly advantages, entered the Novitiate, and were in due time clothed with the penitential habit of St. Francis. This Monastery remained for nearly a century, gathering within its hallowed walls many precious souls, and training them up in lowliness, mortification and poverty to a higher life of self-sacrifice and zeal for the glory of God and the conversion of men. There seems to have been no slackening of the first fervour, either on the part of the Friars or their benefactors; for we read in the chronicles of the Order that in 1306, a new church and monastery were built; queens, nobles, wealthy burghers, and commoners vieing with each other in contributing to this good work for those whose presence amongst them had brought so many blessings.

Queen Margaret, the second wife of Edward I., began the choir of the church; John Britaine, Earl of Richmond, built the nave; the Earl of Gloucester gave twenty large beams of timber out of his forest. Eleanor, Lady Spencer, Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Olser, and divers citizens, contributed large sums of money towards the work. Robert, Baron Lisle, gave £300, and afterwards became a Friar Minor there. Elizabeth, queen-mother to Edward III., and Philippa his wife, are also mentioned in the list of benefactors, which includes, moreover, the name of William Taylor, shoemaker to King Henry III.; and later on, that of Richard Whittington, Knight, and Lord Mayor of London, so popular in song and story.

The church was dedicated to the honour of God, under the patronage of St. Francis, and seems to have been a favourite place of sepulture for the great people of the land, who, when divested of their possessions and high estate by death, piously desired a resting-place amongst those who had voluntarily renounced all things here below, that they might find treasure in heaven. Four queens, four duchesses, four countesses, one duke, two earls, eight barons, and some thirty-five knights, and altogether, from the first foundation to the dissolution, six hundred and three persons of note and degree, were buried there.

The rule of strict poverty seems never to have been relaxed during the whole time this monastery existed, nor any plea put in for dispensation to hold property, or to acquire or spend money;

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for at the time of the suppression of monasteries and clean sweeping away of all traces of the Faith, the Friars were found to be as poor as when they first came to England, receiving no rents or revenues, and still subsisting on the charity of their benefactors. The house was suppressed on the 12th November, 1539, the ornaments and goods of the church being taken for the King's use; and the fabric, which many pious hands had united in raising up and beautifying for the glory of God, was used as a storehouse for goods until January, 1545, when it was again opened as a parish church, under new auspices. The Holy Sacrifice was no longer offered there, and the Holy of Holies had departed from the Temple; no meek Friars prayed or preached within its walls, yet the spirit of St. Francis seemed still to linger about the dwelling-place of his children, and to preserve it from utter desecration, for the buildings were presented in the King's name to the city, "for the relieving of the poor." As there was no endowment, however, the revenues of several other institutions were taken to endow it, and in 1552 the house was opened as a refuge for fatherless children, to the number of 400, as Christ's Church Hospital. The institution remains in some sort to this day, the boys educated there still wearing the blue dress that superseded the brown habit of the Friars who lived, and prayed, and died on that once hallowed ground.

The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

XI.

THE first feeling which rises spontaneously in the heart of a right-minded man when, through some rash judgment or hasty conclusion, he has acted unjustly or unkindly towards some innocent person, is one of self-condemnation and mistrust; he is humbled and ashamed, and is anxious to regain his self-esteem by making generous atonement to one who has suffered through his error, and in whose good opinion he desires to be reinstated. This is a natural impulse, and proceeds from a good and kindly nature. The good captain, convinced of the innocence of Genesimo, endeavoured by renewed kindness to atone for his unjust suspicions. It was, as we have said, the first of August, the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the captain, seated on the deck, was enjoying the cool air of evening, and gazing with delight on the magnificent buildings which adorn the banks of the Bosphorus and were reflected in its tranquil waters, when seeing Genesimo about to descend into the cabin, he called to him, and for the first time entered into familiar conversation with the boy, to the great surprise of Lacrimosa Valle, who had never before seen the captain so familiar with a cabin-boy.

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"Where," asked the captain of Genesimo, "is your mother at this time? What is she doing? Do you think she is still lamenting your departure?"

This unexpected affability, and the kindly mention of his mother, made the lad's heart throb with pleasure and confusion. The captain, perceiving his embarrassment, did not wait for a reply, but continued:

"I can tell you exactly what she is doing. At this moment Prisca is walking alone through the village street, she is going to the church of the good friars to gain the holy Indulgence of to-morrow. Do you not remember that it will be the Feast of the Portiuncula?"

"Oh," cried the boy, "then I am sure my mother is there; and so also is your wife; this evening the convent will be illuminated. What a feast it is! The church will be crowded!"

"And there you also would have been if you had not taken it into your head to be a sailor."

"But surely," said Genesimo, "there are Franciscan churches here, there are so many steeples."

"My dear boy, we are among the Turks; once, these beautiful places belonged to the Genoese; there were churches and convents the same as we have now in Genoa, but they have fallen into the hands of unbaptised people. Those are not steeples that you see, but the minarets of Mahometan temples, from the top of which their priests, at certain hours, proclaim to the people that it is the time for prayer. There are some Christian churches here, but they cannot be seen through this forest of mosques."

"The Christian churches," broke in Lacrimosa Valle, who had heard with delight the captain's conversation with Genesimo, "are in Galata and in Pera; there are still several where the Brothers wear white habits, and some with habits like those of our Brothers at home, and who wear beards like they do."

"Then they are Capuchins."

"If we should remain a few days in this place, as seems probable," said Lacrimosa Valle to the captain, "to-morrow I will, with your permission, take Genesimo and Damiano on shore with me; I am going for some tobacco, of which we are all in need, and which is here so cheap that, as you know, we may get it for almost nothing. And what tobacco it is!"

The captain, who was in a yielding mood, readily consented.

"If you will first perform all your duties, and arrange everything so that no one will be inconvenienced by your absence, you have permission to go. Beware of the dogs which wander about the streets. Do not teaze them; for here, as you know, they are considered sacred things. Two years ago I had to pay a fine, and I should not like you——"

"They will have to do with *me*," replied our steward, "with Lacrimosa Valle; so dismiss all fears on that account."

Galata is situated opposite Constantinople, and is separated

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from it by the port. It is considered one of the suburbs of the city; and here resided the European merchants.

The Genoese, besides other privileges, had succeeded in obtaining from the Emperor Michael Palæologus permission to encircle Galata with a strong wall, and to erect the celebrated Towers of Christ, from which, in after times, the Turks used to watch over the city and proclaim the outbreak of fire; they obtained also from the same emperor the signal favour of settling one of their colonies there; they built many churches, and the religious of many Orders established themselves amongst them: especially the followers of St. Francis. Fervent Catholics, the Genoese soon introduced into Pera, churches, convents, processions, and solemnities, the same as in Liguria. When the Republic fell, its Eastern conquests were lost; and the Genoese were despoiled of their authority in Galata and Pera, but they continued to live there in considerable numbers, and to keep up the Catholic worship; they retained their churches, and all festivals were celebrated with the usual care and splendour. The religious habits of St. Francis and St. Dominic were respected even by the Turks; Pera was called the Genoese suburb, and the presence of the two Orders was a surety for the earnest preaching of the Gospel, so that our sailors should find no difficulty in Pera in fulfilling their religious duties, and receiving instruction in their own language.

The following morning, when breakfast was over, and the sailors lay sleeping in the shadow of the sails, Lacrimosa Valle, who had frequently visited Constantinople, and knew the streets well, and was also well acquainted with the churches, prepared the launch, assisted by the two light-hearted and active boys, and giving each an oar, and taking two himself, rowed rapidly towards Galata. We must premise that Damiano had, the evening before, received the promised lecture, and had been induced by a kind severity to give a pledge that he would make his confession as soon as he could get on shore. The same promise was also exacted from Genesimo, as the only condition upon which Lacrimosa Valle would permit him to bear him company. They quickly reached the shore, entered Pera, and found the church they sought. It was almost deserted on account of the heat, for it was but little past midday, and the sun poured his rays from a cloudless sky. Four candles were burning before an altar, above which hung a picture of the Blessed Virgin, with St. Francis kneeling at her feet. There was also a picture of our Lord surrounded by angels, but the light being in a great measure excluded from the church, our sailors could only perceive the figure of the Saint they so venerated and that of the Mother of our Lord.

"Boys," said Lacrimosa Valle in a low voice, when he had finished a short prayer; "commend yourselves to our Blessed Lady, and prepare yourselves well for confession; and you," turning to Damiano, "remember what I said to you last evening—those few words—you understand?"

Damiano hung his head in confusion.

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In about half an hour, an aged Brother entered the church, and slowly approached the altar to examine the state of the candles. Lacrimosa Valle advanced to meet him, and with the frankness of a sailor, asked if he would hear his confession.

"I am not a priest," replied the monk; "but when I have put up fresh candles I will call one of the missionaries."

"From whence do they come? they cannot be from our convent."

"They come from Genoa, and are Genoese."

"From Genoa! welcome news. I, too, am Genoese; they have a convent there—such a convent."

"Follow me, then; but no, it would be better for you to wait here; I will soon return."

In a few moments, he came to conduct them to the sacristy, where one after the other made their confession. They wished much to obtain the Indulgence of the Portiuncula, but the priest pointed out to them that they could not do so, as they had not received Holy Communion, which is indispensable. They felt the disappointment keenly, as their chief purpose in coming on shore was to share in the great benefits to be derived from a due observance of the festival; but they had, at least, the merit of an earnest desire to obtain the graces promised to the followers of St. Francis. They again drew near the altar, and prayed devoutly for fine weather during the voyage; and were preparing to regain the ship, when the old Brother hastened to join them, and entreated them to accept hospitality so earnestly that Lacrimosa Valle, after making many excuses, found himself compelled to accept the invitation so cordially given, and permit himself and his companions to be conducted to the refectory, where fruit and wine were placed before them.

The Superior and the other Missionary Fathers surrounded them, and entertained them by showing them many interesting relics and objects of devotion; and treated them with so much brotherly kindness that, when they returned to their ships, they were never tired of sounding the praises of the good friars of Pera.

Genesimo, especially, was almost beside himself with delight. This happy day was never effaced from his memory. In the course of his life he went through many adventures and saw many things; but even in his old age the recollection of that day in Pera always gave him new pleasure, and if any spoke with disrespect of the Brothers, he recounted their goodness and generosity, and the cordial hospitality he had received from them on his first voyage to the Levant. On these occasions he would stand up and declaim with all the vigour and eloquence of a Demosthenes, proclaiming loudly the merits of the good Brothers, never heeding the scoffing words sometimes addressed to him, nor the good-natured jests at his expense. In the course of this history, our readers will see many proofs of his affection and devotion towards the Franciscans.

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Franciscan Legends.—No. iii.

ST. FRANCIS AND HIS CLERK.

AS once it chanced, St. Francis stayed
Within a convent poor,
Where books for office there were none—
A sad loss to endure.

At Matins' hour St. Francis said
To Fra Leone meek:
"Brother, we have no Breviary,
And yet to God must speak.

"Praised be God! I will begin,
And answer thou shalt make,
The words in order from my lips
Thou carefully shalt take.

"When I say, 'Francis, thou hast wrought
More ill than thou canst tell;'
Reply: ''Tis but the truth, and thou
Dost richly merit hell.'"

Leone, all simplicity,
Declared his meek consent,
And bade him in God's Name begin,
So thus the hour they spent.

The Father said: "Such grievous ill,
O Francis, hast thou done,
In hell this moment should'st thou burn,
Nor look upon the sun."

To whom Leone answered thus,
With charity aglow:
"Much good our Lord will work through thee,
To Heaven thou'lt surely go."

"I pray thee, brother, say not so,
Nor thus my words reverse,
But when I say 'Thou hast deserved
Th' Almighty's grievous curse,'

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"I strictly charge thee, thus reply,
For sweet obedience' sake:
'Tis true thou hast deserved it;'
Beware no change to make."

Leone meekly bowed assent,
And promised to obey.
St. Francis, lifting up his hands,
With tears began to say:

"O Francis, never may'st thou hope
God's bitterest curse to flee—"
Said Fra Leone, "Doubtless high
In Heav'n enthroned thou'lt be."

"Once more I charge thee, answer right,
Nor so my words reverse;
'Tis strange that thou, before so meek,
Shouldst now be so perverse.

"When I say: 'Brother Francis, thou
In mercy hast no lot,'
Reply: 'Tis very true indeed,
For worthy thou art not.'"

In vain did Francis to accuse
Himself again begin;
Leone answered: "Greater far
God's mercy than thy sin."

"How darest thou, Leone mine,
My orders thus gainsay?
Why dost thou answer contrary
To what thou'rt bound to say?"

"God knows, my father, I'd resolved
Each time thy charge to keep,
But other words Himself supplied,
Down in my heart so deep."

"Yet once again, my dearest, try
Obedient more to be!"
Leone said, "I promise it,"
In sweet simplicity.

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With many tears, accusingly,
The Father spoke again:
"O brother Francis, canst thou hope
God's mercy to obtain?"

Said Fra Leone, "Not alone
His mercy shalt thou feel,
But many wonders in thy soul,
Of grace He will reveal.

"He will exalt and glorify
Thee for eternity;
I speak not thus, no, 'tis not I,
The Lord now speaks through me!"

Forbidden thus to exercise
Humility so rare,
St. Francis with Leone spent
That night in tearful prayer.

Franciscan Chronicle.

THE THIRD ORDER IN EGYPT AND THE POPE'S JUBILEE.—We hear from Cairo—"To-day, the 3rd of June, the members of the Third Order here offered their Communions in gratitude for the length of days granted to our Holy Father, and for the coming triumph of the Catholic Church. In the mother-house of Cairo, where the Tertiaries have a private chapel, a *triduo* was commenced on the 13th May, with the Blessed Sacrament exposed. On the 3rd of June a solemn mass was sung by the Religious, and on the 5th the *Te Deum* was sung in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. The Communions offered for the prosperity and preservation of the Holy Father in the mother-house at Cairo by the Religious and the students were: in Cairo 164, in Old Cairo 7, in Boulak 9, in Mansourah 22, in Damietta 14, in Kaferzagat 10, in Ismailia 15; total 244.

BUENOS AYRES.—A sad event has occurred in the Church of St. Francis here. The Rev. Father Anthony, a religious, seventy years of age, much beloved by the community, was celebrating Mass at the altar of St. Joseph, when a man wrapped in a cloak, and with a cap on his head, entered the church, and, boldly approaching the altar, drew a pistol and fired at the aged priest. The report caused great alarm and confusion amongst those present.

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Father Anthony alone remained calm. Placing his hand on the wound caused by the bullet, he withdrew it, covered with blood. It was the moment for Communion, and the father hastened to consume the Sacred Species, and the Mass concluded in the usual manner. On examination, the wound proved less severe than was at first supposed; the ball had passed partly round the neck, and had then buried itself in one of the pillars of the altar. The man was taken and examined before the authorities. He is a Russian, named Michael Kulajo, who had conceived a hatred for priests, to whom he chose to attribute some of his misfortunes. He had no personal knowledge of Father Anthony, and had attacked him because he was the first he encountered, it being indifferent to him whether he destroyed him or some other. He said he had determined to leave for Turkey, and to fight against the Christians. It is supposed that he may be an instrument of some conspirators, and the crime is attributed to that hatred of the clergy which is inculcated by the secret societies of the republics in South America.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS IN THE VICARIATE OF HU-NAN (CHINA).—In a letter dated the 20th of May, his Lordship the Bishop of Tiberiopolis and coadjutor of Hu-nan sends the following notice: "For some time the Third Order has been established in our Vicariate, and although as yet it numbers but few members, we may safely say that those few not only faithfully fulfil all its prescriptions, but also strictly observe the severe Lents of St. Francis. Their fervent spirit of mortification is an example to all Christians, and a real blessing to our Vicariate."

NEW TERTIARY BISHOPS.—Mgr. Gaetano Alimondo, Provost of Genoa, and Domestic Prelate to his Holiness, has been nominated Bishop of Albenga. It is with great pleasure that we announce this news, not only because we rejoice to see him in the high position he is so well qualified to occupy, but also because the Third Order has the honour of inscribing the name of this eloquent preacher and admired writer among its members. His Holiness has also appointed that zealous member of the Order, so well known to our readers, Mgr. Daniele Comboni, of the Veronese Seminary for the missions to the Negroes, Vicar Apostolic of Central Africa. We hear that he will shortly be consecrated Bishop, and will receive a title *in partibus infidelium.*

Obituary.

WISE.—Eliza Wise, Tertiary of St. Dominic, (Sister Helena Elizabeth), died August 18th, 1877.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AVE MARIA.

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Sentences of the Month.

PERSEVERANCE. *B. Louisa of Savoy.—October* 1. We must pray incessantly for the gift of perseverance.

RELISH OF GOD. *S. Francis.—October* 4. "My God and my All;" for him that loveth, this is sufficient; for him that understandeth it is truly delightful.

HUMILITY. *B. John of Penna.—October* 5. A man ought never to think that he has done any good, or be contented with his state of perfection.

MORTIFICATION. *B. Mary Frances.—October* 7. Let not flesh and blood prevail over me, O my God!

CONFIDENCE IN JESUS. *S. Bridget.—October* 8. Come to Me when it is not well with thee.

CHEERFULNESS. *S. Seraphin.—October* 12. Excessive sadness usually springs from pride.

FORTITUDE. *SS. Daniel and Companions.—October* 13. Nothing more glorious can happen to a Christian than to suffer for Christ.

CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD. *S. Peter of Alcantara.—October* 19. All shall perish that cometh not of God.

HORROR OF SIN. *S. Elzear.—October* 20. How shall I do this thing and sin against my God?

PRESENCE OF GOD. *B. Ladislas.—October* 22. When thou thinkest I am far from thee, I am often nearest to thee.

DEVOTION TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS. *S. John Capistran.—October* 23. He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

SUBMISSION. *S. Yves.—October* 27. We should accept every trial as the best thing that could have happened to us.

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—NO. 11. NOVEMBER, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Explanation of the Rule of the Third Order.

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

"WHOSO would be received into this Order shall be diligently examined concerning the Catholic Faith and *obedience to the Church.* If they are found to be true believers, they may be received."

The stress laid by our seraphic Lawgiver on a willing obedience, in a word, on loyalty to the Church, leads us to deal with this second mark of the true and genuine believer required by him of all who would muster under his banner. But beyond this, the dark and evil days in which our lot is cast, the efforts made to stamp out Catholic loyalty, the irreverence and insubordination of too many, alas! who bear the name of Catholic, render it imperative that we should consider the claims of God's Church to our loving obedience in her twofold capacity as Witness and Teacher of God's Word of truth, and as the supreme Lawgiver. We confine our remarks for the present to the former of these two characters.

Once the importance of clinging to the true Faith is admitted, it follows of itself that we must conform in all docility to the rule or standard whereby the truth is tested. But what is this rule?

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We pass by the Protestant system which (*in words*, at least) subjects the Divine Scriptures to the private judgment of each individual. It is but flogging a dead horse to repeat the refutation of a system which could never be put in practice, and is gone to swell the catalogue of exploded, worn-out errors. Neither may we pin our belief on the decisions of learned bodies. The variations and contradictions of the several Protestant Confessions of Faith afford a sufficient proof of that. Faith is a divine gift, it needs to rest on a divine authority, even that which was founded by the word of the risen Saviour in His farewell charge to His Apostles: "All power is given to Me in heaven, and in earth. Go ye, therefore, make disciples of all nations," etc. (Matt. xxviii. 18—20). And elsewhere: "As the Father has sent Me, I also send you" (John xx. 31). In other words: I send you to bear My Word to all races and generations, to be their masters and guides in the way of truth, with the same authority as that wherewith the Father has sent Me to be the Light and Teacher of mankind. Again: "Verily, I say to you, whatever you shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven," etc. (Matt. xviii. 18). Such is the authority Christ conferred on His Apostles, and in their persons on His Church, which He has made the depositary of His teachings, whether recorded in the inspired Volumes, or handed down in the laws, institutions, and traditions of Christian generations. To the Church, then, does it belong to put them forth to the faithful, to determine their true import, to close all doctrinal disputes by her supreme judgment, and her formal condemnation of every religious error. Would we, then, serve God in holiness and in truth, we must needs submit to the Church, the divinely-appointed Teacher, to whom we should ever reverently hearken. Christ could not have established her as the Mistress of the nations without thereby obliging us to listen to her teachings. Hence, having founded His Church on His Apostles, He declares that "whoso hears them, hears Himself; whoso despises them, despises Him" (Luke x. 16). Further, he that will not hear—*i.e.*, obey the Church—is to be dealt with as a heathen and a publican; in other words, as the Fathers and commentators expound it, he is to be cut off from the fellowship of believers, and to be ranked among the aliens to the communion of the Church. Such are the commands

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of Christ, such, too, the terrible sanctions whereby He would ensure their fulfilment. It follows, then, that when the Church teaches any doctrine, declares this or that truth to be part of the revelation of God, and hence that it is to be held as of Faith, when she brands certain maxims as erroneous, when, for instance, she condemns revolutionary and anti-social principles, or condemns books as containing what is contrary to sound doctrine, whatever our inclination to judge otherwise, we are strictly bound to conform to her decision, to admit it without questioning or reservation. Nor will a merely outward submission suffice; our obedience must be rooted in our inmost soul; the judgment of the Church must become our judgment; her mind, our mind; in such case, merely outward submission were not faith, but hypocrisy.

What slavish blindness, what servility does not this imply? But hold! The freedom of the mind consists in its adherence, its submission to the truth. Plain common sense dictates that when once we have attained the truth we should submit to it without further questioning. But how not fear lest the Church should lead us astray? As Catholics, we have a divine assurance that this cannot happen, an assurance strengthened by the witness of history, telling us of the long and chequered life of the Church, the invariability of her teaching. The gift God has withheld from the princes of human thought, from the very angels, He bestowed on His Church, when He sent it forth on its mission: "Lo, I am with you, all days, even to the end of ages." He founded this wondrous structure on a rock, against which the powers of darkness can never prevail. He ever abides in, and with the Church, which He guides with His Spirit and wisdom; as He cannot err, neither can the Church; as the infernal powers cannot prevail against Him, how should they hope to overcome His Church? The darkness of the bottomless pit may spread over the fair face of creation, it can never dim the radiance of which the Church is the source and centre. We stand by the Church, for with her is the truth. What man, what race, may reproach her with having misled them? How different the schools of human wisdom, with their endless wranglings, their ever-recurring changes, presenting to us, for the most part, the sorry spectacle of absurdities

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of the gradual mutilation of the truths which were the primitive inheritance of the human race! In contrast with them, the Church wends her way with a calm and majestic gait, conscious as she is of His abiding presence, who in the days of His sojourn in Judæa said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

What a privilege for us to have such a guide, to be taught by the organ of the utterances of Christ's Holy Spirit! Our submission is our glory, the badge of our freedom from all human and earthly authority, for that we bow to is from on high. How pitiful the pride of those wretched men, who puffed up with the consciousness of their mental gifts, set up their views in opposition to the voice of truth speaking by the Church. In a private conference the Jansenist leader, the Abbé de Saint-Cyran, held one day with St. Vincent de Paul, the former ventured on an assertion condemned by the Holy Council of Trent. "Sir," said the Saint, "you are going too far. You would have me believe an individual—a doctor, if you will, like yourself—rather than the Church, the pillar and mainstay of truth." The like answer should we make to those—and they are not a few—who would gainsay the decisions of the Church. "Who are you, that we should prefer your judgment to the voice of God's Church?" Men may, and often do, deceive themselves and their fellows. We are not called to be the bond-slaves of men; the freedom the Word of Truth can alone bestow is our birthright, as being in name and in very deed the children of adoption. By clinging to the Church, and hearkening to her teaching, we tread in the footsteps of Him with Whom are the words of life everlasting. Let us, then, turn a deaf ear to the suggestions of the spirits of error and seduction, who would part us from Him, by slackening or sundering the ties that bind us in the sacred brotherhood of faith and love, in that unity which foreshadows, even here below, the final ingathering of all the sons of God into the bosom of the Most Holy and undivided Trinity, the eternal fellowship of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the goal and term of the weary pilgrimage of God's purchased people.

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St. Joseph of Leonissa.

(*Continued.*)

HAVING spent the whole night in prayer, next morning he went very early to the palace. The guards in the first hall were still fast asleep, he passed into the second, which he found empty; the guards in the third hall were gambling, and he passed them unperceived. As he was going further, a janissary saw him, and ran to him with a scimitar in his hand, with which he would have felled him to the ground, but that he feared to make a noise and awake the Grand Signior. The report of this incident having spread through the palace, the Grand Vizier ordered that the holy man should be attached to a stake. St. Joseph was therefore led to execution. He was hung up to the stake by an iron chain, with a hook at each end, with which they pierced one of his hands and one of his feet, and left him hanging in that position; then they lighted a fire beneath him, and in that state he remained three days and nights without food, during which time he continued to preach the faith of Christ, holding a cross in his hand.

On the third night an angel, in the form of a young man, detached him from the stake, by touching with a wand the hooks which were in his hand and foot. He then refreshed him with some miraculous bread and wine, and ordered him to depart at once for Italy, there to labour with more success for the conversion of Catholics. The holy man, who felt himself instantly cured of his wounds, went straight to the prison to console the Christian slaves, who had been deeply afflicted at the news of his condemnation. They listened attentively to his parting advice, and took leave of him with floods of tears.

The Turks were astonished on hearing of his wonderful deliverance from the stake, yet their hearts were only more hardened, and they sought by all means to seize him again; but Divine Providence preserved him, and he embarked safely on board a vessel bound for Venice, accompanied by the Archbishop of whom we have already spoken, and Brother Gregory of Leonissa. From Venice they went to Rome, where Pope Sixtus V. received them with

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paternal tenderness, and reinstated the Greek Archbishop in all his functions. After this St. Joseph returned to the province of Umbria, to labour for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

On his return to Italy blessed Joseph was received with heart-felt joy by his brethren, and by the Bishop and citizens of Assisi. He was invited by the Bishop to preach the Lent in the Cathedral Church; the humble man excused himself on the score of his unworthiness, but at the command of his superiors he was obliged to accept the offer. Many striking conversions were the result of this mission. From that time he devoted himself to preaching throughout the province of Umbria, and his sermons were always followed by an abundant harvest of souls; God also blessed his labours with innumerable miracles in favour of the poor and sick.

One of the best-attested miracles in the process of his canonisation, took place while he was preaching the Lent at Acumoli, in the territory of Ascoli. One day he set out from Acumoli to visit a parish on the other side of the river Tronta. The river was so swollen that no one had courage to cross it even on horseback; the Saint, having offered up a fervent prayer, spread out his cloak on the surface of the stream, and standing on it with his companion, they were both in one moment conveyed to the opposite bank. This miracle was witnessed by a large number of people, who attested it on oath. On another occasion, when he was at Bombon, a town in the diocese of Rieti, during the Lent of 1608, he relieved the necessities of the poor in the following miraculous manner. Having heard that they were in a state of the greatest distress and misery, he went about begging bread from all the inhabitants, that he might distribute it to the indigent. He chose the fourth Sunday of Lent for this distribution, on which day the Gospel recounts the wonderful miracle wrought by Our Lord for the relief of the multitude in the desert. The faithful minister of Christ tried to imitate the example of his Divine Master's charity, and God rewarded his intentions so abundantly, that the bread was multiplied in his hands, as he distributed it to the people. He had only four hundred loaves, and sixteen hundred poor had presented themselves for a share in his charity. Nevertheless, after he had given abundant measure to all present, there remained

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two large baskets full, which were distributed among the poor of the surrounding country. This miracle was among those named in the process of his canonisation.

Shortly afterwards he was elected Guardian of the Convent of Collepepe; the humble man was obliged to accept the charge imposed upon him, but he obtained leave from his Provincial to be exempted from the management of the temporal affairs of the convent, and to have the liberty of confiding the spiritual care of the community to another religious, whenever he should judge that the glory of God called him elsewhere for the good of his neighbour. He was a model to all his brethren of every religious virtue, and was distinguished for his spirit of poverty, obedience, and mortification.

Father Francis of Bevagna, having been made Provincial of the province of Umbria, made Joseph his secretary, and with the assistance of the holy man's counsels, he governed the province with great wisdom and prudence. But he was not long to enjoy his valuable aid; at the chapter of Spoleto, in 1611, Joseph said to him, on taking leave of him: "I embrace you for the last time; we shall not meet again on earth; one of us will die of a sad accident, and the other will depart to eternal glory before the end of a year." Shortly after Father Francis had the misfortune to fall into a well and to break his leg; and Joseph died the following February, as he had foretold. After the chapter of Spoleto, Joseph was sent to the Convent of Monte-Reale; this order of his superiors was the more pleasing to him as he considered that convent the most suitable place for him to prepare himself for the approach of death. Whilst there he applied himself with the greatest fervour to make an exact review of his past life, and tried to imitate the faithful servant in the Gospel, by watching constantly for the coming of his Divine Master. The new Provincial next ordered him to go to the Convent of Amatrice, of which his nephew, Father Francis of Leonissa, was guardian. On his arrival the holy man fell at the feet of his nephew, and conjured him to treat him not as his uncle but as his subject, and to assist him to prepare himself for a happy death. Francis, overcome by emotion, could only answer by tears.

In the beginning of October they both went to Leonissa, that

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the holy man might take leave of his family. A few days after their return Joseph was taken ill, and found to be suffering from an internal cancer, from which he never recovered. Up to the Feast of the Holy Innocents he continued, though with great difficulty, to offer the Holy Sacrifice, being thenceforth compelled by extreme weakness to content himself with receiving Holy Communion in the church or in his room.

On the 3rd February he received the last sacraments with great devotion, and was visited by the Prince of Amatrice. He then fell into a kind of stupor, on awaking from which he said to the Father Guardian: "How happy am I, dear Father, to die on a Saturday, the day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, my Queen, my Advocate, and my Mother! Moreover our seraphic Father St. Francis died on the same day, and I am sure they will both obtain for me the grace to die the death of the just. St. Joseph too, my glorious Patron, who has always helped me so powerfully, will assist me, and obtain for me a place amongst the saints in heaven."

A little later he seemed to fall into a sweet sleep, and calmly expired on the 4th February, 1612, aged fifty-seven, having lived thirty-nine years in religion. After death his countenance shone with a heavenly radiance, his eyes became as bright as in life, and all his limbs were as flexible as if he were still alive.

By the orders of the Prince of Amatrice, the holy body was embalmed, during which operation it exhaled a most sweet odour. He was buried in the Capuchin Church at Amatrice, where his body remained until the September of the year 1639, when a terrible earthquake obliged most of the inhabitants to desert the town. The inhabitants of Leonissa, on hearing this, sent a number of men to remove the body secretly, and convey it to Leonissa, where they interred it in a new tomb in the Church of Suffragio. In consequence of the innumerable miracles which attested the sanctity of Joseph, after his death, he was beatified by Clement XII., and solemnly canonised by Benedict XIV.

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Hunger and Thirst after Justice.

DO we hunger to be just
Unto Him in Whom we trust?
Let us start confessing this—
God is life's most perfect bliss!

Earth would be too dark and grim,
If we could not look to Him:
At the dawning of the day
All our care on Him we lay.

Every hour we feel the sense
Of His gentle Providence;
Every night we sink to rest
With His Cross upon our breast.

His sweet Mercy gives to each
All the love His Heart would reach;
Wondrously doth He prefer
Each one's special character.

Fond Creator, can it be
That we serve Thee grudgingly?
Is there one of us that would
Stoop to such ingratitude?

Do we serve in Heaven to dwell?
Do we serve for fear of Hell?
Is it just to serve Thee thus,
God, Who askest love from us?

Fire, as from a furnace, glowed
Round Assisi's calm abode,
When St. Francis and St. Clare
Spoke of God together there!

Lord and Master, may Thy name
In our hearts light such a flame!
So shall justice be fulfilled
In the way which Thou hast willed!

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER IX.

After the fishing, Jesus reenters Capharnaum, delivers a demoniac, and heals Peter's mother-in-law of a fever. Departing thence, He passes again through Galilee, preaching and working miracles. Having returned to Capharnaum, He heals a man sick of the palsy, and a little after, going to the sea-shore, He calls Matthew from the receipt of custom. Lastly, on going to raise the daughter of Jairus from the dead, on the road He heals a woman suffering from an issue of blood.

HAVING thus called to Himself Peter, Andrew, James, and John, Jesus returned to Capharnaum, and there taught on the Sabbath Days. The manner of His preaching was altogether new, since He spoke on His own authority, and not in the name of another, as the Prophets had formerly done, as the Apostles themselves were to do afterwards, and as all those must do who are not God, but only sent by Him. Besides proposing new doctrine, Jesus gave also new promises, and His sermons were accompanied continuously with heavenly grace, lovely sweetness, wonderful energy, and peculiar freedom, without regard to persons, and were for the most part confirmed by miracles, of which the number is unknown; so that all greatly marvelled, and crowded about Him to hear Him. In this way even the most stubborn minds ought to have been converted, but it was not so. The Pharisees formed an odious exception, and many others of a malicious disposition, who, beginning early to throw discredit on Jesus, ended by taking Him out of the world. Man is always the same; without humility, faith, sincere piety, and virtue, he resists even God, and in this deplorable war does not know, unfortunately, where to stop, but ever descends lower and lower down. Let us not, however, dwell on this sad subject before the time, but follow our Divine Master.

St. Matth. i. 21; St. Luke iv. 31, etc. There was one day in the synagogue a man possessed by the devil, who, noticing the presence of Jesus, began to cry out, "O Jesus of Nazareth, leave me and the rest in peace; what have we to do with Thee? art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, *the Holy One of God.*" And He called Him so, not because He was certain that He was such, but because he suspected that it was so, and on

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this occasion he said it to Him as it were to gain favour with Him, but with the diabolical intention of continuing to torture this poor, wretched man. Jesus rebuked Him for it, and then, with a tone of Divine authority, said to him, "Be silent, and come out of Him." The devil could not resist the Divine force of these words, and having cast the possessed man violently to the ground, left him free, without doing him any harm. Those present were struck with astonishment, and said one to another, "What a marvellous man is this. At one simple word of His, at a mere sign, the unclean spirits obey and depart."

Having left the synagogue, Jesus entered the house of Peter, whose mother-in-law had been seized with a violent fever. Having been asked to cure her, He, Who, when it was a question of helping the sick, especially if they showed towards Him a lively faith and sincere humility, was immediately moved by compassion, turned towards the sick woman, and ordered the fever to leave her. It did so immediately; for the woman got up at once, and set herself to serve them with all they wanted.

Then Jesus made another journey through Galilee, and in whatever place He showed Himself, whether in the towns or the synagogues, He never lost sight of the great end for which He had come. He corrected vice, promoted virtue, combated error, proclaimed the truth, enlightened and comforted the wise as well as the weak, put diseases to flight, healed the sick; so that everywhere He left behind Him a long train of charitable deeds, and all blessed Him, glorified God for them, and exalted His fatherly mercy and goodness, so that the fame of Him was spread further abroad, and the people flocked together in crowds to hear Him, and to receive comfort from Him.

Another event follows of a like character, which casts still further lustre on the sublime dignity and grand historical figure of Jesus, and proves to a certainty that if He were not God, either God has upheld error, or that *all is false* which the Evangelists tell us of Him. Now the first of these conclusions is absurd; because God is God, the Very Truth, and therefore it is absolutely impossible that He can deceive any one, still less can He be deceived Himself. The second is no less absurd than the first; for if the Evangelists are false, which has never been proved (and which no one

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ever has succeeded, or ever will succeed in proving), we must, whether we will or no, tear up all history, even the truest, and make up our minds, children as we are of the nineteenth century, to be for ever babes, or what comes to the same thing, to return to a state of barbarism. For with what reason or with what argument can it be said that any history is true, if the Evangelists are false? Are other historians, forsooth, worthy of more credit? But I ask you, as persons of sense, whom would you rather believe? Those that have shed *their blood* in support of what they have said or written, or those that have suffered nothing on that account? If you, then, believe these latter, and it is just and reasonable you should do so when they are approved and honest writers, you ought rather to believe the former. Because, besides that they are well-tried, and sincere in what they have written, there being no ground for calling them liars (having written in the presence of their own nation, which has never been able to prove them false, and before the whole world, which has believed them, when it might have easily proved them to be dishonest), they have also sealed their testimony with their blood. Let us return now to Jesus.

St. Matthew ix. 1, etc. St. Mark ii. 1, etc. St. Luke v. 17, etc. One day, after having returned to Capharnaum, Jesus was sitting in the house teaching. There were with Him some Pharisees, people, as we have said, who were captious, scrupulously zealous for the law and the traditions of the fathers, for the most part headstrong and stubborn even in the presence of the truth.

There were also doctors of the law, wise men of that part of the country, and others who had come from all parts of Galilee and Judea, and even from Jerusalem. The crowd then was great and of no mean quality, but the virtue of the Lord was not there in vain. And behold, some men brought on a bed a poor man, who was paralytic, who desired to be healed by Jesus; and the greatness of their faith plainly appears from the way in which they had to bring him into our Lord's presence; in fact, the crowd being so great that they were not able to enter by the door, those who carried him went upon the roof, and taking off the tiles, let him down in the midst on his bed before Jesus. He, being moved at seeing so tender an act of piety, so ardent a faith, and so ingenious a way of calling forth His goodness, and com-

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passionating the soul of the sick man more than His body, said to him, "Thou hast need of My mercy; it is ready to your need, receive it with love. I forgive thee thy sins; they are all remitted."

The Scribes, and Pharisees, and doctors of the law had never heard, nor in truth had they ever read in their histories—such a thing having never happened before—that a man should of himself, by his own authority, act as God, and claim the power of forgiving men their sins. They therefore began to think within themselves, "Who is this that utters such a blasphemy, and who can forgive sins but God alone?" Common sense had enlightened them aright; they had reasoned as men truly wise. If Jesus were not God, He would indeed have uttered a blasphemy, and certainly in Him there would have been no authority to forgive sins. Let Him then lift His divine Hands, work the expected miracle, confirm His Word by this, and no one, without running counter to common sense, will dare any longer to doubt that He is God.

Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, "What is it you are pondering in your hearts? Which is easier to say, *Thy sins are forgiven thee*, or to say, *Arise and walk?*" But—and this is the point which specially brings out His true character—*in order that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins*, in Himself, and of Himself, through the Divinity that is present in Him, and that gives Him the true, and not pretended, title of God,—He said to the paralytic, "Stand up on thy feet, take thy bed, and walk to thy house." And the paralytic, in the sight of all, and no one helping him, with great heart, great readiness, and great affection, instantly takes up the bed on which he is lying, thanks his Benefactor, and goes back to his house, magnifying and glorifying God, who had done Him so striking a favour. Imagine the astonishment that seized the bystanders on seeing so marvellous a miracle. It is consoling to observe that they did not close their eyes that they might not see, that they did not resort to the miserable expedient of certain persons nowadays, who think they get out of the difficulty by calling such miracles a pious imposture of every founder of a religion, treating in this way all believers as if they were *a flock of sheep*, and accounting themselves

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alone, who are the minority, the really learned and wise men, but sincerely, with a true faith, which does them honour, and attests that they had gone to Jesus this time to learn of Him, not to catch Him in His talk; they also glorify God themselves, and, full of fear, went away, saying, "*We have seen wonderful things to-day.*" Marvellous things, I will add, for our edification, that ought to form our delight, in which we ought to find a support against stumbling on that rock of offence that is in our way at every step we take, and to keep us firm in the religion we profess, which rests on such facts as defy time and every effort of the perverse human understanding.

Jesus having thus made clear His divine power to forgive sins, directed his steps towards the shore of the lakes, passing first through a town near Capharnaum, where He abode. Here He saw a tax-gatherer named Levi (the same as Matthew), who was sitting at his bench, and intending to make of this *publican* (an office then held in bad repute, a chosen and fervent disciple, He said to him, "Arise, Matthew, leave thy bench, and follow me." And Matthew, without delay, not hesitating as to what he should do, but promptly obeying the voice of Him who called him, drawn by the divine grace that inwardly enlightened him, enamoured, moreover, with the sweetness that was shed from the face of Jesus, immediately left everything and became His follower, changing his dangerous position for another much better, which made him a partaker of the true riches of the kingdom of heaven. And through the joy he felt from so doing, and to show his gratitude towards so great a Benefactor, he prepared in his house for Him a sumptuous banquet. What a sight must it have been on that day to see Jesus, the King of glory, seated at table with a number of men, who were either publicans or friends of publicans! It was only a false zeal, such as that of the Pharisees, that could misconstrue an action which in its true meaning was so stirring, and revealed in such a lively way the tender compassion of the heart of Jesus, who thus thinking to make friends of so degraded a people, and lead them back to the heavenly Father, humbled Himself even to sharing His food with them.

In fact it was the Pharisees who complained to the disciples, saying to them, "Why does your Master sit at table with publi-

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cans and sinners?" What a delicate conscience these men had! Jesus however did not fall in with their remark, but with noble majesty answered, "The healthy have no need of the physician, but those who are sick," leading us to infer that His every effort was directed to lead men to penance, and to bring back to God—not the just, but sinners.

Another time the disciples of John, with some Pharisees, came and said to Him: "Why do we fast so often, and your disciples fast not at all?" Jesus answered, "It would not be treating the Bridegroom well, for His friends who are with Him to be practising works of mortification and penance. A time will come for them also to practise such works, but not until the Bridegroom shall be taken from them; when, that is left to themselves through His absence, they will have to fortify themselves for future combats. Now there is need of something else, above all that they should learn of Me, and lay up deeply imprinted on their hearts My doctrine and My example, which will be to them a safe and everlasting guide."

To explain what He had been saying, He adduced various similitudes, which are worthy of notice. "No one," he said, "fastens a piece of new cloth to an old garment, because besides that it does not match the new, it ruins the old." In like manner "no one putteth new wine into old bottles, because he is certain that the bottles will be broken, and the wine spilt. But instead he will put new wine into new bottles, and both will be preserved." Lastly, "No one who drinketh old wine all at once wishes for new, for he will say, the old wine is better." The application is perfectly clear, and it is a striking proof that Jesus, before accustoming His disciples to a life of austerity and mortification, would await the time when the Holy Spirit should have renewed them interiorly, sanctified and strengthened them, and prepared them for difficult things and greater sacrifices.

St. Matthew ix. 18; St. Mark v. 22; St. Luke viii. 41. Another time, Jesus returning from the sea shore, a great multitude stood awaiting Him. When behold a man named Jairus, chief of the Synagogue, cast Himself at His feet, and with tears besought Him to come to his house, and heal his daughter, of twelve years old, who was near death. Jesus assented, and while He was passing through the crowd that pressed upon Him on every side, a woman

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drew near to Him from behind, who for twelve years had suffered from an obstinate issue of blood, and having touched the hem of His garment, without allowing herself to be seen, she was instantly healed. The poor woman had spent her whole fortune in vain in seeking a cure. Jesus making as if He knew nothing of what had happened, began to ask who had touched Him. The disciples marvelled at this question, because the crowd pressed upon Him, and crushed Him on every side. "But some one has touched Me," He went on to say, "for I perceive that virtue has gone out of Me." Then the woman, thinking she was discovered, full of fear, cast herself before Him, and confessed to Him that she had great faith in Him, and that she really had touched Him, firmly persuaded that she could be healed by so doing. Jesus praised the woman for her faith, and sent her away in peace.

He had not finished speaking, when a messenger came to tell the chief of the Synagogue, who had had recourse to Jesus in his daughter's behalf, that she was dead. Jesus nevertheless, having heard this, said to her father: "Fear nothing; have faith and thou shalt see thy daughter safe and sound." He went to his house, and would have no one with Him but Peter, James, and John, and the father and mother of the child. The latter were terribly distressed at having lost her, and wept and lamented, although Jesus reassured them by saying that the child *was not dead, but sleeping*. Their very great sorrow excuses them; they could not bring themselves to believe His words, and in accents of despair they said: "Look, and see if she is not really dead." Then Jesus, taking her by the hand, and speaking with authority as God, said to her: "Maiden, arise." And wonderful to behold, at once she is alive and well; and He charged them strictly that no man should know it.

How lovely the ineffable compassion of Jesus, in consoling the miserable, and restoring peace and joy to families in sorrow! But how sublime His humility, and what a contrast with His Omnipotence! With a word He raises the dead to life, and then gives orders that no man shall know it! Yet it was impossible for the joyful parents to conceal their gratitude, but everywhere they published the miracle. Let us imitate them by everywhere proclaiming with heartfelt gratitude the favours we have received from God.

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Chronicle of the Franciscan Order in England.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING now followed the two friars whom Brother Agnellus sent to London, and briefly sketched the history of the London Monastery, we must return to relate what befell the two whom their Provincial directed at the same time to go to Oxford. What is said to have happened to them on their way thither is best told in the words of the old chronicler: "Brother Richard Ingeworth and Brother Richard of Devon, being on their journey towards Oxford, met with a very remarkable adventure. These two friars, being strangers, mistook their way, and night coming on, and the rivers overflowing their banks from a great fall of rain, they made unto a certain manor house, about six miles from Oxford, a grange, belonging to the monks of the Abbey of Abingdon, which, being situated in a great solitude amongst woods, and between Baldin and Oxford, must needs be either Great Milton, where heretofore stood a grange of the said monks on the south side of the church, or Culham, within one mile of Abingdon. Wherever it was, these friars went to it, being compelled by the approach of night, and, having gently knocked at the gate, they humbly begged a lodging for the love of God, being ready to perish with hunger and cold. The porter, to whom they made this earnest address, viewing this distressed couple of friars, and observing their beggarly dress, their mortified looks, and their dialect somewhat foreign, and imagining them to be some persons in masquerade that made fools of themselves for the diversion of the spectators, ran immediately to the prior to tell him the agreeable news, whereupon he, with the Sacristan, the Dispenser, and two other younger monks, made haste to the gate, and readily invited the disguised strangers to come in, hoping to be diverted with morrice-dancing, or other tricks of pastime; but when the friars, with a composed, grave look, assured them that they were mistaken, and that they were no such fellows, but were men who had chosen to serve God in the institute of an apostolic life, the monks, being thus disappointed of their expected merriment, began now to be severe upon the poor men, and thrust them out of doors. And

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now the two poor, disconsolate friars, destitute of any shelter, and not knowing which counsel to take, wandered up and down, and must have been forced to take what repose they could under some tree or other had not Almighty God inspired one of the said young monks to take some care of them, now ready to perish. So this young religious man prevailed with the porter (so soon as the prior and the other monks had gone to rest) to open the gate to these distressed creatures, whom he relieved with a refreshmen as seasonable to them as charitable in itself, after which he laid them in the hay-loft, and, having recommended himself to their prayers (whom he now perceived to be no jesters), he returned to his own lodging. And now, though I have some doubt whether or not to relate this young monk's dream, which may not please every reader, but because it may be at least a warning in our times wherein virtue is declining, I am resolved to give it you. Therefore I go on to tell you that when this young religious man was fallen into a sleep, he seemed to himself as if he saw Christ our Lord sitting on a tribunal and passing the last judgment, and that he heard Him command the masters or rulers of this place, or grange, to be brought before Him, and there appeared over against Him a person clothed in the habit of a Friar Minor, who accused the Prior and his three other monks after the following manner: 'O Just Judge! revenge the blood of Thy servants whom the barbarous cruelty of these men turned out of doors to the dangers of cold and hunger, and a most bitter night. Remember, O Lord, that these persons have refused the common reliefs of life to Thy servants, who have abandoned all worldly pleasures to gain souls for whom Thou hast suffered death—reliefs which they would have bestowed upon buffoons.'

"Then Christ, turning towards the Prior, asked him, with an angry voice, to what order he belonged? And he replying, 'to St. ——'s,' Our Lord asked St. —— (who stood near at hand) if this was true? and when he answered that these were overthrowers of his institute, whereby he had given a command that his houses should always be open to strangers, the sentence was immediately passed; and (as it was represented in the dream) the Prior, the Sacristan, and the Dispenser were hanged on a neighbouring elm tree. Then Christ looked upon the monk by whose charitable

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assistance the two poor Franciscans were relieved, and asked him what order he was of? But he, fearing to be a partner in the punishment if he owned the truth, answered that he was of the order of that poor man, who stood there; and therefore Our Saviour presently demanded of the said poor man (who now appeared to be St. Francis) if that was true? and St. Francis, running to the young monk, cried out: 'He is mine, Lord, he is mine; and from this present moment I receive him into my family,' and, saying this, he so closely embraced his new pupil, that he suddenly awaked from sleep, and laying hold of his clothes in haste, he ran half-undressed to the Prior, and found him with the other monks in such a deplorable condition that they seemed to be as near being strangled, as if they had in good earnest been expiring by a real hanging, but struggling as it were with death; and with much ado awaking, they were seized with a dreadful fear at the hearing of the young monk's dream. And when the young, pious man made haste to look for his guests in the hay-rick yard, he found they were already gone off, thinking it not safe (it's likely) for them to be caught by the Prior. In fine, from hence such an awful reverence and religious respect possessed men's minds towards the Franciscans, that not only this young man, but also the Abbot himself, of Abingdon, having heard what passed at the aforesaid Grange, went to Oxford some time after, and there took upon him the humble habit of St. Francis, and was a member of the Franciscan community there, as soon as they were provided with a house and church. Now it is high time to return to the two Friars, Brother Ingeworth and Brother Devon, who, early in the morning made the best of their way to Oxford, praising the Divine Goodness with all their hearts, and offering up their prayers and vows to heaven for a favourable reception from the inhabitants of that town. Nor were their supplications without success; for coming to Oxford, they were most charitably received and entertained, and men were as kind to them here as others had been hard-hearted at Abingdon Grange."

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The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

XII.

THE *St. Georgio* remained fifteen days in the Bosphorus, as the captain considered it better to wait there until the harvest in Russia should be gathered in. In the meantime, not only Lacrimosa Valle and Genesimo, but all the sailors, including the captain, visited Pera by turns, and all received from the missionary fathers the same courteous treatment as their first visitors, and were promised the same prayers for a safe and successful voyage. As soon as the wind was favourable they weighed anchor, and proceeded on their way. When they arrived at Taganrog, being the only vessel there, they so quickly received their cargo that they commenced their return journey before the time of quarantine was over, so that no one went on shore. The wind being still in their favour, on the 1st of October they again entered the Bosphorus, and with a passing salute to Constantinople, crossed the Sea of Marmora, and reached the Adriatic without encountering any impediments save a few days' calm and some light contrary winds in the Archipelago; so that our sailors had no ill-fortune to complain of. It seemed as if heaven had heard their prayers and smiled upon their hopes. A flock of sparrows which, when one tranquil evening they were collected on deck to recite the Rosary, alighted on the yards, appeared to them a good omen, and relieved them of all fears. But their security was of short duration. Poor sailors! A little cloud on the horizon, a breath of wind ruffling the surface of the sea, a subtle vapour which dims the lustre of the moon, a dolphin following the ship, a star more sparkling than usual, a bird fluttering round the mast, a trifling variation of the barometer, is sufficient to disperse their hopes and to fill their hearts with the direst apprehensions. Poor sailors! Never sure of to-morrow, and yet always ready to encounter, with dauntless intrepidity, the perils of the sea.

What greater proof can there be of the Providence of God than the fearless courage which He has implanted in the human heart, through which nations, separated from each other by trackless oceans, are united in brotherhood, and exchange the produce of their land, the works of their hands, the efforts of their genius, and the fruits of their labours?

As the *St. Georgio* neared the Adriatic a furious storm arose, accompanied by such heavy rain and thick mist, that our friends were quite unable to manœuvre the vessel. The wild sound of the wind through the rigging, the roar of the waves as they struck against her sides, the heavy rain beating on the sails, the cries of the sailors, who could scarcely hear themselves amid the wild uproar, rendered it an awful scene. It seemed as though only a miracle could save them. All night long they battled with death. Even the bravest lost heart when the foremast came down, and

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thought their hour was come. The captain, when the storm commenced, with kind consideration, desired Genesimo to remain in the cabin, and, being a man of great faith in the prayers of those whom he knew to be devout and good, he exhorted him to pray fervently to God, our Blessed Lady, and the Saints, that their ship might be saved. We need not say how earnestly Genesimo complied with this desire. Perhaps at that moment the prayers of the good Prisca met those of her son before the throne of God; perhaps the good Father Joseph was praying for the safety of the boy he so much loved; perhaps the pious monks of Pera were keeping the promises made to our sailors at the moment of parting. In after years Genesimo declared that such was the confidence he felt in the protection of the Blessed Virgin, that in that terrible moment, although the cries and exclamations of the sailors made him tremble, he never lost the hope of safety. And his trust was well founded.

Towards midnight, when the storm was at the worst, the captain raised the hatches, and called Genesimo to look out at the lights of St. Elmo, which, like flames of gas, flickered and sparkled brilliantly at the extremities of the yards, and which, though due to natural causes, are regarded with fear by seafaring men, because they believe that if these lights descend to the deck, shipwreck is inevitable, and that they are mercifully sent as a timely warning, that sailors may prepare themselves to die as Christians should; but in reality they are a sign that the storm is almost over. As they neared the island of Sicily the wind abated, the sea gradually became calm, and they had soon passed the Straits and were safely anchored in the port of Gaeta, where they immediately commenced to repair the damages they had sustained.

Three whole days were required to put the vessel in a condition to resume her voyage, as the shrouds of the mainmast were much damaged, and many cables of great importance had been broken by the violence of the storm. As soon as all was in order, they again set sail, and at the dawn of a November day hailed the shores of their own land, and saluted them by firing cannon and running up the flag. Their friends hastened to the strand, and all recognised the vessel; but while the sailors rejoiced at the sight of their homes and of the friends who waited to receive them, on shore there was weeping and dismay. Damiano, the cabin-boy of the forecastle, already known to our readers, when running up the flag, instead of raising the flag to the summit of the mast, had left it only half-way up. This was unperceived by the sailors, who were all eagerly watching the crowd, far from imagining the cruel apprehensions which agitated the hearts of their friends; and the flag remained the herald of misfortune, the ensign of the death of some one on board. Who was it? The broken mast was a certain indication of some calamity.

The ship was near enough to the shore for the lookers-on, by the help of a telescope, to count the sailors.

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"They are all there," cried the first who looked. "I have counted ten. There were no more," and he named them all.

"My son was amongst the crew," cried a voice broken with sobs, from amidst the crowd. "Oh, unhappy that I am, my son!"

It was the voice of Prisca, who had not heard Genesimo's name in the list.

"Do not weep; a child could not be seen at such a distance."

"But why is the flag half-mast high if all are safe?"

No one could answer the distressed mother, as each who looked through the telescope at the vessel counted the same number—ten. Genesimo was nowhere to be seen, and the poor mother was each moment more and more convinced that he was the lost member of the crew, whose death was announced by the ensign of mourning. We must imagine her grief and tears—her unutterable anguish.

Franciscan Chronicle.

THE POPE AND THE THIRD ORDER.—His Holiness has granted an audience to the brothers and sisters of the Congregation of S. Francesco a Ripa. They were accompanied by many illustrious persons, and presented to the Holy Father a devout and affectionate address, with a complete habit for a brother of the Order. He replied in a few gracious words, expressing his devotion to the Seraphic Patriarch, and his friendship towards the members of the great Franciscan family, exhorting them to emulate the virtues of their holy founder by a perfect observance of his rule, according to their condition, and concluded by bestowing upon them the Apostolical Benediction. He then mingled amongst them, and his hand was reverently kissed by all. May our beloved and glorious Pontiff long remain with us!

THE THIRD ORDER IN SOUTHWARK.—In this diocese the number of Tertiaries continues steadily to increase. At Peckham, to speak only of the October meeting, eleven postulants received the habit, whilst ten novices were admitted to their profession. Since our last notice of the congregation at Sydenham, six novices have been received. New members have also been admitted at Erith and Crawley. We are happy to add that from various quarters of the diocese we hear of congregations about to be established by zealous priests in their missions, of which we hope soon to give more particular information.

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CARDINAL DE ANGELIS.—The death of this distinguished member of the Third Order and of the Sacred College will be deeply felt. A faithful friend and servant to four Popes, he filled with dignity and honour many high ecclesiastical offices. Like our Holy Father Pius IX., he drank deeply of the chalice of suffering. In 1848 he was singled out by the enemies of religion as one of their objects of persecution, and, being thrown into the prison of Ancona, met with very harsh treatment, even his life being treacherously attempted by poison. When restored to liberty, his only vengeance upon his persecutors was to obtain a mitigation of the punishment to which they were justly condemned. In 1860 he was arrested by the Piedmontese Government, and taken to Turin. After several years of unjust exile, he was permitted to return to his diocese, where he celebrated last year the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate. His long and glorious career, so rich in good works, was closed by a most peaceful and holy death. He is greatly mourned by his flock at Fermo, to whom he had so long been an affectionate and careful father. R. I. P.

Obituary.

MORIARTY.—October 1st, died, at Killarney, the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry. His lordship was seized with paralysis on Saturday, Sept. 29, while in the performance of his sacred functions, and, although he was happily able to receive the sacraments, he remained almost insensible until the morning of October 1st, when his holy and laborious life ended in a tranquil and, we trust, painless death. We will not speak of his many virtues and exemplary life, as the reputation of his sanctity and charity is widely spread, and his memory will long be held dear in his diocese. His lordship was a member of the Third Order.

HAMOND.—September 11th, at Bath, aged 72, Christiana Maria (Tertiary of the Franciscan Order), widow of the late Major-Gen. Hamond of the Madras Artillery.

HUSSEY.—Mr. Edward Hussey (Tertiary) died on the 13th of September, after much suffering. Although received into the Order, he had not been professed, but at his earnest request the Rev. F. William, Director, considering the circumstances of the case, allowed his profession to take place during his last illness. On Thursday, the 18th inst., the body having been taken into the church (Our Lady of Dolours, Peckham), a solemn Requiem was celebrated, the musical part of the service being performed by the brothers and sisters.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. AVE MARIA.

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Sentences of the Month.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN. *All Saints.—November* 1. How mean doth this earth appear when we raise our eyes to heaven!

DILIGENCE. *S. Charles Borromeo.—November* 4. Friend, whereto art thou come? to serve or to betray thy Lord?

SIMPLICITY. *B. Raynier.—November* 5. Happy the man whose words and ways are few!

MEEKNESS. *B. Helen of Padua.—November* 6. The servant of God must not wrangle, but be mild towards all men.

LOVE OF GOD'S WILL. *S. Andrew della Valle.—November* 10. An ardent desire to do the Will of God in all things constitutes true sanctity.

MEDITATION. *S. Didacus.—November* 12. The meditation of my heart is ever in Thy sight.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER. *S. Gertrude.—November* 15. My house shall be called the house of prayer.

PATIENCE. *S. Agnes of Assisi.—November* 16. The sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to come.

ALMSGIVING. *S. Elizabeth of Hungary.—November* 19. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

POVERTY. *B. Delphine.—November* 26. To be worsted by the world is to conquer before God.

HUMILITY. *S. James of Marchia.—November* 28. Despise the world, despise no one, despise being despised.

LOVE OF THE CROSS. *S. Andrew.—November* 30. O good Cross, take me from men, and restore me to my Creator!

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THE

Franciscan Annals.

SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM CONFUGIMUS, SANCTA DEI GENITRIX NOSTRAS DEPRECATIONES NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS NOSTRIS, SED A PERICULIS CUNCTIS LIBERA NOS SEMPER, VIRGO GLORIOSA ET BENEDICTA.

VIRGO IMMACULATA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

VOL. I.—NO. 12. DECEMBER, 1877. PRICE 6D.

Explanation of the Rule of the Third Order.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE MANNER OF RECEIVING THOSE DESIROUS OF ENTERING THE ORDER.

"When anyone is desirous of entering this Order, the ministers deputed for the reception of such persons shall make careful enquiry concerning his employment, state, and condition, and clearly explain the duties of this Brotherhood, and especially the obligation of restoring the goods of others. Then, if such is his desire, the habit may be given to him, according to the usual form, and he shall take care, if he possesses the goods of others, to make restitution either in money, or in an equivalent security; he shall be equally careful to be reconciled to his neighbours."

BRE we pass to the consideration of the second chapter of the Rule, we may observe that it is easy to read, as it were between the lines of the introductory section, a twofold purpose. The seraphic law-giver, with a wise adaptation of means to ends, would have the orthodoxy of his world-wide brotherhood above suspicion, its loyalty to the Chair of Unity unchallenged. No needless precaution at a time when sects of perdition were stalking abroad, ensnaring simple souls by plausible professions, by the affectation of a higher and more rigid morality than that of the common run. Hence, the scrutiny into the faith and ecclesiastical loyalty of the postulant there enjoined. But, more than this,

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in striving to reproduce in its essential features the first Christian community, whose superhuman virtues are recorded for us by the pen of the inspired Evangelist, St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, a master-mind like that of the Father of our souls, could not but perceive that the keystone of this wondrous building was the love of the brotherhood, or Divine charity springing from, and evidenced by, "unity of heart and soul" (Acts iv. 32). Like every Christian grace and virtue, such unity has its source and foundation in faith, in the willing adhesion of the mind to the Word of Truth, witnessed to, and promulgated by, the ever living voice of the Church. As common sense suggests, such scrutiny is omitted, when the faith and piety of the intending Tertiary are beyond question, when his character is fully established. But not only the faith and religious tendencies, the morals, the good or evil repute, the trade and calling of the postulant, are to be put to the test by the local director of each congregation, or his counsellors, not indeed in the narrow and grovelling spirit of a would-be aristocratic exclusiveness, than which nought can be more repugnant to the Franciscan spirit, but in fulfilment of the Apostolic maxim, "Being careful of good report, not only in the sight of the Lord, but before all men" (2 Cor. viii. 21).

Nor should the examination stop here. Great as is the stress the Rule lays on an unblemished character, it leaves the door open to the earnest penitent, while barring entrance to otherwise respectable folk, whose dispositions qualify them to be social pests. We are not presuming to lecture on their duties, those to whom the Minister-general and Provincial (in whom alone the prerogative is inherent) have delegated the power of admitting to the habit and profession of the Third Order; but may we not venture to remind some of our more earnest brethren that zeal, like every other virtue, needs to be tempered by discretion?

They are doing but sorry service to the Third Order, when, by exaggerating the facilities of getting dispensed from the more onerous requirements of the Rules, they unwittingly give grounds for the opinion that its only real requirements are the wearing of the habit, and the daily recital of a certain tale of *Pater nosters*, subject, however, to the exception we once met with in a ceremonial of the Court of France, under the old *régime*. "At this stage

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of unrobing the king retires, and says his night-prayers," which is supplemented by the footnote, "*Quand il ne les qublie pas*" (when he does not forget them!) Nor is their proselytism less compromising when their undiscriminating efforts have brought into a congregation one or other of those detestable marjoys, whose talent mainly consists in tale-bearing, spreading slanderous reports, in setting their neighbours by the ears, in making mischief. Pests of this sort are to be found, not only among thorough-paced worldlings, who deem religion and religious practices not worth a thought, they may be met with in the ranks of the godly. It is a truth we can gain nothing by blinking, that too many of those whom a Christian training and a special Providence (how many unspeakable mercies are included in this simple word!) have preserved from contact with gross vices, with those temptations and incentives that prove so fatal to the mass, too many thus exceptionally favoured seem to make no account of the sins of the tongue, and of the grievous injury a spiteful or even thoughtless word may cause to the good repute and good fellowship of our neighbours. It stands to reason that there is nothing to gain by swelling our muster-roll with characters of this description, unless clear proof be given of an earnest disposition to control that unruly member, the tongue. We would also mark for exclusion those whose piety is of the loud and demonstrative order, suggestive of unpleasant suspicions of a purpose to serve, of affectation, even of hypocrisy. Not that the Third Order exacts solid virtue of its postulants; it is a school of Christian life, a nursery of perfection, it has, therefore, to deal with beginners in the ways of God. But ere it opens its gates to those who knock, it must require of the candidate the guarantee afforded by earnest desires of spiritual progress, by sincere repentance for past excesses, by a good and teachable disposition. Who may say that such requirements are unreasonable? None are excluded, save through their own fault. For to ensure a brotherly welcome, the postulant needs no other recommendation than a good character and good will.

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Franciscan Legends.—No. iv.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE RING-DOVES.

ONE morn St. Francis chanced to walk
Near to the market-place,
And met thereby a good young man,
With sweet and smiling face.

This good young man had fowling been,
And ring-doves he had caught,
In number great, which now unto
The market he had brought.

Such gentle creatures always touched
St. Francis' tender heart,
The sight quick pierced him through and through
As with a burning dart.

"O good young man!" he straightway cried,
"Give me those doves, I pray;
Into what hands they else may fall
Nor you nor I can say.

"In holy Scripture oft we read
Of doves so meek and mild,
As emblems of the innocence
And sweetness of a child.

"Humility and purity,
And meekness they reveal,
Let them not fall into the power
Of men with hearts of steel!"

The heart of the young man was touched
With grace by God inspired,
Quickly he offered to the Saint
The ring-doves he desired.

Rejoicing much, St. Francis took
The ring-doves to his breast,
And, fondling them, their plumage soft
Unto his lips he pressed.

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Lamenting much, he thus began;
"My little sisters dear,
How foolish of you to submit
To be encaged here!

"But I will rescue you from death,
And nests for you will find;
You shall increase and multiply
According to your kind.

"For such is our good God's command,
And this His law proclaimed
Unto all flying things, which erst
From nothing He had framed."

The doves St. Francis took with him,
And for them nests he made,
Whereon full many a brood they hatched,
From eggs which they had laid.

So tame were they, you might have thought
Them chickens hatched at home,
Without St. Francis' blessing ne'er
They'd venture forth to roam.

But Francis to the good young man,
A great reward had given,
Which brought on earth abundant peace,
And fitted him for Heaven.

Looking upon him steadfastly,
These gentle words he spoke,
"My son, thou shalt become a friar,
And take on thee my yoke!

"Most fervently I see that thou
Our Saviour Christ wilt serve,
His precepts of humility
Exactly to observe."

And so it fell, the good young man
Was in the Order trained,
Wherein he lived most holily,
And until death remained.

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A Popular Life of Christ.

CHAPTER X.

Jesus goes to Jerusalem for the feast of the Pasch, and heals a sick man, who had been paralytic for thirty-eight years. He confutes the Jews, who reproached Him for working this cure on the Sabbath-day. Passing through a field with His disciples, they pluck the ears of corn and eat the grain, but they are blamed for it by the Pharisees because they had done this also on the Sabbath-day. The same befalls Jesus a second time for having healed a poor man's withered hand. They are triumphantly confuted.

SECOND PASCH.

THE things hitherto related took place during a period of about four months; that is, from the time of the conversion of the Samaritan woman. Now the return of the Paschal festivals being close at hand, Jesus left Galilee, to go, as He was wont, to celebrate them in Jerusalem, where He contrived to make Himself known as the true Saviour of the world, notwithstanding the obstinacy that He met with from the Jews, ever intent on contradicting Him, and on maligning His works and doctrine. Let us go on with our history and explanation of these wondrous deeds.

St. John v. There was in Jerusalem, perhaps near the Temple, a building with five porches, and within it a great pool of water, originally destined, as it would appear, for the washing of the victims intended for the sacrifices of the Temple. The Jews called this building in their language *Bethsaida*, a word which signifies *Probatic pool* or *the sheep-pool.*

For a long time this water had had a miraculous virtue in healing diseases when the Angel of the Lord came down at certain fixed times (some say once a year) into the pool, which was then greatly agitated. Whichever of the sick persons had the good fortune to go down first into the pool, after the movement of the water, was immediately cured of his disease, whatever it might be. A magnificent type of the health-giving baptismal font, which restores to divine grace a man, not indeed sick in body, but cursed by God in his soul, and places him again in harmony with the heavenly life.

Hence, as the time drew near for the occurrence of the miracle, the porches were seen to be filled with a great crowd of sick persons; the blind, the lame, the halt, the paralytic, all hastened

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there at once, anxious to obtain their cure. Amongst them there was a poor man, who was paralytic, and of considerable age, who had suffered from his palsy for thirty-eight years. Jesus seeing him lying on his bed, despairing of being cured by any human means, as well on account of his age as the length of his sickness, drew near to him, and with an affectionate grace, which could proceed only from a Heart so tender as was His, for the salvation of men, said to him, "Good man, dost thou desire to be healed?" He answered, "Sir, I do indeed desire it. But what can I do, since when the water is moved, I have no one to help me to cast myself into it, and therefore another goes in before me, and I am left without any benefit." "Arise," said Jesus, with a tone of divine authority, "take up thy bed and walk." And in less time than it takes to utter the words, the man was healed.

It was the Sabbath Day when Jesus wrought this miracle, and the Jews, who, through a distorted interpretation of the law, would have thought it a crime to lift a straw on this day, even though it were for a neighbour's good, were at once scandalised on seeing this poor man, joyful at his cure, taking his bed on his shoulders, and carrying it away, as Jesus had commanded him. Hence, with crafty hypocrisy they said to him, "By what right is it thou doest this on the Sabbath Day?" The healed man answered, "I was ordered to do it by Him who cured me." "And who is that man?" "I do not know Him; but I feel sure that He is not an ordinary man, and that He had the power to give me that command."

Jesus meanwhile had withdrawn from the crowd; but having a little after found the man who had been healed in the Temple praying and thanking God for the mercy he had received, put Himself in his way, and said to him, "See, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee." With which words He meant to teach us, that although infirmity does not always arise from sin, but is sometimes a test of virtue, and a means in the hands of an all-wise God of purifying the gold, and of making manifest the faith of the sufferers; nevertheless, there are a large number of diseases of which sin is the true and very common source. What light does not this divine saying throw upon many dark mysteries!

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No sooner had the paralytic man learnt from what had just happened, that it was Jesus who had healed him, than he ran in all haste to announce it to the Jews, and told them with great joy and with words that sprang from a lively sense of gratitude, "Know ye that it is Jesus, who has healed me; that Jesus, who is already well enough known here in Jerusalem through the wonders wrought by Him, and through His doctrine." But behold their treachery! Instead of running to thank Him, and look upon Him with admiration, to crowd round Him in order to be instructed by Him, to hear from His mouth words of eternal life; with incredible malice they begin to persecute Him, to wish Him evil, and to put a perverse meaning upon all His works! However, let us hear how effectually Jesus unmasks their hypocrisy, in what a clear light He puts the fact of His Divinity.

"You reprove Me" (so I interpret His discourse) "with having healed a man of the palsy on the Sabbath-day, but as My Father, since He created the heavens and the earth has never ceased from working and from ruling the world with His almighty power, so ought I to do, who am His Son, after His example. Marvel not at what I say to you, rather put aside the guilty design that you already nourish in your hearts of killing Me, and listen patiently. I do not retract what I have said, that I am equal to God, and that I have the power of working miracles, even on the Sabbath day. On the contrary, I repeat to you in the most explicit way, that it is really so; and that the very same life that the Father hath, the Son also hath, and that all that one possesses the other possesses equally with Him, to such a degree that upon the Son's coming and manifesting Himself to the world, the Father hath given into His hands a power, most full and absolute, of condemning and absolving, of slaying and of making alive, and even of raising the dead from the grave, at His command alone. Hence we must conclude that whoever shall have heard and put in practice, the doctrines revealed by the Son, will have honoured both Him and His Father, as, on the contrary, he who has not believed, will not have given honour either to one or the other. Blessed therefore are all they who shall have believed in the Son, because they are quite certain to have, for their reward, the eternal life of their souls, together with the resurrection of their bodies at

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the last day, whilst those who have denied Him will be unhappy and cast off, because for them is reserved eternal death, and in the general resurrection they shall be overwhelmed with everlasting woe. By my own authority, then, I declare nothing to you, and I do no work, My will being one with the will of My Father. And you are without excuse if you do not admit this My testimony, resting as it does on that of My Father, in whom you say you believe. In fact, in His Name I have declared Myself to you, in His Name I have wrought all the marvels you have seen, and I have told you that I am one with Him. But you reject the testimony of My Father, and so are unwilling to know anything more, either of His word or of His will; in short, to deny My works is evidently to deny the testimony of My Father. And the Scriptures themselves, in which you say you find eternal life, are against you; it is enough to read them with attention to understand in how many places they bear witness of Me. Therefore it is only when it is a question of coming to Me, of acknowledging Me, of believing in Me, and of receiving from Me that eternal life which you desire, that you have eyes and see not with them. In speaking in this way I am not seeking support from your credulity; My works alone fully justify Me—they secure to Me the glory which My Father gives Me—but in you there is no sincere love of God, nor any true respect for His divine glory. On the contrary, through your disbelief in Me you have placed yourselves in this position, that you reject Me who am come to you in the name of My Father, and are ready, blindly, to receive any other who, without being sent, shall present himself to you as a prophet. Being in such dispositions, you are condemned out of your own mouths when you boast that you have Moses on your side, for you reject his authority also, since in very many places he speaks of Me. Not believing, then, in the authority of My Father, nor in that of His Son, nor of the Scriptures, nor of Moses, you have shut yourselves out at every entrance into eternal salvation."

The Evangelist St. John had said in the beginning that *the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. Et lux in tenebris lucet, et tenebræ eam non comprehenderunt.* This light was Jesus Christ, the world the darkness; but *His own*, the

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Jews that is, who would not believe in Him, were the first darkness. The discourse related above is the clearest proof of it, and I believe it is the very first proof.

From Jerusalem Jesus returned into Galilee. Passing through a field of corn, the disciples plucked some of the ears, and, rubbing them in their hands, ate the grain. This, also, was on a Sabbath day, the very one that fell on the second day of the Pasch. Some Pharisees seeing this, made it, as usual, an occasion of complaint against the disciples, judging them to have done that on the Sabbath day, which was forbidden by the law. But Jesus took their part, and answered that even King David, when he and his men were hungry, entered into the house of God, and eat the bread consecrated to the Lord, which it was lawful for the priest alone to eat. He added, also, that the Son of man (so he emphatically called Himself), as He is master of other days, so is He also of the Sabbath, and may allow that which is permitted on the other days when necessity requires it and the glory of God does not suffer by it.

St. Matth. xii. 2—13. St. Mark ii. 28, iii. St. Luke vi. 1—11. Another time, also on the Sabbath Day, Jesus was teaching in the Synagogue, and there happened to be a man there who had his right hand withered. The Pharisees and doctors of the law, in order to find some way of throwing discredit on Him, and of bringing an accusation against Him, were watching attentively to see whether He would heal him on that day or not. He, therefore, who saw and read their hearts, said to the man with the withered hand, "Stand up, and place thyself here in the midst." He having obeyed, Jesus said to all, "I will ask you a question; Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath Day or to do evil? To heal a man or to kill him?" Looking around, and seeing that no one answered, He said to the man, "Stretch forth thy hand." He did so, and it was at once healed.

The minds of the Pharisees being blinded by their passions, as is sufficiently manifest already, the evidence which Jesus offered them of His Divinity served only to increase their bitterness. Finding themselves baffled at all points, they soon began to form the infernal conspiracy, which at last they consummated on Mount Calvary.

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S. Hyacintha Mariscotti.

ST. HYACINTHA was born in 1585, at Vignatello, an ancient castle belonging to the illustrious family of the Orsini. Her parents, Mark Antony, Count of Mariscotti, and the Princess Octavia Orsini, were as remarkable for their virtues as for their high birth. They had the child christened Clarissa, a name of happy omen as we shall hereafter see, for she became both an illustrious disciple of St. Clare, of Assisi, and a glorious model of evangelical perfection. From her tenderest years she was endowed with an amiable sprightliness and engaging manners, which endeared her to everyone, but most of all was she dear to God, whose loving Providence miraculously delivered her from drowning, when seven years old.

Shortly after this Clarissa was sent to the Monastery of St. Bernardine, of the reformed poor Clares at Viterbo, to be educated. It was in that town she afterwards embraced the Third Order of St. Francis. This she unfortunately did rather from a motive of wounded pride than from a wish to serve God with greater perfection, consequently she was far from being clothed with the requisite virtues.

When she received the habit, with the name of Hyacintha, she refused to occupy one of the ordinary cells, but had an apartment built for herself, which she furnished in a most luxurious manner. Her table was supplied with delicate viands, and her whole delight consisted in dressing elegantly, receiving the visits, and listening to the flattering conversations of seculars. Hyacintha passed ten years in this way, utterly deaf to the remonstrances of her superiors and religious sisters, and regardless of the scandal she was giving.

But at length the Father of Mercies, who wishes to draw all souls to Himself, that He may lead them to eternal happiness, cast on her an eye of pity, and mercifully visited her with a dangerous illness. Terrified at the prospect of death, Hyacintha called for a confessor. The holy priest who came, reproved her with wise and prudent severity for the sins of her life, and put before her the imminent peril of eternal ruin if she should die

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in such a state. The sick woman was pierced with remorse, and promised to amend her life should she be restored to health. God heard her prayers, and in a short time she was cured. Then with all the strength of her generous nature she turned to God, and began a life of true penitence.

Her first act on recovering was to go to the Refectory with a cord round her neck, where prostrating before the whole community, she with many tears begged pardon for the scandal she had given. She then caused all her rich furniture and costly attire to be sold, and the price distributed to the poor, while the pension allowed her by her parents she made over to the Convent, that she might henceforward live in absolute poverty. She begged as an alms an old coarse tunic, she ever after went barefoot, and in fine began to lead a life of abstinence, mortification, and penance, which might be compared to that of the anchorites of Egypt and the Thebaid. Not content with fasts, prolonged vigils and rough hair shirts, with which she macerated her delicate flesh, she every day disciplined herself to blood, and when her own arm, spent with fatigue, was no longer capable of gratifying her intense desire to expiate her past sins, she made use of that of one of her sisters. Another of her penitential practices was to ascend the stairs of the convent with a heavy cross on her shoulders. She never slept but on a hard board, with a stone for a pillow; her food consisted of bitter herbs and wormwood. Often would she walk out on the ice and snow with bare feet, or throw herself among thorns and briars; and during the holy season of Lent, particularly in Holy Week, these rigours were considerably increased. The devil, jealous of Hyacintha's advancement in perfection, attacked her with various temptations, from which, although she always came forth victorious, she nevertheless suffered long and grievously. One of the most afflicting was the fear of being eternally lost, for an interior voice seemed to be continually repeating to her: "You are already damned, your prayers and good works are all useless." For twenty-two years the idea that nothing she did was pleasing to God tormented her, and caused her to pass her days in sighs and continual anguish, nor was anything capable of consoling her. Added to this bitterness was a gloomy melancholy and feeling of intense weariness, but Hyacintha never yielded either to the sug-

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gestions of the evil one nor to the feelings of her weak nature, always doing violence to herself, and with heroic courage embracing generously the things most opposed to her inclinations. Thus did she merit to obtain that unfading crown of glory which she now wears in the kingdom of her God.

Visible things served to raise her mind to things invisible, the beauty of the heavens, the freshness of the morning, the obscurity of the night, the melodious songs of the birds, all spoke to this fervent soul of the love and power of her Creator.

If sometimes she felt strong repugnances to practices of devotion, which at other times she would perform with joy and satisfaction, then it was that, nerved with heroic fortitude, she would strive to accomplish her task with even greater perfection than usual. When she was calumniated she sought no other consolation than such as might be found at the foot of the crucifix, where, accepting all in penance for her sins, she recovered that peace which is the true inheritance of the children of God. She bore reproaches with unalterable patience, and sought every opportunity of returning good for evil, heaping benefits upon her persecutors, although, as she was naturally very sensitive, it cost her a great deal thus generously to overcome herself, but she was wont to say that there was nothing better for a soul consecrated to God than to suffer a martyrdom in the practice of virtue.

The thought of her ingratitude and of her want of correspondence with Divine love caused her tears to flow in such great abundance that one may say they were her habitual nourishment, rather than corporal food, while the lowly sentiments she had of herself, made her abhor honours, and dread them as a pestilence, nor could she ever be induced to accept the office of Abbess, which the sisters several times tried to impose upon her.

She was, however, made Vicaress in spite of her resistance, and for several years fulfilled the duties of this office with great fervour and exactitude. To gratify her ardent charity for her neighbour, her superior gave her liberty to dispose of the alms of the monastery, and those which the Count of Mariscotti, her brother, and other pious benefactors gave her, by which means she was able to relieve the necessities of many poor virgins, widows, and orphans, sick and infirm persons, and even several good families who had fallen into

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distress. The fame of her sanctity caused abundant alms to flow into the monastery, which enabled our saint to provide for the decoration of the Church, for the more magnificent performance of the sacred functions, and by increasing the number of masses to help greatly the souls in purgatory.

She waited upon her sisters in their illnesses, and remained with them till they breathed their last sigh, and she would have wished to have done as much for the poor sufferers in the public hospitals; but as this could not be, she conceived the happy thought of finding substitutes by the formation of a pious confraternity of both sexes, whose members undertook to visit the sick twice a week, and prepare them for the reception of the Holy Sacraments. Our saint possessed an admirable skill for infusing a spirit of piety and solid devotion into the minds and hearts of the young girls educated in the monastery, so that when they returned to their families they all shone as bright examples of virtue.

So great was her love for the angelic virtue that she avoided with the greatest care everything capable of tarnishing it, even spiritual conversations, as far as possible, with persons of the opposite sex. Saint Hyacintha was endowed with a clear judgment and rare talents for leading souls to the summit of perfection. She ever cherished an intense devotion towards the adorable Sacrament of the Altar and towards the Blessed Mother of God, and having persevered courageously in the constant practice of the most heroic virtues, she was called to her reward in the 55th year of her age, on the 31st of January, 1640. Her body was interred in presence of an immense concourse of persons in the Church of St. Bernardine annexed to her monastery, and became famous for miracles. She was beatified by Benedict XIII. on the 7th of August, 1726, and canonized by Pius VII. on the 24th of May, 1807.

SAYINGS OF BROTHER GILES.—V.

A man has greater reason to fear being deluded by his own malice than by any other enemy.

It is impossible for a man to attain to any divine grace or virtue, or to persevere in it, without holy fear.

He who has not the fear of God within him is in great danger of eternal perdition.

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Chronicle of the Franciscan Order in England.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE detailing the incidents that befell the Friars on their first arrival in Oxford, and the progress of the Order in that city, it may be as well to say something of the origin and rise of universities in general, and their relation to the religious movements of the age, in order the better to understand how it was that the poor and humble Franciscans became famous teachers in the schools, and renowned as lecturers and professors amid the wise and learned of the day. At first sight it may seem as if this were inconsistent with the profound humility and utter abnegation of all worldly interests which S. Francis inculcated on his disciples; with the child-like simplicity of character, and unreasoning submission to authority which characterised the Saint and his children; but there is another quality in his rule and in his life and actions which fully accounts for our finding the Friars thus seated in the professorial chairs of Oxford and Cambridge, and counted amongst the doctors and philosophers of the age, and that is a ready elasticity and the power of adaptation to all needs and circumstances where the glory of God or the salvation of souls requires their co-operation. As our Lord left His humble home at Nazareth, and appeared amongst the learned men in the Temple of Jerusalem, astonishing them with His wisdom and answers, and then returned to His cottage-roof and was subject to His mother and S. Joseph, so those perfect imitators of His life could, when occasion required, astonish the world with wisdom learnt more from close communing with Him than from the study of human science. The rule of S. Francis is no strait-waistcoat of obligations that binds men rigidly under every change of circumstance to one definite line of action; it leaves a wide margin for needs and contingencies as they arise; its spirit must be observed throughout; but any outward regulation must give way to its first object, that of promoting the glory of God by saving the souls of men.

The spirit of the Franciscan rule is that of the Gospel and the Church. For every weapon forged in the armoury of Satan, the Church is ready with the Sword of the Spirit, "turning every way"

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that guards her inheritance of life and truth. The brute force of Goth and Vandal, the subtle intellect of the Greek, the haughty wisdom of the Roman, were alike met and conquered, or rather, they were resolved into elements which she assimilated with her own life, and wherewith she increased her own vigour. The centuries succeeding the wild ravages of the victorious Goths when Rome rose out of the wreck and ruin, a Christian city, were marked by a general mental inactivity and material restlessness; not only nation warred against nation, but each country was harassed and torn by the ceaseless feuds of baron against baron, or subjects against their king. Strength of arm and weight of limb ranked far higher than mental culture or intellectual keenness; and men of peace found the cloister their only refuge from the strife and turmoil of life. The one voice raised above the tumult and listened to by the turbulent world was that of the Church, and many a feud was ended and many a rancour healed by Her wise administration.

During those times of strife, Rome, always wise and far-seeing, fearing lest learning would altogether die out, ordained that each bishop of a diocese should have a school attached to his cathedral, chiefly for the training of the clergy, but also for the benefit of any who desired to study. The monasteries, too, had usually a school within their precincts, where the Monks taught such as came to them for religious or secular instruction. For a long period, comparatively few took advantage of the means thus provided, but there the schools existed as the foundation and germ of future development.

Towards the end of the eleventh century the voice of Rome echoed through the Christian world, summoning princes and peoples alike to lay aside their mutual animosities, and fling their superfluous strength against the Infidel conquerors of Palestine. The zeal and devotion of Christendom roused up at the call. The discordant elements were leagued together in a holy alliance to rescue the land where our divine Lord had lived and suffered, and where His human feet had passed to and fro for three and thirty years, from the profane grasp of the brutal Turk. Fierce warrior, patient serf, busy burgher, prince and priest, alike made one heroic act of sacrifice, leaving kingdom, land, and home for love

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of their Lord. The wave of Mahommedan conquest was for a time rolled back, and those fierce blood-stained warriors knelt and wept like children at Bethlehem and Calvary. The crusaders did not ultimately achieve their object, yet who can tell how many soldiers of the cross were crowned in heaven who failed to win a victory on earth? One indirect result of this movement was, however, a revival of the taste for mental culture. Men who had spent their lives vieing with each other in feats of arms and bodily contests, when brought into contact with the learning and refinement of the East imbibed a desire for a higher species of cultivation than that of their arms and sinews, and returned home with an eager thirst for knowledge.

The long intellectual torpor of the West broke up, and a new spring, palpitating with swelling germs and opening buds, spread over the earth. Youths crowded to the ancient schools under the shelter of the grey cathedral-walls, and roused the peaceful cloisters with their cry for teachers. Then the grave monks came forth from long years of communing with God and the past, and flung upon the eager world the light of lamps kept burning through ages of darkness, and poured out to the hungry multitudes the garnered treasures of years of study and of prayer. The Church sent forth these her sons to meet the new dangers which arose in the excitement of this newly awakened eagerness for knowledge: the danger of science outstripping revelation, of speculation rashly pushed to extremes, and new ideas evolving into heresy. It became the office of those disciplined in the cloister and the sanctuary, and solemnly vowed to the service of God, to train the restless growth of impetuous minds, and, as novel theories and crude ideas were flung off from the nebulæ of speculation, to harmonise them into definite systems wherein each might revolve in an appointed orbit round the centre of Truth.

The cathedral and monastic schools were enlarged and multiplied as need arose; a wider range of subjects was included in their course of teaching, and their organisation was extended to keep pace with the growing intelligence of the age. Thus the schools grew into universities, and provided for the mental culture, not only of the nation, but of all who flocked to them from other lands. Men from all the countries of Europe and even

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from the East congregated in the lecture-halls desirous either to teach or to learn, and a new phase of society arose in these centres of intellectual life. Prince or peasant, baron or burgher, took rank there according to his talent or the extent of his knowledge, and the beggar might jostle the noble in the race for fame. For a long period the University of Paris was the most celebrated in Europe, but by the middle of the twelfth century Oxford rivalled Paris in renown, and at the time when the Franciscans found their way thither the English University was famed throughout the known world.

It was not, however, the Oxford of to-day, its spires and towers rising amid the soft blue haze that adds the charm of mystery to the beauty of our English landscape, "its gardens and groves" and "the stream-like windings of its glorious street;" not the Oxford that we love, so dowered with grace and beauty that after long years men look back to it with yearning hearts and moistened eyes—yet, even then, Oxford had the prestige of an ancient seat of learning, and boasted of its schools founded by King Alfred, and a long line of illustrious men trained or teaching in its halls. It was also the city second only to London in strategical importance, a favourite residence of English monarchs, and the scene of many memorable historical events. The Norman towers of its castle looked proudly over the meadows, and massive walls girt in the narrow streets grouped on the gently rising ground that sloped down to the Thames and the Cherwell; an abbey of Austin Canons rose in the green expanse by the river side, and the Priory of S. Frideswide, even then grey with age, stood within the precincts of the city. The royal palace of Beaumont, built by the last of the Norman kings, occupied the site of the present street still called by its name. The great influx of students and teachers had caused the population to overflow the boundaries of the town, and the poorer inhabitants had gradually been forced outwards to the low swampy ground towards the south, and hither the two friars, B. Ingeworth and B. Devon found their way through the moor and forest land from Abingdon. In this quarter of the town leprosy, fever, and plague abounded, and here therefore the friars found a congenial abode; their first work in Oxford, as in other towns, lay in the noisome lazar house and among the plague-

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stricken poor. But they were not to remain long in the obscurity they had chosen; we shall see how those who took "the lowest place" heard and answered the summons, "*Amice ascende Superius*," and proved themselves as well able to serve their Master mid the doctors and the Pharisees of the times, as in ministering to the sick and suffering with the poor.

The Tertiary Sailor-Boy.

XIII.

THE report of the death of Genesimo was quickly circulated throughout the neighbourhood, and received as an undoubted fact. But Prisca, though weeping bitterly, was still sustained by a ray of hope, which never leaves a mother's heart. She made her way to the little watch tower at the extremity of the mole, and there waited until the *San Giorgio* entered the harbour. On its near approach she had the supreme joy of seeing her son living, and actively engaged in assisting the sailors to manœuvre the vessel. And she did not quit her place until she had called him by his name and heard his dear voice gleefully reply, "Mother, mother."

After fulfilling the pious resolution he had made before commencing his voyage, to give thanks to God for his safe return, Genesimo returned home with his mother, who now for the last time, supported by the opinion of her friends, endeavoured to induce her son to abandon the perilous life he had chosen; but the lad, who was of a brave and adventurous spirit, and who had great faith in the Providence of God, firmly resisted the advice and persuasions of the neighbours, saying that the freedom and activity of a seafaring life was necessary to his happiness, that he had no fear of storms or shipwreck, and that he considered the dangers of the land quite as much to be dreaded as those of the ocean. He gently reminded his mother that Almighty God is everywhere, and would afford him the same gracious protection in the midst of the sea as in the shelter of his own home.

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He soon undertook other voyages, always in the *San Giorgio*, and became an expert sailor. The captain held him in great esteem, and Lacrimosa Valle considered him the best pupil he had ever had.

He met with various adventures, which, although they contributed to strengthen his character and increase his professional knowledge, were in themselves of but little interest, the most dangerous being that they were once chased by a Greek brigantine and narrowly escaped being taken.

At eighteen years of age he had passed through the lower grades of the merchant service, and was in receipt of the pay of an able-bodied seaman. His mother, to whose pious care he owed the high principles of honour which marked his conduct in all things, now lived in comfort; she had no need to remind Genesimo to seek the Church in order to implore the protection of Heaven during his voyage, or to offer thanks for his safe return; his first and last visit on shore was always to the Church, and a portion of his earnings was set apart to be given in charity or taken to the parish priest to be expended in such a way as he might see fit. He was much beloved both by the F. Rector and Father Joseph, the latter having been his spiritual adviser and director from his earliest years; to him Genesimo brought all his troubles, doubts, and temptations, and the good father's instructions and advice, which he strictly followed, saved him from the many dangers to his soul, to which he was sometimes exposed.

His conduct was so exemplary, that the priests, whenever a parent came to make complaints of a child, would point to him as a model for young men, saying at the same time, that it was his good mother's care and pious teaching which had laid the foundation of his character. "We tell you now," said they, "and we have often told you from the pulpit, that, as you train your children when young, so they will be when of age; if you leave them to their own unbridled desires, or set them an example of license, it is certain that you will never be able to bring them to the right way; but if in early youth, you lead them on the way to salvation, be sure, that although they may unhappily wander from it, it is never difficult to recall them; it is the parents who have the souls of the children in their hands, for evil or for good. We have many

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proofs of this even amongst ourselves; we will not speak of those whose example has brought their children far on the way to evil; but we will set before you one who is now rewarded for the pious care she bestowed upon her child. We all know Prisca; how she was left a widow in the flower of her age, with a helpless infant and an aged mother to support, and so poor, that, like the most indigent of the people, she was obliged to seek the *morreno* when the vessels arrived in port. And yet, although compelled to labour incessantly, she yet found time to train and teach her child, who now brings almost riches to her house. We all know Genesimo. Brave sailor! Good son! Pious Christian! Prisca now gathers fruit from the tree she planted." "I declare," added F. Joseph, "that when I see Genesimo near me in the church, I feel so much consolation, that the weight of my anxiety for the wandering sheep of my flock, seems to melt away in the almost certain hope that the effect of his good example will bring them back to me again."

Genesimo spent none of his earnings in pleasure or self-indulgence, but brought all to his mother, who was careful of his comfort, and put no restraint of any kind upon him, wishing him to enjoy the pleasures natural to his age, and sure that he would never mix in any unlawful amusements; she provided him with good clothes, suitable to his condition in life, so that none made a better appearance on Sundays and holidays than the dear son of the formerly indigent widow. In those days there were no places of attractive, but mischievous amusement to draw youth into danger. The usual place of meeting was the church. On feast days every street was deserted; all were assisting at the holy functions, save a few old people, who remained to take care of the young children; it was a scandal to be seen walking about during the time of religious service.

They were happier than we are, despite our many modern devices for idle and hurtful diversion, and our extravagant self-indulgence. They were very happy. When night fell, they slept soundly, and, so peaceful was the country, that no watch had to be kept over the safety of its inhabitants. The cross on the village belfry was the sole guardian of the slumbering people.

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Franciscan Chronicle.

A TERTIARY GENERAL OFFICER.—The Belgian journal, *La Croix*, speaking of daily attendance at the holy Sacrifice, is our authority for the following. There is no piety so touching as that of a soldier, who, though ambitious of warlike honours and burning with the desire of glory, is yet not ashamed to show publicly his devotion and humility. The famous General la Rochejaquelin was an example of this; each day he assisted at Mass with such recollection, that it might be supposed that he saw his Redeemer, not under the sacramental veils, but really living before him. His biographer, Mons. Die, says, "I cannot forget the reply he made to the praises I bestowed upon him for the resolution with which he overcame all obstacles to his pious custom. 'It is,' said he, 'the greatest comfort of a Christian, and the most useful occupation of a gentleman. The man born to labour takes part in the sacrifice, offering to God the sweat of his brow; but when God places us above the necessity of manual work, and we know that He has redeemed us with His blood, we can do no less than assist at the sacrifice which He renews each day for our sake. Besides,' he added, 'I have no merit in so doing, it is for my own sake that I daily visit the Church, as, when by chance I omit to do so, I feel a kind of degradation which makes me uneasy and uncomfortable all day, and which obliges me to perform some act of reparation, that I may not only obtain the pardon of God, but my own.'" The life of la Rochejaquelin shows that a brave and glorious soldier may be a humble and devout Christian.

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.—We are glad to learn that at Richmond, the Third Order has been so far established, that the Rev. F. Meagher, S.J., has applied to the Franciscan Fathers at West Gorton, for faculties to receive members; and on Sunday, October 14th, there was a solemn reception of six novices. The Father Guardian of Gorton is shortly expected, when others will enter the Order, and the regular monthly meetings will commence.

Obituary.

BARRY—October 9th, at East Dulwich, Brother Benedict (Barry) of the Peckham congregation, after a long illness, borne with exemplary piety and resignation.

MOORE.—November 2nd, in London, Marian Elizabeth Moore (Tertiary of St. Francis), widow of Charles Moore.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE. AVE MARIA.

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Sentences of the Month.

PRESENCE OF GOD. *S. Francis Xavier.—December* 3. If God be with us we have nothing to fear.

LOVE OF GOD. *S. Ambrose.—December* 7. As much love as we give to creatures, so much do we take from our Creator.

OBEDIENCE. *Our Immaculate Lady.—December* 8. To please God is the greatest felicity.

MEEKNESS. *B. Elizabeth of Waldseck.—December* 9. If any man strike thee on one cheek, turn to him the other.

PATIENCE. *S. Lucy.—December* 13. He is not truly patient, who will suffer no more than he thinks good for him.

PERSEVERANCE. *S. Leonard of Port Maurice.—December* 14. Even in bodily indispositions, spiritual remedies are the most helpful.

FORTITUDE. *B. Conrad of Offido.—December* 17. Let us lay the axe to the root of our passions, that we may possess our souls in peace.

HUMILITY. *Expectation of our Lady.—December* 18. One grain of pride is sufficient to destroy a mountain of sanctity.

SELF-DENIAL. *B. Margaret Colonna.—December* 19. Thou canst not possess perfect liberty, unless thou wholly deny thyself.

DEVOTION TO THE FIVE WOUNDS. *S. Thomas.—December* 21. The crucifix is the best of books.

FIDELITY TO GRACE. *B. John de Pace.—December* 22. Why dost thou desire to know the Will of God, when thou dost not accomplish it where thou knowest it already?

DETACHMENT. *B. Nicholas Factor.—December* 23. Whatever is not God is nothing, and ought to be accounted as nothing.

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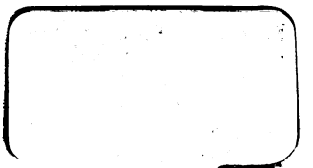

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